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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. IV.

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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

22486
a.c

"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,
MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 28, 1843.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

XX A. d. 1

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.
1856.

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LETTERS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, May 2. 1826.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your pleasant letter has lain too long unanswered, while I have had less agreeable ones to answer by the dozen and by the score,—some about things which concern me too much, and others (the far greater number) about things which do not concern me at all. It would amuse you to see some of the follies and impertinencies and nothingnesses with which I am pestered. Not unfrequently I am favoured with a strain of good cut-throat abuse, which regularly goes back to the post-office; and sometimes there comes something from a stranger comical enough, or interesting enough in a better sense, to make amends for all. One of these days, when my bones come to be picked by the booksellers, an extraordinary assortment of such letters will come to light. I shall *die well*, as the phrase is of an ox: there will be plenty of picking about me for the cormorants, if not for the worms.

I shall be in London on the 17th of this month, God

willing, for a very short stay; and in the first week of June I hope and trust that I shall be at Leyden; for as my excellent friends there cannot come and pass the summer with me, I must go, though for a few days only, and see them; a pleasure which I can so seldom hope to enjoy that it becomes painful. The distance I consider nothing; but Bilderdijk is above seventy years of age, and of so frail and feverish a frame, he seems to live by miracle. I could wish that your residence in London had coincided with my visit there, if any place was not better than London in the month of May.

You wrote to me just after the change of administration in the "Quarterly Review," — an affair in which I believe all parties were pretty equally ill-used. I know a good deal of the manner of the change, but nothing whatever of its cause; this, however, I shall probably learn in London. If anything could reconcile me to it, it would be that the situation must have become of some importance to the present editor since the wreck of Sir Walter's affairs; for a wreck it is, if half of what we hear be true. On all other accounts I am truly sorry for the change. Your son was not the only person who was cavalierly treated on the occasion. The arrangements which John Coleridge had made for the succeeding number, when he had full authority for making them, were treated with total disregard. There was a strange want of delicacy in this, when, considering all things, especial delicacy was required; and there was a want of discretion also. Sir Walter tells me, in an emphatic manner, that he is certain that I shall like Lockhart when I know him. I wish to do so for Sir Walter's sake, but I have misgivings upon that score. Nothing can be more courteous and apparently respectful than his letter to me; but in that courteousness which reminds you of a Spaniard, there is an expression which forbids confidence. I learn that he is not liked where

I could have wished he had produced a different impression; and, moreover, I am told that he is far from feeling himself secure in his position. In fact, no editor can feel himself secure, after the treatment which John Coleridge received, and of that treatment he is perfectly aware.

In one thing all editors are alike: they cut and mangle the papers of their contributors, in order to bring it within the number of pages which it suits their arrangement for the number to afford, just as the Russians are said to fit old pictures to ready-made frames by cutting them. My account of "Sister Nativité" has undergone this process, and has been much injured by it at the beginning, at the head, in the middle, and all through, as you may suppose, when I tell you that a fifth part has been expunged. However, enough has been left for a pretty fair exposure of Roman Catholic practices, such as they are at this day. Who can suppose that the men who got up and sanctioned this infamous and blasphemous imposture would stick at anything for recovering their old authority, and upholding it when it was required?

Keswick is in a state of great commotion at this time, from a cause which you would never guess. A libel scandalising all the young women of the place, from the rank of tradesmen's daughters down to the servant girls, has been placarded about the town; and if the unknown author were detected, ducking, pumping, or tossing in a blanket would be the least he could expect, and much less than he deserves. Admire, I pray you, the progress of intellect, and the march of civilisation! Last year produced a satirical song here; we have now a regular libel; some years ago there was an atheistical club; and we have at this time a professor and propagator of infidelity. Methinks we are almost advanced enough

to have a new University instituted here, upon the most liberal plan!

My household are in tolerable health, and join with me in kind remembrances to yourself and Dr. Hughes. Present mine also to your son,

And believe me,

Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edith May Southey.

Haarlem, Friday, June 16. 1826.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

I wrote to your mother on Tuesday. That day my companions dined at Mr. Bilderdijk's, and in the afternoon we took *a walk in a coach* to the village of Nordwyk, which belonged to Janns Dousa, a man famous for his learning, for his defence of Leyden against the Spaniards, and for having been the friend of Scaliger. Wednesday morning I took leave of my friends, with better countenance than heart, hardly hoping ever to see Bilderdijk again in this world, and as little that I shall ever, in all respects, look upon his like. He is much enfeebled since last year. But I have little doubt that we shall one day see Mrs. B. at Keswick. She has given me a cookery book.

We hired a carriage for Gonda, which is a remarkable place, and went from thence after dinner in the post waggon to Rotterdam. Our adventures with the Vrowe, who let our places, and her husband who regulated where we were to sit, and how the waggon, which ought to have carried only six persons, was made to carry nine, were very amusing. On this stage we saw, what it was our chief desire to see, the perilous situa-

tion of this part of Holland, where the water is considerably above the level of the country, and the road is upon a dike (or raised bank, which protects the country) thirty feet high. We slept at Rotterdam, dined at the Hague next day, and saw the pictures there, and came on to this place, turning aside to show Rickman the sluices of the Rhine, and see the huge fabric for evaporating salt water by the way.

It is now ten o'clock, and Measter Taylor has not yet made his appearance at breakfast. We are to hear what our landlady in her English calls "Dorgels" this morning, and which, I discovered, by the context of her discourse, to mean the organ here. It is dearer even than a Lodore echo; but a party in the house divide the expense with us, so that a tune upon the largest organ in the world will cost us about three shillings and five pence each. Afterwards we go to Alkmaar, which will be the farthest point of our travels, and to-morrow we turn our faces homeward, by way of Amsterdam.

I and my cold am on good terms. I have enough of it to show that it would have got the better of me at home, and am in full confidence that I am getting the better of it by travelling. We are all in good health, good spirits, and good humour with each other, and with everything. At Amsterdam I shall look for a letter. I write again whenever opportunity may offer, which will probably be the middle of next week, at Brussels. I expect to be in London before the end of this month, and at Keswick, according to my purpose, the first week in July.

My bags are very convenient, and the camphor bag is regularly put on at night. Love to all.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Kenyon, Esq.

Keswick, July 12. 1826.

MY DEAR KENYON,

I did not receive your letter with Dennis's comical and crazy book till the last week in May, when Longman sent them with other long-retarded communications to Harley Street. Thank you for the letter, and thank you for the book (which comes seasonably, Mr. Butler having, with his usual indiscretion, appealed to it as a set-off against the "Revelations of Sister Nativité"), and thank you on Mrs. Southey's part for the promised consignment from your West Indian estate. I hear with great satisfaction the intentions which are entertained of adding, in consequence, to our stock of home-brewed wines. When your packet reached me I was on the way to Holland, and the journey has perfectly answered the remedial object for which it was undertaken. At Brussels I heard of my election for Downton, and found, on my return to Harley Street, an unsigned letter to this effect, that the writer, being pleased with the "Book of the Church," and with its concluding summary, had been anxious that the author of that book should have a seat in the ensuing Parliament, and, having a little interest, had so managed that he is at this moment in possession of that seat, under the single injunction "*ut sustineat fermiter strenue et continuo quæ ipse bene docuit esse sustinenda.*" My reply was addressed to Lord Radnor's confidential agent, Mr. White of Essex Street, a friend of poor Tobin's, and who thereby happened to be an old acquaintance of mine. It stated that a seat in Parliament was neither consistent with my circumstances, inclinations, habits, or pursuits in life; that the return was null because I hold a pension of 200*l.* during pleasure; that if that obstacle was removed there would be the want of a

qualification, the oath being one which I would not take upon such grounds as were sometimes supplied for such occasions, and therefore that when Parliament met a new Writ must be moved for. I concluded with expressing a proper sense of the honour which Lord Radnor had thus singularly conferred upon me. In his reply he says, "That the feeling expressed in this letter was just what he could have wished for a representative to feel; and therefore increases his regret at the disappointment of his intentions;" and there the matter ends. M. P. I shall be as to the useful privilege of receiving letters till Parliament meets, because the post office (as in the case of a double return) acts upon the official return; but I do not frank, because I know that the election is in itself null. The obstacle might have been removed without the slightest difficulty, if I had chosen to sit; it would only have been to have had the pension transferred to my wife, which might have been done for asking, and then to have been re-elected. But for me to change my scheme of life and go into Parliament, would be to commit a moral and intellectual suicide. When I returned home on Friday last, the Keswick band was drawn up in honour of my M. P. ship when I alighted from the mail coach, and the whole posse of the place had assembled to see what alteration dignity had produced in my stature and appearance. They think my election and the Generals "a credit to the town," and on Friday next the General is in like manner to have his triumphal reception. My amusement at being the object of a day's mob-popularity was sadly marred by finding Isabel very ill with a dreadful sore throat and bilious derangement; she is still in a precarious state, recovering so slowly that I sometimes fear it would be more accurate to say she is not worse, than that she is better. Were it not for this uneasiness my spirits would be at their usual pitch, or, perhaps, a

little above it, for the joy of being once more at home, the satisfaction of a regular life, and the pleasure of pursuing my favourite occupations, and the expectation of a noble chest full of books, which I purchased at Brussels. I wish I could add to these the hope of seeing you at Keswick in the course of the summer or autumn. God bless you.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John King, Esq.

Keswick, July 12. 1826.

MY DEAR KING,

I found your letter on my return after an eight weeks' absence. To its former part I can only say that it would be to me a great pleasure to hear often from you, and a still greater to see you. Time and distance make no change in my affections; we shift our acquaintance as we shift our place of abode. Friendship is a different thing, and I never yet cast off a friend till he had shown himself unworthy of standing in that relation. Among many lies in the newspapers, you have probably made out the truth respecting my return for the borough of Downton; that it was made without my knowledge, and that I have declined the honour, as being neither consistent with my circumstances, inclinations, habits, or pursuits in life. The return happens to be null, because the pension which I hold (200*l.*) is during pleasure. If I had chosen to take the seat, this might have been transferred to my wife, or made for life, by merely asking to have it done. But I know my station, and am contented in it. My ambition, even in youth, would never have led me into public life, and I am not so unlike myself as, at these years, to sacrifice

the blessings of leisure and tranquillity. I must not forget to say that Alston, in a letter of introduction which he sent last year, desired me, when I had an opportunity, to speak of him to you as of a man continually mindful that he was indebted to you for life. I thank you for the "Felix Farley Rhymes." "Felix Farley's Bristol Journal" I can remember as long as I can remember anything. I have no complaint to make of Bristol. The people, speaking of what Mr. Hume would call the *totality*, are neither better nor worse than those of our other great towns. But the city has so much to recommend it that I know not any other where I would so willingly have had my birth-place; I love it for itself, as well as for many deep recollections. I am sorry that I was from home when Mr. Danby called. On the day when your letter was written I crossed from Boulogne to Dover, having made a three weeks' journey to the Low Countries. My object was to prevent, or cut short, a tremendous catarrh which, for more than twenty years, has attacked me every summer, and clung to me during its course. The remedy succeeded, and I got the better of the attack in three weeks, instead of suffering under it for as many months, and being left at last with a cough. I passed three days at Leyden with Bilderdijk and his wife, who nursed me last year when I was laid up there under a surgeon's hands. Bilderdijk is, in all respects, one of the most admirable men whom I have ever known,—unequalled in his own country as a man of genius, and hardly to be equalled in any other for the extent and variety of his attainments. His wife has made an excellent translation of "Roderick" in verse, which was, indeed, the means whereby they became known to me. I like Holland, always excepting Amsterdam, and I like the people, and have found a great deal to interest me in their literature as well as in their country and their

history. You will like to know something concerning my occupations. The second volume of the "Peninsular War" will be published in November, a season which the bookseller thinks better than July. I have some "Colloquies" in the press upon the progress and prospects of society; they will form two volumes, and six views, taken in the immediate neighbourhood (including one of the house in which I dwell) have been engraved for it in the best manner, after drawings by my friend William Westall. So much progress is now made in my poem of "Oliver Newman" that it will soon become an object to complete it; and I am about to begin a second volume of my "Vindiciæ," which will complete my exposure of the Romish Church, and is preparatory to the tremendous attack upon it in a history (or rather a sketch of a history) of the Monastic orders. How much should I have to show you were we within reach!

And now, Rex, God bless you. Remember me to Mrs. King, and believe me always

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Sunday night, July 16. 1826.

MY DEAR HARRY,

We have lost Isabel. She passed away in a fit this evening, while I was on my knees in the room below praying either for her recovery or for such a release. Her mother and sisters are as you may imagine, yet thankful that there has been so much less of suffering than we had cause to dread, for never was an easier death. My heart is strong. After one day of dreadful anxiety, and nine of hope and fear, and per-

petual apprehensions and misgivings, the catastrophe is felt as a relief. And I am so tranquil that if I did not understand the nature and course of my own feelings I should suspect myself of insensibility. Time will soon and surely heal the wound, and death as surely restore what is lost—how soon is known only unto Him who ordereth all things, mercifully as well as wisely.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

July 17. 1826.

My dear Friend,

Yesterday evening it pleased God, by an easy and merciful death, to release my dear daughter Isabel from her long sufferings. That the change is best for her I know and feel. For us it is a heavy affliction. I thought myself strong in heart for the first few hours after the event; but this morning I am weak as a child, and my whole bodily frame is shaken. The necessity of comforting her mother and sisters will compel me to a degree of self-control which otherwise I should not be able to exert. Last night I felt like a man who has just undergone the amputation of a painful limb; I have arisen this morning with a full feeling of the wound and of the loss. But God's will be done! "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Remember us in your prayers. And may God, who visits you with other trials, spare you from such as this.

Your affectionate and afflicted friend,

Robert Southey.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

July 26. 1826.

We have had just anxiety enough respecting E. May and her mother to make them think very much of each other, and serve in some degree as a relief from more painful thoughts. They have both had a slight affection of the throat, and both are now free from it.

It is neither natural nor fitting that sorrow should dwell long in youthful hearts; and I shall use all endeavours to bring the younger part of my family into a cheerful course of life as soon as I can. They are very much shaken, and their mother more so. But the worst, I trust, is over. For myself, I have a sense of general debility which I have seldom or never felt before. But my appetite is good; that good effect of travelling remains, and I am no longer unable to sleep. Time will do the rest.

You have indeed been fortunate in your children,—singularly so. I also have been, and am blessed in mine; in those who remain, and those who are gone before me. To be deprived of them is the severest of all pure sorrows. But it ceases after a while to be pure sorrow; and when we look forward, it reconciles us to our own departure as entirely as pain and infirmity can do. I can truly say that as regarding myself alone, I am as willing to die as to live, and to live as to die, when I think of my desires alone. But when I think of my duties, and of the importance of which my life is, not to the subsistence (thank God) of my family, but to their happiness, my prayer then is that my days may be prolonged. At their utmost span it can be but a short time before you and I shall meet in a better state of existence. God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, July 30. 1826.

My dear Friend,

I have this day a letter from Miss Bowles, to whom I wrote upon the subject of the Liverpool Branch Bank. She encloses to me Mr. Manning's reply to her application, wherein he promises to mention your name to the directors who are employed on this subject. She has applied also to Sir John Reid, who promises all his interest, and to Mr. Boaden; but the result of that application she does not yet know. You do not know Miss Bowles; but if you have read any of her poems you will wish to know her, and if you have not, here are the titles of all she has published, in three little volumes, separately, and without her name:—"Ellen Fitzarthur," "The Widow's Tale," "Solitary Hours." There are few persons who rank so high in my esteem, and the regard which I have for her is perhaps heightened by the miserable state of her health, which is such that she seems almost to live by miracle. But it is not the weak and the aged who are summoned first, nor those willing and desirous to go.

My house is still, as you may suppose, a melancholy one; though I endeavour to lead my daughters to cheerful employments, and set them, as far as I can, an example of cheerfulness. They are, however, I trust, recovering their health. I wish I could see the same improvement in their mother; but it will be long before this can be looked for. I have much to occupy my attention; whereas she can do nothing that does not necessarily remind her of her loss. Much of my time is passed in entire application to the work before me; but her whole life is with and for her children, and whatever used to be pleasurable is, therefore, now mingled with bitterness. But there is no want of religious

resignation, and it is only He who wounded that can heal.

For myself, I am better in mind than in body: my appetite is good, my sleep so far improved that I should think it enough, if there were not a sense of lassitude and weakness upon me, as if my strength were departed.

God bless you, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Aug. 8. 1826.

I AM not surprised that you do not know what to make of the "Nuevo Mundo," because the author himself seems to have been pretty much in the same case. The account which I have of it (collected, I believe, from "Barbosa," when I was last at Lisbon) is, that the first edition was published at Barcelona, 1701, when the author was twenty-six years of age. The poem was incomplete, but its completion was promised. In 1716 it was reprinted at Madrid, still as a fragment. The subject of this fragment was, as the title implies, Columbus and his Discovery. But at the end of his "Alphonso" (1712) is the following curious notice: — *El otro poema epico de nuestro autor intitulado "El Nuevo Mundo," y ya impresso ha alguños años, brevemente bolvera a imprimiose concluido y limado. Es asra assumpto de aquella obra el triumpho de Osiris en la Corte de la Atlantide; dividese en diez libros como al principio, y tiene el mismo numero de versos; mas es deferente en mucha parte, por las mudanças que el Author quiso y y pudo hazer como dueño de sus obras.* A poem which

could thus have its subject changed must be a curiosity.

What is more extraordinary is, that the "Nuevo Mundo" having been thus altered (whether printed or not in its second state I do not know), some person told the author that Joam V. had expressed a wish to see his two poems made into one. The subject of the other was the Foundation of the Portuguese Monarchy. How Alfonso Henriquez was to be connected either with Osiris or with Columbus, is not very conceivable either for you or me; but the obsequious poet thought that, if the King wished it to be so, so it ought to be. Accordingly he made this uncommon amalgamation, and in its amalgamated form the poem went through four pirated editions. Then, to his dismay, he learnt that no such wish had ever been expressed by the King, and upon this he went to work, and separated the poems again.

I have two editions of the "Alphonso" differing greatly from each other: one of 1712, with *Paris* in the title-page, but evidently not of French printing, and this is probably one of the pirated medleys. The other was printed at Salamanca, 1731, *asra la primera vez con beneplacito de su author*. Monstrously extravagant the poem is; yet it has some of the prettiest fancies that I ever remember to have met with. Botelho was, I think, the last poet of Tasso's school (that is, the last Spanish one), and had certainly more talents than any of his contemporary poets either in Spain or Portugal, to which latter country he belonged by birth.

I have also his "*Historia de las Cueras de Salamanca*," a satirical work in prose, wherein I see that in 1737 he treats the Copernican system as a heresy and an absurdity. The "Nuevo Mundo" (if I am not mistaken) completes his works.

Twenty years ago I rejected a copy of "Castro" for the very same reason which you have done, suspecting

it to be incomplete. The price, I think, was 24*s.* for the two volumes. I have ever since regretted that I did not purchase it. The copy was in German half-binding, and may very possibly have been the same which came to your hands; for I still think the second volume must have been imperfect.

The Record Commissioners have *lent* me such of their publications as I may want for an unlimited time, that is, they let me understand, for life. I have made my selection, and sent off the order by this post for "Domesday Book," the "Catalogue of the MSS. in the Museum," the new edition of "Rymer," and of the "Statutes" at large, &c. I owe this, which will be of great use, to Mackintosh.

For Mr. Butler's comfort, I have obtained a second edition of "Sister Nativité," with an additional volume, containing what the editor calls his Deuteronomy.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 11. 1826.

My dear Wynn,

Thank you for your letter and advice, which I shall punctually follow.

Besides the books which you specified, I have sent for "Domesday Book" and the "Placita." The specific object for which I wished to have all the documents I could command at hand is a summary of our political history, taking that word political in its widest sense. My object is, to trace the growth of the Constitution and the influence of events upon the condition of the society; and this I shall call the "Book of the State."

I do not anticipate any shade of difference between your opinion and mine in this intended work.

I should certainly have had these books rather as a gift than as a loan, because they would have been a sort of public testimony to a character for industrious research which has been fairly won, and would have been considered as an honourable heir loom by my son, if it please God that he should survive me. I should even think the present precedent likely to be the more troublesome one. However, I am truly glad to have the usufruct. When you print an octavo, I shall buy.

Have you seen Roger O'Connor's "Chronicles of Eri?" He dedicates them to Sir F. Burdett, and pretends to translate them from MSS. preserved in his family. This is over-Macphersoning Macpherson. This clumsy fraud is curious only for the irreligion which it is designed to propagate. The book has been printed four or five years in two octavos, which I bought in town for five shillings.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Aug. 11. 1826.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your letter is very kind, and I must answer it myself, however painful the effort. We are sorely shaken, and are as yet hardly recovered from the outward and visible effects. I do my best to bring the young ones into their ordinary course of feeling, and am best able to do it, because the loss is not so perpetually present to me as it must needs be to them. They, however, will soon, in the happy course of nature, outlive their sense of it.

This day five weeks I returned to Keswick, and found my sweet Isabel miserably ill with sore throat

and sickness; the sickness had ceased, and there had that day (the sixth of her illness) been a manifest amendment of the throat. Her recovery was confidently promised and expected. But the sickness returned, and rendered it impossible either for the throat to heal, or for nature to be supported, and on the tenth day after my return God granted her a merciful release, at the moment when I was on my knees praying for it. At that moment my heart was stronger than it is now. I have, however, recovered the power of sleeping, which for some time I had lost. My poor wife still dreads the approach of night, and feels at this time the effect of her unremitting exertions during the whole trial. Its effect has been as if a sudden weight of years had been laid upon her, and something of the same kind I feel in myself. Were it not for those who are left, how earnestly I should desire to depart and be at rest, for these trials are worse than death; and the apprehension of still having them to endure, under which we may be said almost continually to have lived for many years, acquires a miserable strength upon every fresh proof of the instability of human happiness and human life. It is, however, well for us that we both have duties to perform, and an habitual faith to support us.

At present Time appears to be passing slowly and heavily; it is a comfort to know that he holds his course surely the while. To-morrow, if it finds me alive, will complete my fifty-second year; but in constitution, in feeling, and in the relations of society I am a much older man. I have been married more than thirty years, and have been a longer time upon the stage of public life. I have borne the buffetings of the world, and stood like a common butt for obloquy and slander. Nothing that has assailed my character, or affected my worldly fortune, ever gave me an hour's vexation, or deprived me of an hour's rest. My happiness has been

in my family, and there only was I vulnerable; that family is now divided between earth and heaven; and I must pray to remain with those who are left, so long as I can contribute to their welfare and comfort, rather than to be gathered (as otherwise I would fain be) to those who are gone. Those only who know what I have lost, can tell what I have lost in them. But that all things are ordered for the best, I believe feelingly.

God bless you, my kind-hearted and good friend.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 19. 1826.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I think I mentioned to you in my last some Irish "Pseudo-Chronicle," brought forward by Roger O'Connor, and in all respects worthy of such an editor, who, with more than Macpherson's dishonesty, has not a particle of his talents. Some genuine antiquities from that country have, however, just appeared in a volume of "Irish Antiquarian Researches;" they are a Latin copy of the Gospels, which appears to be of the seventh century; an office for the sick in the same MSS., which in its most important part remarkably resembles that of our own Church; and a psalter inclosed in a box which bears upon silver plates the date of 503. One cannot but suspect such a date; yet the editor is satisfied of its authenticity, and everything belonging both to box and MSS. tends rather to confirm than invalidate it.

What, however, I find most valuable in the book is, a rational opinion concerning the date of Irish civilisation; from which an estimate also of its extent may be fairly formed. It was what they derived from Romanised Britain,—that civilisation and that religion which the

Saxon invasion destroyed here, remained safe in Ireland till the Danes began their ravages, and there seems to have been an emigration from this country to Ireland as well as to America.

How glad I should be to have an hour's conversation with your O'Connor concerning these things. Perhaps no person wishes for or wants his second volume so much as I do.

I expect Bedford next month, and look forward with great pleasure to his coming. *Tête-à-tête*, the difficulty in making him hear is not enough to spoil the enjoyment of conversation; and perhaps we shall never again have a week or two together before we settle into old age, or are settled more permanently, and more desirably also. We are overrun with strangers at this time, and think of my growing intimate with a man who has a great O in his name, — a brother of Mortimer O'Sullivan's; and with that tremendous name a giant, to boot, being as much above your height as you are above mine. But I have seldom met with a more agreeable or an abler man. He is tutor to Goulburn's children.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Aug. 22. 1826.

My dear Madam,

I am vexed to learn that you have not received the letter which I wrote immediately after the receipt of yours to Mrs. Lovell. It was enclosed, as usual, to Whitehall, or at least was intended to have been so enclosed; and had it been sent off with an imperfect direction (which was the case with another letter a little before), it would ere this have found its way back to me.

But I dare say it is overlaid with official papers, and will one day come to light. I am sorry for its loss, because that must have made me seem insensible of your kindness; and you will easily believe that I have little heart to repeat what it contained.

Time is passing on; we are in our usual course of life, and I do what I can to make the younger part of my family resume that healthful cheerfulness which is the portion of youth. They have been much shaken. Their mother seems as if a weight of years had been laid suddenly upon her; and something of this effect I am sensible of in myself. Afflictions of this kind seem to come the heavier when they are repeated, and they leave behind a fearful and ever apprehensive anxiety; we have now lost four out of eight, and the best consolation is in the sure prospect of rejoining them.

Do not, however, suppose that I give way to any vain regrets. I know too well that my duties are in this world, while my desires are toward a better; and I know also that in the present state of the world, for those who depart in their innocence, to die is best. All that we have to do here being to make ourselves fit for immortality, they are happiest who are earliest removed from the snares which beset us, and the sorrows which are inevitably our portion. The truth of this is felt when sorrow overtakes us. But with all the efforts of reason and all the consolations of religion also, there remains a grief which will be long in healing, and a loss which is daily and hourly felt, and of which everything is continually reminding us. Mine is a sad memory; it treasures up everything which I would wish to forget.

God bless you, my kind-hearted, warm-hearted, good friend.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Dr. Hughes, St. Paul's.

Keswick, Aug. 24. 1826.

My dear Sir,

I should feel myself unworthy of the kind and true sympathy with me which you have expressed in this my sore affliction, if I did not thank you for it. The affliction itself is one upon which both instinct and reason forbid me to dwell. In the knowledge that an early removal is a dispensation of mercy to those who are fit for heaven, and that the longest life must soon come to its close, there is a consolation which every day becomes stronger, and upon which the heart rests at last contentedly.

They who have a living principle of faith may well believe that they would not be favoured with prosperity if it were dangerous for them, nor visited with sorrows if sorrow were unnecessary. It is with our moral as with our intellectual dispositions: some require more discipline than others. In my own case, I clearly perceive the benefits which I have derived from struggling with difficulties and being acquainted with grief.

Had I been born to affluence, I should have run headlong to destruction in my youth; not, indeed, along the beaten road to ruin, but by an eccentric course which would have led to the same termination. Had I pursued some profession, as in common prudence I ought, and in any age but that of the French Revolution should have done, my life would neither have past so happily nor so usefully as it has. I might at this time have been high in the Church, or in the Law. If in the latter, how different must the state of my heart and intellect have been at this hour! If in the former, how much of that time which has been devoted to self-improvement and to labours which, I dare affirm, will reach posterity, must have been employed in the duties

and business of my station. Have I not, then, reason to feel that the course of my life has been mercifully directed by an over-ruling Providence, which has so disposed of me that, in earning my daily bread, I have been at the same time following the bent of my inclinations, finding the happiness I sought, gratifying the only ambition I could feel, and effecting more good than I could possibly have done in any other manner.

Thus felicitously circumstanced, with a spirit, too, so buoyant and of such habitual cheerfulness that it was proof against all storms and cares, and with such a family as might well gladden a parent's heart, there was a danger that my affections might be earth-bound, that I might have given little thought to those subjects upon which most thought was required, and that my religion might have rested in the speculative faculty. Ten years ago, when I saw such a son as few fathers have been blessed with laid in the grave, I felt that there had been this danger. Perhaps it was needful that the lesson should now be *renewed*.

I have long lived under an apprehension of such afflictions, which might almost be deemed foreboding. There may but too probably be more such in store; but, for whatever may be the will of Heaven, I endeavour to be prepared; and I am strengthened by the thought that as Providence in its mercy made the perilous errors of my youth conducive in the highest degree to my happiness and real welfare, so the chastisements which in its wisdom it has dispensed will be found to have been blessings at the end.

God bless you, my dear Sir,

Yours most cordially,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 24. 1826.

MY DEAR WYNN,

If you have ever met with the works of Dr. Jackson, who was President of Corpus in Charles the First's reign, they will need no recommendation to you; but if you have not, you may thank me for mentioning a writer who deserves to be ranked in the very first class of our divines, among whom surely are some of the strongest minds that any country has ever produced. The writings were collected in three folios, 1672. They ought to be reprinted at the Clarendon press.*

Of late years I have been very fond of these studies, and wish to have a great library at hand, more for the desire of its old divinity than for anything else. South is, perhaps, the author in whom I have found least that I could wish had not been there, and who has kept my attention the most continuously awake by a continual sense of excitement and pleasure. Jeremy Taylor gives me the greatest occasional delight; but in no other do I find such height and depth of divine philosophy as in Jackson: he had all the stores of learning and all the arms of logic at command. You feel in his writings what is known from his life, that his whole conduct was conformed to the purest principles of Christian faith; nothing can be more intellectual, more elevating, or more devout.

I had a visit yesterday from the Archbishop of Dublin. They seem to apprehend as much danger in Ireland from the combinations of workmen as from any other cause. It is a fearful thing to think not only how much there is to do, but how much must be undone before these kingdoms can again be in a state of security.

* Since this was written they have been.

I have this moment received the "Emigration Report" from Wilmot Horton.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 31. 1826.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your suspicion concerning the date I cannot but partake, though the mistake which you suspect cannot possibly have happened. A print of the box is given, and it is evidently very much older than the sixteenth century. Bad workmen may be found in all ages and countries, but they are not employed upon costly materials in times and countries where good ones are to be found. The date recurs upon the silver cover of a wooden box used in the earliest ages of Irish Christianity, to contain the Gospels or the Psalter. The box, which is hollowed out of a solid block, is known to be of the earliest times. As there was no value attached to it on the score of antiquity, one can hardly suspect an Irish silversmith of hoaxing posterity with a false date, and yet that which appears seems almost impossible.

I think of Palgrave as you do, and am glad you so think of him, because it may be in your power to promote a very useful, able, and worthy man in the way of life which he has chosen, when opportunity offers.

Spence's book (to which you allude in your last) has pleased me much; it has brought together much valuable information which was nowhere to be found in a collected or digested form before. But for Miller, I think little of him. He appears to be, both by his writings and his conversation, very little better than a mere

lawyer. He is a man of no industry, except of the *Scotch* kind, which has the direct object of serving a worldly purpose in view. I happened to mention before him my satisfaction at learning that the "Correspondence of Mornay Du Plessis" was about to be published; and when he heard that it would extend to ten or twelve volumes, he seemed to think it impossible that any person would ever dream of examining what it might contain.

The Commissioner's books are on their way to me, and if they are not reclaimed before, (which, I suppose, they will not be,) I will leave directions for returning them when I shall be past my labours, whether that termination be brought about by death, or by a disablement which is far more to be deprecated. I shall have the use of the books, which is all that is of importance, and for which it was that I applied for them. The historical works which I have published were, in this case, only to be considered as affording proofs of industrious research, of that disposition and of those habits which, being directed to English history, would turn these materials to good account.

I know of no reason why the "Book of the Church" should be regarded as controversial, except that it has excited controversy. This I can truly say, that there is not a passage in it which would not have been written if the Catholic Question had never been heard of; the concluding sentences alone excepted. What I intend in the "Book of the State" is just such an outline of our civil history, having especially in view the causes and events which have affected the condition of the people, and the institutions of the country. If I live, I shall do a great deal in English history. My intention is, to bring down this work to the accession of the House of Hanover, and follow it by the age of George III., an introduction to the latter connecting the two. I have also

long had in mind a history of our manners and literature, which, I think, might conveniently be connected.

I shall follow your advice punctually in writing to the Speaker. Should it be remarked when that letter is read that my pension disqualifies me, and ought not to have been kept in the background, the answer is this, that I might have been rid of that disqualification if I had pleased, which is not the case with the want of fortune. I could have had the pension made for life, by asking for the change.

You would wonder to find me writing to Dr. Hughes; it was in reply to one of the very kindest letters I ever received. God bless you,

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Sept. 4. 1826.

My dear Neville,

I was asked yesterday if I knew any clergyman who would take a living which has a very small income with very heavy duty, but which, to one who would discharge his duty and had strength to go through it, would be a sure step to better preferment. It is in Manchester, a very populous parish, and only 200*l.* a year. Now, though I question very much whether it would be advisable for James to accept this on the score of his health, yet I cannot but feel it right to state the matter to you. It is in the Bishop of Chester's gift; and I believe he feels that, as no person would accept such a cure except from a sense of duty, it would be doing him a service to point out to him any such person.

Your friend Mr. Blake called here on Saturday last. He came over with some of his fellow pupils from

Ambleside, merely for the day, so that I had no opportunity of showing him any of those attentions which I should gladly have done had he been quartered here, or had he made a longer stay.

It will be some time, as you may well suppose, before my house recovers anything like its wonted cheerfulness. At present Bertha is laid up with some bilious affection, connected, too, with sore throat; hitherto it has not been severe, and we have reason to think she is amending, but we are easily alarmed, and cannot but be anxious at the first appearance of any disease which may so soon put on a serious form.

I do not remember whether I ever recommended to you the books of Thomas Jackson, who was President of Corpus, Oxford, at the beginning of Charles the First's reign, and whose collected works were published in three folios by Barnabas Oley, one of the biographers of George Herbert, and the person who edited his "Remains." Dr. Jackson is to be placed in the very first class of our English divines. I know of no other writer who has taken such comprehensive views of the scheme of Providence, nor any one who so uniformly elevates the soul, while he enlightens the understanding. Nor have I ever seen in any author such prophetic foresight.

You will see in the next "Quarterly" a sample of what might be done in Cathedral history. I would not only that every cathedral, but every parish, had its history, with its examples of good and of evil, for the guidance or the warning of succeeding generations. For the subsequent number I shall have a paper upon my old acquaintance Dr. Sayers, to whom I am paying a tribute of well-deserved respect. Then I shall probably take up the very important subject of emigration, in connection with the Report of the Committee upon that question. I have long perceived that the Colonial Department must ultimately become the most important

branch of the public service, and that the discharge of a continually increasing population must soon be the main business of our Government, as, if all our institutions were as perfect as they might be, it would ultimately be almost the only one, for the other parts of the machine would regulate themselves.

God bless you, my dear Neville. Remember us most kindly to your whole family, and believe me

Always affectionately yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Sept. 6. 1826.

MY edition of P. Martire's "Epistles" is the same as the Doctor's. There is but one other, printed at Alcala, 1530, and of extreme rarity when the latter one was published. As no man lived in more remarkable times, so there is none whose letters relate so generally to public matters; they are almost like newspapers. I wish Harry had fallen in with one other work, the "Decades of the New World," which I possess only in an English translation.

One volume only, I believe, of "Oviedo y Banos," was published, which is the case with most of the "*Historiadores de las Indias;*" the reason, I suppose, to have been that their books did not sell, a disappointment which authors endure more patiently than booksellers. There are a great many monastic histories relating to America, from which large gleanings might be made. I possess unluckily but few, but I have read and extracted from several, and therefore know their worth. Have you seen Thorpe's "Catalogue?" I refused to take one in last week which came with a charge of six and ten pence for carriage; but I confess that the

propriety of resisting such an imposition has not reconciled me to the loss of a catalogue which, I know, is richer than any other in Spanish books.

You caution me against leaving any unfinished works. One of my besetting sins is certainly that of forming more plans than it would be possible to execute in the course of a longer life than I either expect or desire. But every year clears off something; and if it were not for the necessity of devoting so large a portion of time to reviewing, without which my annual expenses could not be covered, three or four years would suffice for completing all the most important of those undertakings on which any progress has been made. The second volume of the "Peninsular War" will be published in November, and the third immediately be taken in hand, to be brought forward without delay.

At present I know not how the world is going on, a change in the editorship of the "New Times" having deprived me of my daily paper; and I have to cast about how to supply the loss, though, to confess the truth, I could bear it with great patience, and perhaps consider my state the more gracious, if it were not necessary that I should keep up with the current events at home and abroad. Heaven knows, the aspects are dark enough everywhere. Parliament will meet in November for the worst of all reasons, because there is a clamour for its meeting, raised by those who either expect that Parliament can perform impossibilities, or affect to believe this for purposes of mischief. The manufacturers will probably soon get into employment; but we have the prospect before us of a scarcity amounting in this country to dearth, and in Ireland to actual famine; the peasantry in that miserable land starving, the workmen let loose by the repeal of the Combination Laws; the Romish priests goading on both to rebellion; a Lord Lieutenant there who is afraid of a mob, and a

Cabinet at home divided in itself; — the only thing in which all its members agree being, their readiness to form any decision which may exempt them from a harassing debate, or silence a popular cry; and to change it when formed for the same worthy reasons, betraying in all their measures equally a want of wisdom and of courage. This course is so certainly ruinous that I should look forward with the darkest forebodings, were it not for a reliance upon Providence.

I am grieved to hear of Reginald Heber's death; perhaps there is no man living whose place it would be so difficult to supply. The shock is a great one to Wynn, who was exceedingly attached to him, and who sent him out. My friends and acquaintance are dropping on all sides, and if I did not in other ways feel myself among the elders of the world, I should be made to feel it by the loss of those with whom I used to associate. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Oct. 15. 1826.

Your fact concerning Salisbury steeple is very curious, and I wish it had reached me in time for the body of the paper, instead of taking its place as a marginal insertion. As for the paper itself, as I must furnish such papers, I am always glad to meet with a subject which may be easily and pleasantly treated. If I employ myself upon things which might as well be unwritten, it is not my fault, but that of a generation which enables a bookseller to pay me for them better than for anything else.

Yesterday, to my surprise, I had a letter from Waterhouse, the only one I ever received from him.

The cause of his writing was to send a pamphlet written by his brother-in-law in reply to Wilmot Horton's. The pamphlet having been entrusted to his care, he took occasion, and wrote somewhat at length. He was at Lisbon in April last. Waterhouse speaks hopefully of Portugal; the agriculture has been very much improved by the effect of high prices during the war, and the commercial people like the agricultural system. Lord Beresford, whom I met last week at Lowther, looks less favourably upon the state of things, and inclines more to Don Miguel. According to his account, none of the family want talents.

Catharine Awdry is coming to us when she returns from Senhouse's, which will be in two or three days. She will find the change (not from Netherhall, but from the General's) a pleasant one, though our house is not what it has been, nor can it ever again be so. This, however, she will not perceive. The islanders take their departure in November, and I look on with satisfaction to the uninterrupted quiet of the winter months.

I learn from an American Review, which is five years old, that the sixth and last volume of a "History of Brazil" had been published at Rio in 1819; and in the same, that Pizarro, one of the king's chaplains, proposed to publish by subscription some pictorial "Memoirs of Rio Janeiro," in nine volumes. This is stated from a memorandum of the Abbé Correa's. I must see if the Doctor can procure me these books through some of the March's connection.

The catalogues of the various MS. collections in the Museum will be of great use to me. I shall then find out everything which relates to Portugal, take up a list with me when next I visit London, and make it my business while there to examine them.

The Bishop of Chester asked me lately, in a letter, "If I did not think the R. C. Declaration ought to be

answered." I said, "Yes; and that it might easily be done by any one who had books at hand, the way being to disprove the assertions by the authority of their own Councils, Canons, Bulls," &c. It is, as you say, an insidious lying paper, and will do mischief. The "Q. Review" could not have refused to circulate it without giving the enemy a good topic for declaiming against such a refusal. But it ought to have circulated with it a paper in the same number exposing and confuting its falsehood and its sophistry; and this should have been done had I been editor, or of the editor's privy council. But the heads of the Church must find some one of their own profession to do this, whose proper business it is, and whom they have the means of rewarding for doing it.

I spent four days at Lowther, where I have not been since the year '21. Rogers and Sir George Beaumont were there, who had previously been ten days at Keswick; and among the comers and goers was Colonel Dalrymple, a son of Sir Hew's, and one of the Markhams, "who was specially civil to me." The house, I think, must be a pleasanter one for the guests than for the landlord and landlady, for it is like an inn — every day some arrival and some departure. If the place were nearer, I should, perhaps, make a yearly visit there; but it is three-and-twenty miles distant, and now no public carriage travels in that direction.

Lord Holland is a person whose good will is never to be doubted. I should think, therefore, that you have a good chance of success in that quarter. The Roman Catholics little expected so unkind an act from Holland House as John Allen has given them in his exposure of Lingard. I have not seen the articles, but I well know what a rogue —— is; and though Allen hates the Church of England, he has enough of the

old Scotchman in him to hate the Church of Rome worse.

My privilege of receiving letters with the red Post Office stamp will soon be at an end. I have not heard who is to succeed me in representing the independent electors of Downton. The letter which I shall address to the Speaker will bring me at once into the newspapers. I shall say not a word more than is necessary, but it will be the first case of its kind, and therefore would obtain notice, even if it did not relate to a person upon whom so many persons are always ready to draw their pens.

I am adding to my books the new edition of "Lord Bacon;" it is handsome and cheap, but clumsily edited by Basil Montague, one of the sons of Lord Sandwich and Miss Rea. I am also in good hope that the set of "Wadding," of which I had begun to despair, may be safe in England, and on its way to me. I shall then have, beyond all doubt, the best collection of monastic history in this country. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Oct. 15. 1826.

My dear Neville,

While I was at Lowther the week before last, there came a letter here from the bishop, saying that he had till then been in correspondence with some other person concerning the living; that negotiation was at end, and he wished to know of me whether James was connected with the so-called Evangelical Party, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. I replied that he belonged to no party, but was a zealous Churchman, desirous of doing his duty; that I did not know whether

he had anything to do with the Bible Society; but this I did know, that he performed the Church service in a manner which commands attention, and that he would be a most useful minister in a populous parish. My letter was written on the seventh. I referred him in the former one to Tillbrook, as one of his own friends; and it is possible that he may now be making inquiry in that quarter. Whatever the event may be, there has been no want of endeavours on my part, and I should have felt assured that you knew this, even if you had not told me so.

I do not see, my dear Neville, that you have any error with which to reproach yourself, either on James's account, or your own. We can but act as seemeth best to us, upon good motives; the issue is not in our own hands. Thus much as relates to your brother's removal. In your own case, you have only to repent that sufficient care was not taken for the preservation of your health when you exchanged a very active for a sedentary life; and this, which of all errors is the most venial, has brought with it sufficient punishment. Were you settled upon a cure of your own, you would presently feel a well-founded assurance that you were fairly performing the duties of your office, and fully equal to them; for you would catechise the children, look after your parishioners, win their confidence and good will, and be to them what a Church pastor should be to his flock. Healthier and wealthier you might have been, had you continued in the precincts of Cheapside, and useful you would always have been, and happy also, but not so happy as you are now, not so useful as you will be, whenever you take possession of a rectory. I wish there were one at my disposal, for your sake.

William Taylor surprised me by his appearance here about three weeks ago, on his way from an expedition

into Scotland. He staid only one day, during which we saw Lodore in full glory. Friend * * * * appeared soon after him, in stiffer garb and more primitive bonnet than when I saw her at Norwich, and corrupting the King's English with more malice prepense. She went from hence to Lowther; but though she *thou'd* and *thee'd* them with great intrepidity, I am told that the sinful word Lady slipt not unfrequently from her lips; and that when Rogers, as if to put her young virtue to the proof, said things and told stories at which she ought not to have laughed, the temptation was sometimes so strong, that she was obliged to stuff her handkerchief into her mouth, and still the struggling titter came forth, the old Eve prevailing in the contest. I like her in spite of her Quakerism, nay, perhaps the better for it; for it must always be remembered in what sect she was bred up, among what persons she had lived, and that religion was never presented to her in a serious form till she saw it in drab.

Remember me to your twofold family in all its members, and with especial love and kindness to your excellent mother, with whom, were it not for your sakes, I should almost condole that, having been on the threshold of heaven, her entrance should have been deferred.*

God bless you, my dear Neville,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* "Let me hear how your excellent mother is. It is not wishing such persons well to pray for their continuance upon earth; and yet in such cases we are, and ever must be, selfish. It is, I believe, the only case in which true affection regards its own loss more than the gain which accrues to its beloved object." — *MS. Letter*, 17th July, 1826.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 9. 1826.

My dear R.,

I lay down my M.P.-ship next week, by a letter to the Speaker, which I shall dispatch as soon as there is one; so my parliamentary business will end when that of everybody else is beginning. I wish you may find amusement as well as occupation in the proceedings of Parliament; they are not likely to be very smooth ones. If I could leave home next year for any distant expedition (which I must not do), I would urge you to take another journey with me, in whatever direction you might choose; but as that must not be, I wish you would arrange your plans so as to come here in the summer, when I could be sure of showing you many interesting objects, and a good chance of as many odd people as are easily to be fallen in with.

To one such person I have given a letter of introduction to you. Captain Wm. Bruce is his name, of the same family as Peter Henry Bruce, and the Abyssinian traveller. He has himself lived six-and-thirty years in the East; married a Georgian wife at Shiraz, been resident at Bushire, accompanied every embassy to Persia, and is now about to return overland to his family at Calcutta. He certainly knows more about Persia than any other European; and if you are half as much pleased with his conversation as we were, you will like him much. I have, moreover, good reason for believing that he is an excellently good man.

Turner, to whom I must write speedily in thanks for his last volume, has woefully relapsed into the sin of fine writing, and I am very sorry for it. He has thrown great light upon that reign, and the new materials which he has found have induced him to make his book the

history, in fact, of Europe during those years. It was not easy to avoid this; but there should have been no extraneous matter of sentiment introduced, when the political history alone, exclusive of the momentous religious revolution of that reign, extend to so great a length. Wolsey appears a worse man than I had supposed him to be. I heartily wish Turner may complete "Elizabeth's Reign," from which period there must be abundant matter of unsifted information in our public collections. Having got the catalogues of the MSS. in the Museum, I shall, when I visit London again (if I live to visit it), make it part of my business to examine all the papers there which relate to Portugal.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Nov. 16. 1826.

My "Wadding" is arrived in London at last. I have a letter to-day from the merchant to whom the ship was consigned, and by the end of this week the case, I trust, will be on its way to Keswick. I shall then have both editions of this work: it is very doubtful whether there be a copy of either in any of our public libraries. The Bishop of London could only find three volumes at Lambeth, which, no doubt, had been procured by Laud, as they appeared successively. No tidings yet of my books from Brussels. Verbeyst is probably waiting till he can meet with those of which I gave him a list.

I have had some correspondence lately with Trant and Sir John Wilson, who had some arduous services on the Beira frontier during our siege of Badajoz. From them I have got a very clear insight into the

operation in that quarter, which it would have been hopeless to look for in any printed documents.

The General is gone to serve his country in the senate; and my excuse for not serving is at this time on the road to the Speaker. This odd affair has paid me in the saving of postage something more than it has cost in trouble. But I wish I had half the money which it has cost my neighbour to get into Parliament; it would purchase this house and the grounds around it, which are to be sold by auction in about a fortnight, and I dare say leave surplus enough for making it an excellent residence, by pulling the one-half down, and rebuilding it. Of all ways of wasting thousands, that of a contested election is one of the worst, and especially when it is for a pot-walloping borough like Taunton.

The conclusion of my second volume goes up by this evening's mail, and I suppose the book will be published the first week in December. It will be found very unpalatable by some of the Whigs, who will find there a very ugly but faithful record of their own proceedings. There are others who anticipate this with some glee, as I know by a note from Lord Colchester to Rickman.

This reminds me of something relating to the Catholic question. Some ten years ago Sir John Cox Hippesley (or Hippesley Cox, for I know not which is cart, and which horse), moved for a committee to inquire into the regulations of Roman Catholic subjects in foreign states, with the view of serving his party. (Perhaps you may not know that he professed himself a Catholic at his death.) A bulky volume was in consequence produced, which has a great deal of curious matter in it. At my suggestion Sir Robert Inglis moved last year for a committee to inquire into the regulations of Protestant subjects in foreign states. He mentioned his intention to Canning, according to

form, who intimated no intention of opposing it; but a little consideration enabled Canning to see what the effect of such an official report would be. He therefore, in no handsome manner, turned upon Inglis, and quashed the matter with the hand of authority, because Inglis was unsupported. I have lately stated all this to the Bishop of Chester, and he means to put the matter into Lord Colchester's hands, perceiving, as I do, that it is a good card to play.

The next "Quarterly Review" will have a paper of mine upon the poems of my poor old acquaintance, Dr. Sayers, of Norwich. Like that upon Hayley, it is a sort of chapter on the history of English poetry. I have a paper in hand for which Butler's "Comments upon Sister Nativité" gives occasion, and the "Deuteronomy" of the said Sister (which has been added to a second edition of her "Revelations"), the "History of Sister Providence," whom the devil used to set upon her head (in which case a miracle was always wrought to suspend the laws of gravitation, as it regarded her petticoats), and the "Life of an Arch-humbug," who was the biographer of "Sister Providence," afford excellent matter. The paper will be well seasoned and well timed. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Jan. 11. 1827.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Whether the duke may send me the new volumes of the "Scriptores" or not, I thank you for your good offices. If they come from that quarter, so much the better; but I had ordered them some days before your note arrived, and they are probably at this time on their way to me from Longman's.

I shall like to see O'Keeffe's book, though I never could have dreamt that our adventure of the "Haunted House" was to be recorded there. You conclude against historical verity a little too hastily from his inaccuracies. He relates these things more than five and thirty years after they occurred, and can have had nothing to help his memory, for his son has long been dead, and he himself was blind, or nearly so, at the time in question. You and I could have given the best account of that great exploit, which drew *from* poor Vincent so pathetic an oration, and drew *upon* him so libellous an imputation in certain verses which have long since been Vulcanised; and yet how inaccurate we should find the story if any person to whom we told it when it was recent should relate it now, after so long a lapse of time.

Has he got the anecdote of "Philip bows aside?" It was not likely to have escaped his son, whom nothing escaped that could afford fair matter for merriment. Poor O'Keeffe is one of whom I often think with kindness. I well remember the different manner in which he and —— received me at Cambridge in 1793; the one with no other warmth than what confusion sent into his cheeks, when we met when he could not a second time pass by as if he knew me not; the other with a hearty and overflowing joyousness, eager to renew an old intimacy which had left behind it cordial good will on both sides.

It occurs to me, while I am writing, that there was a strong resemblance — which might well puzzle a physiognomist — between O'Keeffe, Clarkson, and Shelley; yet certainly never were there men more unlike in the character of their minds.

Would you give me your "vote and interest" for an old friend of mine, who is to be ballotted for at the Athenæum on the fifth of February. Kenyon is his

name, — one of the very best and pleasantest men whom I have ever known; one whom everybody likes at first sight, and likes better the longer he is known. I have known him three and twenty years, and reckon it what Rogers would call "a white day" when I fell in with him first.

Scott will be well paid by the booksellers, and the booksellers will be well paid by the public; *ergo*, his fitness for the task, and his choice of it. Comprehensive views will probably not be found there; but the book will be lively, and, in some respects, good; for we have had proof of this in Paul's letters. Hazlit, it is said, is writing a counter-life, which will be puffed by all the liberal school. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Jan. 16, 1827.

MY DEAR H.,

The "Parliamentary History" arrived yesterday in very good condition. I have looked over all the volumes, and find nothing wanting except the last leaf of Vol. X., which you may send me in a frank, and it can easily be inserted. The half-binding is very respectable, but I marvel that the books arrived with so little injury as one or two volumes have suffered, considering the very scanty allowance of paper in which they were packed. You have made a good purchase for me.

Before I proceed to the Saints, I must say a word about Kenyon and the "Athenæum," for whom I am canvassing far and wide. Young Spedding and his uncle are on the list, to whom I should think John Calvert could help him. Kenyon tells me he is told

that he must endeavour to put in movement every man whom he has ever spoken to, seen, or heard of; and as I like him well enough to take all the pains in my power on a matter which it would gratify him to effect, I put you upon this scent. Speak to John May for Louis Petit's vote.

I cannot discover for you the slightest connection between St. Vitus and his dance. It is doubtful, or more than doubtful, whether there ever was any such person, for his legend is given up even by the Bollandists, though Alban Butler moralises upon it as if it were true. It represents him as a boy born in Sicily, flying with his nurse and her husband from the persecution of a pagan father, curing Diocletian's daughter of a devil, and being put to death by Diocletian after as many miracles as might furnish story for a pantomime. Bread dipped in oil at his shrine was believed at Rome to prevent hydrophobia in those who had been bitten by a mad dog. But the true and odd part of his history, that the people of the Isle of Rugen, when the monks from the Monastery of Corbey were endeavouring to convert the Slavonic nations in those parts *ad Christi et S. Viti cultum*, rejected the former, but took the latter for the god, made Sanctus Vitus into *Swan*tawith, put four heads upon his image (which are not too many for the legs and arms of him which might be counted up), and remained St. Vitists after this manner of their own till the island was conquered, which was not till after all the neighbouring people had been converted.

The Saints seem for the most part to have confined themselves, like Martin Bree, to the cure of a particular disease; and there was a saint for every one.* St.

* The curious reader may consult Part III. of the Homily against "Peril of Idolatry;" Jer. Taylor, x. 226.; Jewel, vii. 188., ed. Jelf.

Petronella practises in fevers; St. Otilia in sore eyes; St. Apollonia in the toothache; St. Roque and St. Sebastian in the plague; St. Liberius in the stone; St. Felicitas in Gooch's line — but she insures boys; St. Apollinaris in Martin Bree's particular branch; St. Benedict cures those who are poisoned; St. Germanus cures children, but not without his fee, which was a white loaf and a pot of good ale in this country before the Reformation; St. Wilgeforte (famous for praying for a beard to protect her virtue, and getting one as long as the Persian king's) obtained the name of St. Uncumber in England because, for a peck of oats, she would uncumber any woman who was tired of her husband; — this I suppose she did more expeditiously than can be done in these days even with the help of Scotch laws, by speedily taking the poor husband to God's mercy; but that such a superstition prevailed I tell you on Sir Thomas More's authority.

The Virgin Mary cured everything. And so indeed did the Saints upon a pinch; but in general each was called in only in his particular line. Happy was the patient in former days who trusted to them rather than to the practitioners!

Love to all. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. My second volume must be bound for the king; and I have told Murray that Gooch will let him have the first that it may be done to pattern.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Jan. 21. 1827.

My girls thank you and Dr. Hughes cordially, and I thank you also, my good, kind friend.

The Duchess of Buckingham must, by your account, be a very interesting person. The Duke has just sent me the three concluding volumes of Dr. O'Connor's work, which, however, I owe to some circuitous good office of Wynn's. I bought the first volume ten years ago; these, he tells me, are not for sale, and he let it be known to the Duke that I had long expressed an intention of reviewing the collection when it should be completed. So I have got the book, and have written a note of thanks for it, and shall in due time give a paper upon the subject of the early Irish History in the "Quarterly Review;" all which will not bring me nearer to an acquaintance with the Duchess. I dislike great houses, and never willingly put myself in the way of great people. And for strange women, I could not stand in more fear of them if I had been that very son of King Solomon, upon whom so much good advice was bestowed. Think, then, how awful it would be for me to encounter a strange Duchess! I have encountered three in my time, two of whom were (I say it in a whisper) she devils; the third was the Duchess of Marlborough, and with her I could soon have become so familiar that I should no longer have thought of her rank, nor she of my leonine nature.

Let me tell you something, which you will like to hear, of your friend the Bishop of Durham: he has inquired into the private acts of bounty of his predecessor; and having satisfied himself that the annuities of this kind had been well bestowed, he has in every instance continued them, and paid them up from the date of the last payment. These *jockies* will not be easily *unshipt*, while some of them behave in this way.*

* On the death of Bishop Van Mildert, a farmer in my parish hearing that all his widow had to live upon was his life insurance (true or not, I cannot vouch), said to me, "As long as we have bishops of that sort, we shall hold our ground." What is fatal to

When next I may be in town, I am to sit to your friend Sir T. Lawrence, for Mr. Peel. I have been made by different artists to look like a Methodist preacher, like an assassin, like a fop, like a fool, like a prig, like a sensualist, like a Jew who sells oranges, and like a fellow on his trial for uttering false notes. What will Sir Thomas make me look like?

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 23. 1827.

My dear R.,

I have heard that your consignment is safely arrived at Leyden. "Be so kind," Bilderdijk says, "as to offer to Mr. Rickman our thanks for his amiable and but too handsome present to our Lodowijke." *

His letter is of a sad complexion; since August he says, "Oppressed by the continual want of elasticity in the heavy and humid atmosphere, I decayed sensibly almost from day to day, as well in intellectual and mental powers as in bodily strength; and I suffer particularly for want of memory, the influence whereof produces not only an actual degree of stupidity, but even a prospect of worse. Meanwhile Mrs. B. fell sick, and her disease was of a very alarming kind; and extremely complicated as it is, it is now the fifteenth week she suffers, being yet unable to leave her bedroom, and scarce the bed itself. I am, therefore, in the most trying situation."

us, the clergy, as a body, is to find either priests or bishops dying, worth tens of thousands scraped up from the inheritance of the Church! It is an over-long account, and too heavy a balance, as some one said, to begin the next world with.

This is a melancholy account; but the letter is written with no forgetfulness of English; and with all his vigour of feeling respecting an attack upon him by two remonstrant ministers at Rotterdam, which I had repelled in this country.

At Bilderdijk's age, one might almost say with Shakspeare * :—

> "He hates him
> Who would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

But there is no saying this, or at least feeling thus in the case of any one who has any enjoyment of life, and whom we love to think of as within communicable reach; for we must be within the near view of death ourselves, before we can ever think of the dead without pain.

I am now beginning to go through Bilderdijk's works as well as I can, with the intent of one day giving an account of them, which may make his name known in this country as it deserves to be.

God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I hope you have received the "Peninsular War."

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Feb. 10. 1827.

I AM glad you have met with Viperani. The name was new to me when I saw it in your letter; but I have since found him referred to by Wadding, to prove that a pretended prophecy of St. Francis's, whether he

* Lear, Act v. Sc. iii.

made it or not, had not been disproved by events. The prophecy was, that Portugal should never be swallowed by the Castilian monarchy.

This was written before my last, but had slipt out of sight, and out of memory. It is now long since I have heard from you. You have, I trust, received my second volume. Murray had direction to send it, and also to send Mr. Bigge Wither's by the conveyance which you mentioned. The concluding volume will have no delays. I am working closely at present upon the "Correspondence of Sir Augustus Frazer with his family." He joined in 1812, and served till the end of the war, in the artillery. Being high in the service, he knew what was going on; and it is not possible to have better materials than his letters afford. Indeed, I have very many more documents of this nature for the third than for either of the former volumes.

Wynn has done me a good office, in having made it known, through some channel, to the Duke of Buckingham, that I had purchased the first volume of the "Irish Scriptores" ten years ago, and wanted the three other volumes, which are not to be published. So the Duke has sent them to me, with a dry and dukely note; and I have got the three quartos at the expense of a short letter of thanks. They will afford matter for a curious paper in the "Quarterly Review." As for the "History of Ireland," it is comprised in three words,—"*occisio, combustio, devastatio*,"—which, with their synonyms, occur in every part, and almost in every sentence; but there are some very learned dissertations by the editor (O'Connor, the author of "Columbanus's Letters," a mild and excellent old man, who must have been a Protestant, if it had not been for the great O in his name) — there is some curious incidental matter, and materials enough for enabling me to form clear views upon certain parts of history. I hope I may get

a copy of "Colgan" in time, which I left a commission for with Verbeyst.

A *casket* of laver is the only other arrival I have had. Cuthbert is the only one who will partake it with me, and we delight in it.

I take Wadding every night with my whiskey, or my black-currant punch. This mild Irishman in one place calls the heretics *porcos in inferno torrendos.* I dare say he liked roast pork well, but roast Protestant better. In his picture he looks as if he did.

I have been reading a "History of Dutch Poetry," by Jeronimo de Vries, somewhat in the manner of our Warner, but upon a more contracted scale, but for its scale a useful and good book. If I should continue "Warton's History" (which the shock in trade alone has prevented me from doing), my Dutch reading will be of more use in this respect than I had anticipated. The poets of that country resemble the English very much more than those of any other nation, in the character, and feeling, and form of their poetry. That country has not been more fertile in painters than in poets; but the former are known throughout Europe, because theirs is an owned language, the latter have written to the smallest public in Europe. There is, however, as much in their poets to satisfy and delight one, as there is to disappoint us in the Spanish and Portuguese; and there is much more of household feeling, of natural affections, quiet enjoyment, love of the country, and sober, sincere religion, than I have found in any other writers. You would infer from this —what the appearance of the country seems to warrant —that there is more domesticity, a more general diffusion of good moral feeling and real substantial happiness, in Holland, than in any other country; very much more in proportion to its extent and population. As for the language, they who can admire German ought not to

vituperate Dutch. Its coarseness is an accident which exists only for the English, who happen to have thrust out of the vocabulary of good manners words which are perfectly presentable in Holland, and to have given a low and ludicrous meaning to others, which retain there their original force and character. It is ugly to the eye, and harsh to the ear, beyond all doubt or denial; but it has great force and energy, and their poets have done a great deal with it.

I must now take in hand a paper upon the "Emigration Report"—in other words, upon colonization. The matter is of great consequence to society, and the paper to my Midsummer accounts. Love to my aunt.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 24. 1827.

MY DEAR G.,

I suppose his Right Honour. is not at this time sleeping upon a bed of leeks, which is a more appropriate metaphor to be used in his case, than the flower garden could supply. This stroke, which has put an end to Lord Liverpool's public life, will bring to a crisis certain intrigues of which I have long heard. For me to speculate upon them with you, who are near enough head quarters to have the first intelligence of whatever arrives, would be very idle. I will only say this, that we have lost a right-minded statesman, who always discovered more knowledge and more judgment in his speeches than any other person in either House, and in whom the country had, very justly, great confidence. Nothing was wanting in him but the warmth and steadiness of Mr. Perceval: these, indeed, were great

wants; but he was an able statesman, and had that weight of private character which is felt, as it ought to be, by the public.

And how, Mr. Bedford, do you feel yourself under the honours of uncleship? upon which I offer you all due congratulations, hoping that the young Master of the Rolls is doing well. Your godson has this day completed his eighth year. He is getting on well in all things, thank God, and making good use of the Greek grammar in which you had written his dear brother's name.

I have just declined visiting the Bishop of Limerick this year, but with a promise, if we live and do well, of going to him next year. This year I shall not go from home farther than I can take my family with me, except for a day or two. I am busy upon my third volume, which will presently be in the press, and for which I am rich in materials of the best kind.

Did I tell you that the gods have sent us three dozen of Shiraz wine, the pure juice of the Shiraz grape, made in that city, in the wine-press of Captain William Bruce, whom the gods appointed their agent in transmitting it to me. I had rather they had given me a hogshead of Claret or of Rhenish, to both which the wine of Hafiz, though much rarer, is very inferior. Nevertheless it is an honest wine; and if it were always to be had, I could very soon acquire a taste for it.

I send you the "Devil's Walk," but am almost doubtful whether you can decipher the detestable character in which it is scrawled and scratched rather than written. It has been lying on my table some three weeks before I could make up my stomach to send it.*

God bless you.

R. S.

* "This alludes to the enlarged copy, which I was led to do by the confident assertions still put forth that Porson was the author

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 25. 1827.

MY DEAR WYNN,

In some of the correspondence from Spain and Portugal, which has passed through my hands, I have met with an anecdote of Maine, agreeing well enough with what we remember of him at Westminster. He stole that good sword Tizona from the Castle of Bejar, leaving another in its place, and afterwards presented a *third* to Beresford as the real Tizona, which he kept to himself, but which I find afterwards in Sir John Downie's comical hands. It will be as difficult now to ascertain which is the genuine sword, as to settle the question of authenticity among the heads of St. John the Baptist.

Nothing can be more interesting than the letters of an intelligent officer written during such a war. And this reminds me that I have Wolfe's letters to his father and mother in the house, for the second time. Murray has sent them to me; but not a word can I get from him concerning them, and I suspect he is playing a Murrayish game, both with the owner of the letters and with me. Time, however, will show this. The letters will disappoint most readers if they are published; and yet I think you would think they were worth reading.

Sir G. Beaumont's death deprives me of one who had been for many years more than a mere acquaintance. Indeed, ever since I came into this country, I have kept up an intercourse with him from time to time; and if my habits had led me much from home, or my occupa-

of that delectable poem." — Letter to G. C. B., 14th. Jan. 1827. It may be added here that Southey gave the *original scrawl* written at Nether Stowey, to Miss Caroline Bowles (afterwards Mrs. Southey), and she left it to Mrs. Warter, in whose possession it now is.

tions and circumstances allowed of absence from it, there are few houses at which I should so often have been a guest, as at his. When we parted last year at Lowther, his life might have been deemed a better one than mine, notwithstanding the disparity of years; for he had no one infirmity of age, and seemed likely to have been as long-lived as his mother, who was much beyond ninety when she died. Few men have been so happy in all respects; he had never known any serious affliction, and was in full possession of all his faculties and capacities of enjoyment at the moment when the stroke came, which produced stupor, insensibility—and in a few days death without any consciousness of struggle.

Lord Liverpool, I suppose, has been overworked. A stroke of this nature makes me feel a sort of giddiness when I hear or think of it. If it does its work at once, it is the most desirable termination of life; but if it only wrecks the sufferer in body and mind, then it is a visitation which is indeed to be deprecated. The stage is clearing fast of those personages who have figured upon it. New dramas are to be brought forward, new actors to appear in them; and I have seen enough of this world's theatre not to take any disquieting interest in what may be represented there. You are not upon a bed of roses at this time; but, however, there are no thorns in your pillow, and God grant that it may always continue free from them.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, March 31. 1827.

My dear Wynn,

Your anecdote of Wolfe has surprised me, because from his letters I should have thought him

anything rather than vain and talkative.* I can explain it only by one of those accessions of folly to which men are sometimes subject,— a sort of drunkenness produced by circumstances, or half-delirium, in which no other disease is apparent than what affects the mind.

The conquest of Quebec, very likely, owes much of its fame to West's picture, the print from which everybody has seen in their youth. I believe his force was such, and in such a state, that he hardly expected success himself, and that he had a right soldierly spirit. The event also happens to be one of those which has produced very considerable consequences; and therefore it has become a sort of data in the history of that part of the world. Old Canada, however, seems likely to remain French in language and in constitution of society. The latter, I suspect, is better than that of English Canada or of the United States.

I know not whether to hope or fear that the reports may be true which are for sending you to Bengal. Among the possibilities which might have been, how likely it is that if I had taken orders, you would have sent me thither!

Would that we were well out of this Portuguese business! It has long appeared to me that that country can only be set to rights by a minister of Pombal's stamp, acting with the force of despotism, but in the spirit of the age. The very word Constitution stands in the way of reformation there. You want the old Cortes, with its old recognised forms for its old purpose; you want the administration of the existing laws, which now exist to no purpose; and you want a Habeas Corpus. There is no party who would be opposed to any of these things; and Portugal neither

* This reminds one of the single interview at the Colonial Office between the Duke of Wellington and Nelson.

needs, nor is capable of anything more. My fear is, that Don Miguel will find his way to Madrid instead of Rio Janeiro, and that France, though it may have meant to deal fairly and honourably, will not resist the temptation of outwitting us, and holding Portugal, as well as Spain, in dependence.

I shall not be in London this year; nor further south than Harrogate, whither I intend to take my family in May, in the hope that the girls and their mother may derive benefit from the water, which they need — the latter especially. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, April 7. 1827.

MY DEAR HARRY,

"Hæ nugæ seria *ducent*," might I truly say, if this gold medal were to draw me to London; but this, most certainly, it will not. So say you to Mr. Impey what you please respecting my sense of the honour, etc., and let him know that I shall not be in town this spring. If you like to make a speech for me, you know you may appear as my proxy. There will, probably, come a letter from the secretary, to which I must return a formal answer. As for the medal, there is no harm in it, and very little good—none, that I know of, except in so far as it may please the girls.

Bedford wrote to me about the affection of his speech, some weeks ago; and I was willing to account for it by the extreme susceptibility of his nervous system. But any unusual sensations about the head make me feel as if there were a candle in the powder-magazine. I shall be very anxious to hear of, rather than *from* him.

Will you send me (I ask it in a whisper) some infor-

mation concerning the state of medical practice in this country, in the middle of the last century. I mean what systems were coming in, and what were going out and likely to be then lingering with old practitioners, especially provincial ones. You will see for what this is wanted. Anything, from half a page to three or four, will be useful, and the better if it should make the reader perceive that it had certainly been written by a professional man. Dr. Dove was placed in the year 1740 with an old practitioner who was learned in his art, and fond of its theories, but practised according to experience; and I want to describe the sort of opinions and of practice in which the youth would be trained. You must know that I have some intention of bringing this out in the autumn, at the same time with the "Colloquies," which would be a good cover. Six weeks would finish enough for two crown octavos, more than one having been transcribed by Miss Hutchinson. I wish you could see what is done, which for oddity, mingle-mangleness, and out-of-the-wayness may vie with anything that has ever preceded it. It is now advanced so far as to make it an object and desire that it should be completed. The publication must bring me to London, when it may be rapidly printed—in a fortnight or three weeks—and the proofs corrected under the rose. Whether it takes in the way of sale, is a mere chance, hit or miss; but it cannot fail to attract notice.

I wonder Inglis has not written to me since his communications with you and Lord N., the more so as I wrote to him a few weeks afterwards.

God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Love to Louisa from all. The girls came trooping up at the sight of your letter to know what was the *name*.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, April 26. 1827.

MY DEAR HARRY,

The reference to Ward the missionary's "Account of the Hindoos," is vol. i. p. 10. of the original edition, printed in the Mission House at Serampore. The book has been reprinted in England.

You may send the medal by Senhouse, who will be returning from London in four or five weeks. There is no harm in a gold medal; but there would be more good in the money which it costs. I think my uncle will like to see it, if you have an opportunity of sending it or taking it to Streatham.

I am much obliged to Colonel Hawker: he has sent me some of those incidents which give life and reality to history,—which interest us while we are reading, and make us remember what we have read.

Van Helmont is at this time on my table, and I have very nearly gone through his works. The account of him in Aikin's Biography is miserably defective,—an abstract, in the third or fourth generation, from what at first must have been superficially written. It takes no notice of his theological fancies, for which his manuscripts were seized and pronounced heretical, though his wife had interest enough to get him absolved from the charge of heresy after his death, upon proofs that he made a good Catholic end, and that he had submitted all his opinions to the judgment of the Church. What a very curious book might be made upon the lives and writings of this man and his predecessors, who were bewildered by their own discoveries. The superstitions which in those ages were blended with the theory and practice of medicine, are as odd as anything in the fables of mythology.

A "Foreign Quarterly" is started, for the first num-

ber of which I am writing a paper upon Conde's "Historia de los Arabes en España."* The story of the negotiation for this matter is too long to tell. After trying to cajole me into writing for 10 guineas a sheet for their first number, and then screwing themselves up to an offer of 50*l.* for an article, they were glad to come to my terms, and pay 100*l.* And I am glad to have this string to my bow, not knowing how long my other string may last. Sir Walter has something to do with the scheme; and the editors are Gillies of Edinburgh (nephew of the old historian) and a Mr. Fraser in London.

So Knighton is in the newspaper at last. Some one, I know not who, has sent me the "Watchman" to-day, in which there is a long article about his share in the intrigues for the premiership. I should think him too prudent to have had anything to do with it.

Thank you for what is in your note, and for what more is to come. Stahl supposes the life and soul to be the same, I perceived by looking for what I can find about him. This is unlike V. Helmont, who considers the living principle as distinct from the intellectual and immortal one.

I see a pamphlet advertised by Elton (Hallam's brother-in-law) containing his reason for passing from Unitarianism to the Church of England. This is the second case of the kind at Bristol. Dr. Stock's was the first.

You, who have no correspondents in Ireland, and probably do not see the Irish newspapers, can hardly imagine to what an extent the old question of the Reformation has revived in that country. I hear of it from cool spectators who are on their guard against anything like enthusiasm; but there is, at this time, a

* If my reference is correct, this Article appeared in No. V., Jan. 1829.

stronger feeling upon this subject, and a more active spirit of inquiry in operation, than there has ever been since the days of Martin Luther.

Love to Louisa and the children. How is Robert going on? my special love to him. I wish we were near enough for him to take part with Cuthbert in some of the studies that we are carrying on. God bless you.

R. S.

To John King, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 15. 1827.

My Dear King,

John May, who is one of my oldest and best friends, has just settled at Bristol as manager of the Bank of England branch. I wish you would call upon him and introduce yourself. In frankness, cheerfulness, sterling worth, and zeal in serving his friends, he resembles our dear Danvers more than any other man I have ever known. I have told him that I should write to you, for the purpose of making you known to each other. It is rendering a service to both, — and to myself too, for I shall then hear regularly of you from him. Thus am I brought once more into communication with Bristol. I live in hope of having a steam-carriage which will enable me to transport myself and family at a reasonable cost. We will mount the vehicle some day when the water boils, and steer for my native city, which I should like my children to see while I am alive, and could shew them the various spots which would have peculiar interest in their eyes. John May will tell you what I am doing and what I am projecting — projecting always more than it is possible to do, and yet doing more than if I projected less, and doing what is done better, by bringing the knowledge collected for one end to bear upon another.

That I am growing old he need not tell you, — my hair is far on the passage from grizzle to grey; and I now need an eyeglass for anything at a distance. The infirmity of which I spoke to you when we last met disables me greatly from walking; yet at times I am so far free from it that I ascended Skiddaw without inconvenience a few weeks ago. My spirits have so far recovered that they keep at the temperate point, and are ever more disposed to rise than to be depressed. The habit of the hay-asthma has certainly been weakened, and its hold on my constitution shaken, by having tried the remedy of travelling at the season of its recurrence. I think I may lay claim to the praise of self-management both in body and mind without paying too much attention to either,—exercising a diseased watchfulness or playing any tricks with either.

My son, who is now eight years and a half old, promises well. I teach him Greek, and am learning German and improving myself in Dutch with him. Latin I leave to another teacher, who gives him daily lessons. With little confinement, less compulsion, and nothing like austerity, he is getting on well, and will, if it please God that he should grow up, have a wide foundation laid: meanwhile no creature can be happier. My three daughters are at present, thank God, in good health; their mother will never, I fear, recover entirely from the shock which her spirits sustained last year — and which had almost broken mine. I took them all to Harrogate for three weeks in the month of June before the place was frequented. They were most of them the better for the journey and the waters; and I was not without some benefit from it myself. Now give me some news of yourself, and believe me to be, in all thoughts and feelings concerning you, unchanged from what I was five and twenty years ago. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Sept. 21. 1827.

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

For some time past an intention of writing to you has been in my head; but something or other has always stopt it on the progress which, as laid down by John Bunyan, it ought to have made into the fingers, and thence to the pen, in order to be dribbled daintily upon paper. Your letter, which I have just received, has brought it to dribbling.

I took my whole family to Harrogate for the first three weeks in June, hoping that the waters and, perhaps, still more the change of place and circumstances, might be beneficial to some of them, and that it would answer the purpose for myself of a longer journey, which I had not heart to undertake. To a certain degree the objects were answered, as well, indeed, as could reasonably be expected. I escaped from the hay-asthma with a visit of one month, instead of a visitation of three; by running away from it the two preceding years, it seems that the hold of the disease has been weakened, though its habit is not destroyed.

We went thither through Craven, visiting Wethercot Cave and Gordale Scar on the way, things which, if you have not seen, you ought to make a special journey for the sake of seeing; and we returned by way of Wensley Dale, which is also worth a pilgrimage. Since our return, at the beginning of July, I have been so continually beset by visitors, shoal after shoal, that I have not been able to settle fairly to work for a single day. What little I could do has been done in the odds and ends of broken time; and little enough it is, Heaven knows. Winter will, as usual, bring with it a cessation of such interruptions; and I shall be left to myself and my books.

What, meantime, have I done, or what am I doing? you ask! I wrote a paper upon the "Dominion of the Moors in Spain" for the "Foreign Quarterly." The old "Quarterly Review" had laid me on the shelf; and it seemed likely that I should find it necessary to part company with it, which I certainly would have done if it had veered about and stood on the liberal tack. Explanation, however, took place. My paper upon Sister Providence, in reply to Mr. Butler's apology for Sister Nativité, having been set aside for two numbers without ceremony or a word of communication to me upon the subject, appears in the forthcoming number. I am reviewing Hallam's "Essence of Whig-vinegar" for the Christmas number; and Murray stands better in my opinion than he did before. He is willing, at last, that I should reprint such of my papers as are worth revision; so I am preparing to collect and arrange them, and shall begin with two volumes of "Essays Moral and Political." If there is a sale for these, I shall follow them with the Ecclesiastical, Historical, Literary, and Miscellaneous papers, each separately. This I have long been desirous of doing, that I might not be held responsible for any other person's opinions, and that my own might be fairly and fully set forth.

I have not even seen the "Life of Napoleon." There are many reasons why it could not but disappoint the expectations which had been formed of it. It was not possible that Sir Walter could keep up as a historian the character which he had obtained as a novelist; and in the first announcement of this "Life" he had, not very wisely, promised something as stimulating as his novels. Alas! he forgot that there could be no stimulus of curiosity in it; for all persons above the age of five and twenty have read the History of Bonaparte in the newspaper. The book is far too long for fashionable reading, and just as much too short for its subject. He intended,

I am told, to write upon the same scale as that which I have taken in the "Life of Nelson;" but upon that scale a Life of Bonaparte would require at least nine of my quartos, instead of such a volume as his; for it is the history of Europe during twenty years. Add to this that his enemies have been eager to run down a lame work, and that it was introduced with a sort of trick and puffery which made his friends sorry; and there will be no difficulty in accounting for the cold reception which it has found. If the booksellers are the losers, it will be no matter. The next tale will not be expected with less eagerness, nor read with less pleasure; and his permanent reputation will be as little affected by this "Life," as Fielding's is by his comedies.

My "Colloquies" will be ready in the spring. I am about to edite E. Wolfe's "Letters," and prefix a memoir of his life. The "Life" is but a drama of one act, but that a brilliant one; and as the consequences have proved of permanent importance, which has seldom been the case in modern wars, I can make something of it. The letters were not worth publishing; but as the owners chuse that they should be published, I am very willing thus to preface them. Moreover, I have undertaken to introduce some verses written by an old servant, whose unpoetical name is John Jones. Perhaps I may come to you for help in soliciting subscriptions; but this is not yet determined: it will, however, be but a trifling matter for one little volume, from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* at the utmost. You will be pleased with the simplicity and modesty of his letters, amused with the account of himself, and pleased also to see how much intellectual enjoyment may be attained, under the most unfavourable circumstances, by those who know how to look for it. This is a theme on which I hope to preach a useful discourse in the preface; so that I have two ob-

jects in this undertaking:—to raise a little money which may help this poor man in his old age, and to dwell upon certain truths which are at present mixed up with a great deal of mischief, but which in themselves are most salutary and important.

More, moreover, I have some verses in the stocks,—a ballad of some length, which promises well, and therefore is likely to please you; and a Pindaric ode in which the grave manner is so queerly suited to the subject, that perhaps it may please nobody but such another odd person as myself, if it happens to meet with such. There are not many who can be amused with moody mirth.

Our kindest remembrance to Dr. Hughes, and to your son. I too am deep in the Statutes; but it is in those which have long been obsolete.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes,

Yours very truly,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Sept. 21. 1827.

My dear Wynn,

I can easily conceive that these poems, particularly the "Lament," may possess great beauty in the original language. The Welsh, I suspect, is not a language which translates well. Felicities of expression must, of course, always be untranslateable; but there are some languages which may be translated much better and more easily than others. Greek, for example, better than Latin, and Hebrew, I should suppose, better than either. The Welsh has so many niceties of its own, that even for that reason it must be one of the most unmanageable in a version.

You have, I hope, left your political cares behind you, and carried into the country a disposition to enjoy it, and derive all the benefit that may be from a short cessation. Short it is likely to be, for Huskisson can never stand the wear and tear of Parliament, and you must look to see another plank in the State-vessel start ere long. Lord Goderich, too, is ill able to support the part of badger, which he will be called upon to play, and which is the least agreeable of all parts.

I have seen a good many Irish this season, all of whom, with one exception, concur in thinking that there is no danger of a rebellion in their country; not because the priests want the will, but because they have no hope it would prove successful. One person agreed with me in thinking that the great agitation which religious controversy occasions, has a tendency to bring on rebellion, which the priests will appeal to as their *ultima ratio*, when they feel the foundation of their power shake under them. For that a great deal is going on, and that a great impression has been made is certain.

The "Life of Napoleon" has not fallen in my way. The cause of its failure is apparent. Nine volumes—even such volumes, are far too much for fashionable reading in these degenerate days; and nine quartos would not have been enough for the subject, which comprises the history of Europe for twenty years.

I should like you to read "Isaac Comnenus," if you have not seen it. The character is well conceived, and with an originality which is seldom to be hoped for in the drama. The execution, too, in parts, is finely done.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Oct. 19. 1827.

My Dear Mrs. Hughes,

Your letters are always welcome — indeed they are written always in such a spirit that it is like a cordial to receive them, especially for one who has, Heaven knows, too many communications of a very opposite tendency.

The particulars respecting my poor poet, are simply these,—That he is in the service of Mr. Bruere, of Kirby Hall, near Catterick,—That he is between 50 and 60, and bears the best of characters: that he is not brought forward as another "Bloomfield," or "Pet Pig" of the muses, (like the "Ettrick Shepherd,") — but as showing how much intellectual enjoyment, and moral improvement connected with it, is within the reach of the humblest condition, and may be cultivated without interfering with the performance of the humblest duties. My intention is to get as good a list of subscribers as I can (the price of the volume will be from 7*s.* 6*d.* to half-a-guinea) — and then offer the book to Murray; — if he will give as much for it as he would give me for the introductory matter in another shape, it will be a great windfall for John Jones; — and if we get a good list, he will give more. You will be amused with the poor man's introduction to me, who, as being P. L., am looked upon to be a sort of Lord Chancellor in poetry, having preferment to bestow; you will be pleased with his rare simplicity (though it falls short of the Welshman who came to look for his son in Cadogan *summut*, the day that I dined in Amen Corner), and you will be entertained with the story of his early studies. His rhymes show that nature had done her part for making him a poet, — but everything else has been wanting. Had it been his fortune to have fallen in with me some

years ago, I might, as he sensibly and modestly says, have made something of him. However what he has made of himself will suffice for the moral lesson that I shall draw from it. There is in his verses that sort of eye, ear, and love for natural objects which characterizes Cunningham's poems, and the better poems of Izaac Walton's friend, Charles Cotton.

What "Biography of Wolfe" is it that you speak of? I know of none; nor is there any one mentioned in Watts' "Bibliotheca."

I have heard nothing of any cross goings in the Q. R. — except from a paragraph in the newspaper. Cross enough it was going five months ago; but I understood from Murray that all hesitation as to its political course was at an end. That it is out of John Coleridge's hands I am (with all my regard for him) heartily glad; for he has got a twist upon the cursed Catholic question; — but in other respects the change of editors is not for the better. When Lockhart is right, it is from party — not from principle; — and though there are men upon whom this may be the stronger hold of the two — they are not the men whom I should choose for my associates in a good cause.

Now let me tell you that Sir William Curtis spake truly when he said that wonders will never have done ceasing, — for I have been hooked into an acquaintance with the Duchess of St. Albans, and have eaten of potatoe pie made by her gracious hands! Certainly she can never have been half so entertaining on the stage as she is off it; nor have represented any character so extraordinary as her own. What think you of a letter of congratulation on her recent marriage from the King — in his own hand — and signed your sincere friend, G. R.? This I saw! And what think you of letters from * * * * * bearing testimony to her virtue, and declaring that he was indebted to her, not only for

the happiness of his latter life, — but for his better hopes of happiness in the life to come! I could tell you of her bonnet, which, for its amplitude and spreading shade, was compared by the vicar of this parish to the Banyan tree; — and of her upper lip, which is like that of one who had been a Nazarite from her mother's womb; and of a story she told — which is so good a story that I will reserve it for the pleasure of telling it to you when we meet.

My eldest daughter is likely to pass her Christmas in Herefordshire, and from thence to make a visit at Bath. Somewhere in the west I shall find her in June, and bring her home with me. If your scheme of travelling northward should hold, we might contrive to fall in with you on the way. You have not seen the fine things in Wensleydale, if you have only crossed it on the way from Ripon to Richmond. Aysgarth Force and Hardra Scar, are each worth a journey. When next you come you must give a longer time to Keswick, and we will have a day on Saddleback.

Cuthbert is, thank God, in good health at present, and going on well in all respects. I see nothing in him that I could wish otherwise, except that he is too sensitive. This year he has been introduced to the mountains, and has been once on Saddleback and twice on Skiddaw.

With our kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes — believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. If the play of "Isaac Comnenus" has not fallen in your way let me recommend it. And if you like an odd book and can pardon the worst of styles for the good sense and good feeling which are conveyed in it, read "Webb's Minutes of Remarks made in a course

along the Rhine and in Switzerland and Italy." He is the person who introduced himself to me for the purpose of clearing up the character of the Irish cast cavalry horses.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Nov. 16. 1827.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Thank you for Bohn's catalogue, which would have led me into temptation if I had had money to spare; but having just before purchased a set of Lope de Vega's works, I looked upon all in this list as sour grapes. There are a great many books there which I covet. At Netherhall last week I took up Pichot's account of his travels in this country, and was there informed that my library is one of the best in England,—a piece of intelligence which he had picked up in London. Once I saw it spoken of in some journal as a proof of the fortune which I had made by authorship. How these ridiculous exaggerations should get abroad, Heaven knows!

Best is the name of the person who preached at St. Mary's upon the absolving power of the clergy, a little before I went to Oxford. The sermon was noticed in the "Monthly Review," and excited much notice at the time, as avowing opinions which were evidently inconsistent with the doctrines of the Church of England. He is, as you suppose, the author of the book which you mention to me; this I guessed at once from the advertisement. The book I have not yet seen, but that it is his is certain. Poole tells me so, who knows him; for after his perversion to the Romish profession he lived for some time at Stowey. I have seen him, many years ago, in London,—a little, lively, good-

natured man, with a foolish wife, of whom he was uxoriously fond. He was a fellow of Magdalene.

Digby, who wrote the "Broad Stone of Honour," a book full of exaggerated admiration of chivalry, and high old aristocratical feeling, has also become a Roman Catholic. It runs in his blood, and the conversion may have the comfortable effect of reconciling him to the memory of one of his ancestors, and making him say an *Ora pro nobis* to Sir Everard on St. Guy's day.

I am going to print a little volume of rhymes by an old servant, in the hope of getting a little money for him, which may help toward his subsistence in the decline of life. The verses show a degree of natural talent which, under favourable culture, would have produced good fruit. But what is of more consequence, that talent, having taken a good direction, has contributed greatly to his moral improvement, and consequently to his happiness; and this it is which has induced me to try what can be done for him. For it may be useful to show, as it is certainly very gratifying to see, how much intellectual enjoyment is within the reach of persons in the very humblest walks of life. The man's name is John Jones, for which I hope you will like him the better, though unluckily for himself he was born in Monmouthshire, a little on the wrong side the border. However, he certainly is Welsh by blood as well as by name. I pray you for his name-sake, and still more for his worth-sake (for I am assured that he is an excellent man, and has faithfully served one family more than twenty years), let me put your name in my list; and if your daughters will interest themselves for him, they will render me a great kindness in helping me to render him a great service at little cost. I have enlisted Mrs. Hughes in the cause, who, as I told her, is the person whose interest I should first endeavour to secure if I were to offer myself a candidate upon any vacancy what-

ever, even of the kingdom of Poland or of the Popedom itself.

The verses will be introduced by the letters in which he introduced himself to me, his own account of himself, and some remarks upon poets of that class, mechanic's institutes, and the march of intellect. That march I am very desirous of expediting, no man more so; but I do not like the tune to which it goes.

I have been reviewing "Hallam," and with great severity. No book has ever displeased me more by its disagreeable temper, its want of charity, its spirit of detraction, and its bitter injustice. It has led me to go through the Strafford and the Clarendon papers; and this again will lead me to write a Life of Clarendon for the "Q. R." on occasion of Agar Ellis's book, to which book I apply these verses of Benserade, inserting them in my copy:—

> "*Pour moi, pàrmi des fautes innombrables,*
> *Je n'en connois que deux considérables,*
> *Et dont je fais ma déclaration:*
> *C'est l'entreprise, et l'exécution:*
> *A mon avis fautes irréparables*
> *Dans ce volume.*"

I am glad to see that Mackintosh will have some provision made for him, though I wish it had been more of a sinecure than he will find at your Board. An envoyship in Italy or Switzerland, or in some comfortable part of Germany, would have been suitable for his talents, and his reputation would make such an appointment creditable in the eyes of foreigners.

Francis Hare writes me word that Heber has written to have Hodnet made ready for his return; he adds a hope that this may not be too late, but a fear that it is. Verbeyst, the Brussels bookseller, from whom I had a letter last month, told me, in answer to an inquiry concerning him, that he was vegetating (this was his phrase)

at Leyden. Of course you have seen the "Hair-brain'd Guesses at Truth," by Julius and Augustus. There are some things in it which one wonders that they should have thought worth saying, much that is odd, a little, and not a little that is paradoxical, but a great deal of sound feeling and sterling sense.

What a gossiping letter have I written here to one who is at war with the Grand Turk, and has such comfortable allies as the Greeks, and such an agreeable charge as the Portuguese constitution upon his hands! to say nothing of those pleasant friends among the potatoes, who will keep moving the more the more earnestly they are advised to keep still, Jupiter, who dementates them, be thanked for it! God bless you,

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Dec. 6. 1827.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am very, very much obliged to you, and will live in hope.

There were two numbers of the "Quarterly Review" without anything of mine, owing to the cavalier behaviour of Lockhart; and last summer I thought it very likely that this would have made it necessary for me to withdraw from the "Review." Matters, however, were set to rights by a correspondence with Murray, who has behaved very well to me since my displeasure was manifested; but, owing to this, it was that I wrote a paper for the "Foreign Quarterly," and drew my ways and means from thence during the suspension of my other resource.

I am finishing a paper upon M. de Barante's "History of the Duke of Burgundy," for the rival journal, but I cannot tell you yet to which of the two I shall

continue my contributions — nor, indeed, whether to either. I know nothing of either of the parties; and when I engaged to review this book of Barante, I did not know that there were to be two Amphitryons, but was led to believe that Amphitryon had only moved house. I will not say that there was a direct deception practised upon me, but there certainly was something so like it, that I am inclined, in the main, to credit Treuttel and Wurtz's statement. However, it is not fitting to form a decided opinion till the counter statement has appeared, and then I may choose between the two. Treuttel and Wurtz wrote to me this very week, and will receive my answer this day. They wish to make me allow that I am pledged to them, which my letter will most clearly show that I was not; neither did I like the niggling way in which they dealt with me; and their statement is incorrect in one respect, for they give a list of the papers which came to them through Fraser (the revolted editor), and mine which went through him, and which but for him they would not have had, is omitted in that list. On the other hand, if this Mr. Fraser has tricked me, still less shall I be disposed to have any further dealings with him.

The suspension with the "Quarterly Review" it is which has delayed my taking up O'Conor's "Scriptores." Upon renewing my communications there, Lockhart requested that I would give him papers in this order: — Hallam's "History," the "Emigration Report," "O'Conor," and my brother's compilation about the West Indies; so that the Irish subject will be for the Midsummer number.

I have just read Best's book, and have been much amused with it. It is the picture of a clever, pleasant, happy-minded man. The twist in his head, I suppose, came from Sir Everard—for it seems he regards with great pride the *sus-per-col* in his family tree, and per-

haps says, on the 5th of November, a devout *Ora pro nobis, Sancte Guido!* No doubt you have seen the "Broad Stone of Honour." Could any man be in a likelier state of mind for turning Catholic than the author of that book, who saw nothing but what was generous and beautiful in the feudal system of society, because he was determined not to see the evils connected with it! That book has taken in many persons to admire it. The Hares praise it extravagantly in their "Guesses;" and among the odd things which they have said there, nothing surprised me so much.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Dec. 6. 1827.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

You are the most efficient person in the world when any kind office is to be done. "Yeoman's service" is nothing to what you do. If I had ten such friends as you I would publish by subscription myself, and defy the booksellers.

I was from home, with part of my family, when your former letter arrived. We were passing a few days at Netherhall, close by Maryfort,—a strange old house, part of which is known to have been standing in the reign of Edward II., and probably something has been added to it, or altered in it, in every generation since. When first I knew it the entrance was half filled with heathen gods, and the long passages, of course, infested by ghosts. The gods were not modern statues, but good, venerable, old heathen deities, dug up in a Roman station close at hand, upon the estate. A great many monuments were built into the front of the house as long ago as in Elizabeth's days, when Camden saw and described them. More was afterwards found than

the hall could conveniently contain; the late Mr. Senhouse, therefore (a singular old man), instead of building a room for their reception, appropriated to their use (I must tell the story) a certain apartment in the garden, which I must not further describe than by saying that it was the oddest place in the world for a museum. And thither, with the imperturbable serenity of an antiquarian, he used to conduct his guests, and explain the inscriptions to them, without ever considering how the guests or the gods liked it. To be sure there was some oddity in this; but, although the place was ill-chosen, he took care to choose his times and seasons well, and so, except in accidental cases, there was no inconvenience arising.

But Lysons the antiquary undertook, as you know, some five and twenty years ago, to compile a "Magna Britannia," and, in the course of his travels for that object, he came into Cumberland, and proceeded, as Camden had done before him, to Netherhall. He was interested with the stones which had been built in the wall, sadly as they had suffered then by the weather; he was delighted with the antiquities in the hall, but when he came to the Pantheon he was enchanted. Enchanted I say, because he forgot everything except the altars and gods before him. On the following morning before breakfast, there he and the draughtsman whom he had brought with him, took their seats. There, after much search, they were discovered after breakfast had long been kept waiting for them; but there was no occasion to make further search, for thither they returned the instant they rose from the breakfast table; there they remained till dinner. Time being precious to travellers they wasted no time after dinner, but resumed their occupation, and the evening sun went down upon them there. The next day it was the same. Never had these gods been so faithfully delineated,

never had the inscriptions been so accurately copied, and so patiently investigated. But think of the inconvenience of the family!—There was the old lady of the house, a most regular person! there was her daughter-in-law, and her little grand-daughter, there was her niece, there was Lady (what is her name?), Lord Stanhope's daughter who married the country surgeon, there were I know not how many ladies besides visiting at Netherhall, for it was in the summer season of touring and visiting. And all day long, all the long summer's day, did these determined antiquarians keep their seat. A watch was kept at the windows, but in vain. The children were despatched to look in from time to time, even that hint was disregarded; Lysons and the draughtsman went on with their work, and so it continued during their whole stay; and in the traditions of Netherhall the visit of the antiquarians is remembered as the greatest event that ever occurred there, since one of the family was killed at the door of the tower by the Scotch marauders.

There is another story relating to this family (one of the oldest in the county) which ought also to be preserved, and which shall be if any friend of mine should ever write the history of Charles I. In his unhappy days the possessor of Netherhall had only two children, both young men; the younger was serving in the King's army when his brother died, thus the only hope of preserving an old and honourable line rested upon him, and the parents, therefore, were anxiously desirous that he should no longer expose himself in the war. But knowing well that he would disregard their desires unless urged with personal earnestness, they sent a youth of their tenantry with injunctions to bring him back. The messenger arrived when a battle was expected, and the result, as you will anticipate, was, that instead of bringing back his young master, to whom he

was personally attached — for they had been playmates — he remained to partake the danger with him. The battle of Naseby ensued, and Senhouse was left among the dead. The young man searched the field on the following day, that he might pay him the last duties; he found him breathing, though dreadfully wounded, and his life was preserved. The descendants of both these persons continue to reside where their fathers did; and I have seen the sword which was used in that battle.

One more anecdote relating to the Great Rebellion. When the King's affairs were at the worst, the head of the Lowther family confided to his son that in those evil times he had secreted ten thousand pieces of gold, and told him where they might be found. The immediate use which the young man made of this knowledge was to take the money, and raise a troop of horse with it for the King's service. Lord Lonsdale told me this, with proper feeling, and showed me the portrait of this ancestor.

You will think me very idle that I should have written such a letter as this. Yet if I had as many hands as a heathen god, every one of them ought to be employed at this time. Let me whisper to you a confession, that I am sometimes perversely inclined rather to do anything else than that thing which ought just at that time to be done.

With kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes from all my household, believe me, my dear Mrs. Hughes,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. Look at some verses in the "Literary Souvenir," p. 113.; they are written by a dear friend of mine on the death of — you will know who.*

* The verses alluded to are those on the Death of Isabel, by the late Mrs. Southey.

To Thomas Diggs La Touche, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 9. 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,

The two boxes arrived safely yesterday evening. I admired the magnitude of the cheese, and take for the present its excellent quality for granted, till it be tried and proved. The stoppers of the whiskey were drawn pursuant to your instructions, which I was prepared to obey, because I knew that whenever my uncle sent over a pipe of Bucellas from Portugal, his advice was that the bung should be taken out, for that the longer the wine remained thus open the better it would be. I admired the skilful manner in which the stoppers were made tight; yet, tight as they were, the powerful spirit had acted upon the sealing-wax and softened it. I admired the jugs for their shape and their capacity. But most of all, I admired the spirit itself, which, compared to any other spirit of the same kind that I have ever tasted, ought to be called an arch-spirit, being in comparison what I suppose archangel may be to angel. It shall be kept for high-days and holy-days, Christmas-day, the coming-in of the New Year, the Restoration, Guy Faux's day, the King's birthday (which happens to be his laureate's also), the anniversary of Waterloo, a vote in Parliament against the Roman Catholic claims, the ousting of the Whigs and Liberals from their places, the coming-in of an old friend, or of a guest whom one should delight to honour. The appearance of the precious jar upon the table at such times will always remind us of you; though such mementos are not needed, for few days pass over our heads in the course of which we do not regret that you are no longer our neighbour.

I have regretted your loss the more, because, since your departure, I have been in better bodily health, and more capable of taking exercise than for some

years past; so that had you been here I should have had some mountaineering days with you. Moreover, had you been at hand, I think I should have sent for Pocock's book about Flying Kites, which draw carriages and take people up in the air. I think you would have set about making such kites, and that we might have been drawn up Skiddaw by them in a car (which, however, must not have been backless), and that Mac perhaps would have taken a flight, and admired himself more at the tail of a kite, than he did in the phaeton at York. Such an ascent would have immortalised us both. I might have burnt my books if I had written them for ambition only, and rested upon this exploit for fame.

We had some of your countrymen here in the latter part of the season. The Dean of Ardagh, Dr. Graves, was lodging next door, broken down by afflictions and by a paralytic stroke; his son and daughter were with him,—a very interesting family. We had also Mr. Otway, a clergyman, whose name I daresay you know, and Hamilton, the young professor of astronomy, who is so fond of the stars, and so full of life and spirits, that I daresay if the kites had been ready, and Mac had not been willing to undertake an ascent, he would. Nay, I believe that for the sake of making a tour among the stars, he would willingly be fastened on to a comet's tail. Nimmo the engineer was with them, but he, indeed, is a Scotchman, and a young pupil of his, Jones by name, all very pleasant and original men. I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Otway concerning the religious movement in Ireland. Besides these persons, Isaac Weld called on me one day,—a clever man,—but not to be liked like these; for there is more of this world about him and less of the other.

Inquiry shall be made about the keys, but I fear with little hope of recovering them, for everything has

been sold there, and the house is "empty, swept, and garnished" ready for any evil spirits that may think proper to take possession of it.

Betty and Hannah desire me to return their thanks for the ribands, by which they were not a little surprised and gratified. Present our kindest regards to Mrs. La Touche, and Major and Mrs. Prosser: to the latter Edith was about to have written; but she delays her intention a little longer, thinking that one letter from the house will be enough at a time. Mrs. La Touche's letter was most welcome to Bertha. Cuddabout's love to the children, whom he would be right glad to see again.

God bless you, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Dec. 31. 1827.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

Thank you once more for such good service to "John Jones," as no one except yourself would have rendered. The Bishop of Durham wrote to me, in very obliging terms, repeating the invitation which you had communicated when he was first removed to Durham. If he be in town about the latter end of May, I shall feel bound to call at his door as soon as may be after my arrival. In the North there is little likelihood of my being able to visit him; for though the distance is but a summer day's journey, the zigzagging which it would be necessary to make in stage-coaches would treble the time. I could get from this place to London with more expedition. Heaven prosper the steam carriages! that I may set up one of my own, and move at pleasure in any direction.

My eldest daughter left us on the 19th for Brinsop Court, near Hereford, where she is now enjoying herself with her young friend Dora Wordsworth. Wordsworth and his wife are also there, and the Master of Trinity, so they have a large Christmas party. Mrs. Wordsworth's brother (Mr. T. Hutchinson), farms a good estate of Ricardo's there. I am pleased that Edith should have an opportunity of seeing something of that county. There were two parts of the world to which my imagination was directed from my earliest boyhood by repeatedly hearing of them—Herefordshire and Portugal; and though I had, even at that time, no relations left in Herefordshire above ground, and the only friend whom I ever had there is, alas! in the churchyard also, Hereford is, nevertheless, a country to which I feel strongly attached. Edith will remain there five or six weeks, and then go to Bath, where I shall probably join her on my return, and bring her home.

Miss Bowles is the author of those verses. She lives near Lymington, in a house which is her own for life, and on her demise falls to the estate of the late Bishop of Winchester. Her health is so bad, and her bodily frame so frail, that you would suppose her to be on the brink of the grave. She is as clever with her pencil as with her pen, and has a talent for caricature drawing, which, if she had been mischievously inclined, would have made her a very formidable person. If you come here again (as you have held out a hope to us), I will show you a specimen of her talents in this way, and also a drawing of herself, her old nurse, and the old dog with whom her verses have made you acquainted. The old woman is sitting in the porch; she has her head on the nurse's lap, and the dog is lying upon *her* feet. It is a pen-and-ink drawing; and as these are all three likenesses, I value it very highly. She is now about eight or nine and thirty, living entirely alone,

and with a heart very much weaned from this world, yet cheerful when in society, and altogether one of the most estimable and excellent persons whom I have ever known. The late Sir Harry Burrard was her uncle, and, I suspect, was to have stood in another degree of relationship to her, if the battle of Corunna had not put an end to all her dreams of life. She has never expressly told me this, but that it was so I have no doubt; and if you look for some lines of mine in the "Souvenir" for 1826, they will carry with them some interest when you know this.

A lady whom I knew familiarly when she was a girl is come here, and she has two sisters married: the one to a brother, the other to the eldest son of Alderman Wood! That any combination of chances should hook-and-eye me with any near connection of absolute wisdom! I knew, however, all these girls, in their father's house at Lisbon, and their mother's family for three generations. The alderman's brother has a city living, and sends to thank me for having written the "Book of the Church." Our kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes. God bless you. Yours most truly,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Jan. 15. 1828.

My dear G.,

There is a large interpolation in my reviewal of Hallam's book, which I should like you to mark off in your copy, because, though I permitted the insertion, certain alterations which I had made in it were by accident omitted, and because, though I may not be disposed to differ from the opinions there expressed in any very material point, yet it contains nothing which I should myself have written. The interpolation begins

p. 250., with the words, "This article," and ends with "abhor cruelty," p. 259.

The history of this insertion is comical enough. It has arisen out of a feeling of tenderness in the "Megistotos" toward Hallam, heightened, no doubt, by a tenderness toward the book in which he has embarked some capital. But to interfere with a criticism is what he cannot do, and to do him justice has never, I verily believe, in the slightest degree, attempted. Yet something he must be doing; and so that his friend might not complain of injustice for having been attacked solely upon the high principles of old constitutional loyalty, and attachment to the Church, he finds another friend to attack him on the other side for offences committed against Whiggery. What an unreasonable fellow Hallam must be if he is not pleased with this impartiality on the part of his friend and publishers, when he knows the circumstances! Some Mr. Edwards, whom I did not know, and never heard of before, is the person who has performed this office.

Thank you for sending the set of "*Relations*" from Thorpe's. His catalogue proves in this case to have been inaccurate. It advertised a series of twenty-two volumes; but upon examination the series appears to have consisted of twenty-three (as the lettering shows,) and the eleventh was wanting. This ought, of course, to have made some difference in the price. Now, Grosvenor, is it not a piece of rare good fortune that ten years ago, at a stall in Paris, I should have picked up the volume, and only the volume which is deficient in this set, just in the same condition and parchment binding, and requiring only to be lettered like it? President Lamoignon, however, or his librarian*, deceived themselves and me, when they supposed the set

* Adrien Baillet, Auteur des Jugemens des Sçavans.

to be perfect as far as it went, and lettered it accordingly, vol. i., &c., for there should be some earlier volumes, I know not how many. These I may, peradventure, meet with hereafter. At present what you have purchased for me may be considered a very well timed and desirable acquisition.

I believe I told you that there is a paper of mine in the first "Foreign Quarterly," upon the Spanish Moors; and in the first "Foreign Review" upon Barante's "History of the Dukes of Burgundy." I am now busy upon the Emigration Report for the "Q. R.," and upon the publication of Columbus's own papers for the "Foreign Review." My "Dialogues" will be published by the time I come to town in May, God willing. And I shall bring up with me "The Life of Wolfe," in a state to be completed from General Monckton's papers, which his daughter has invited me to inspect at her house in Somersetshire (at Chard.) I am not a little curious to know the subject of a conversation concerning the battle in which Wolfe fell, which this lady had with Dr. Barnard, late Bishop of Limerick, which he strictly enjoined her to make public at some time or other, and which she thinks it her duty to submit to me. She says Wolfe's "Secret Instructions" are in her hands, and two papers concerning Canada in his own writing. I begin to like this subject, as its capabilities open upon me.

It were foolish to say anything respecting the state of parties when I know not who are in and who out, or who likely to be the one or the other. Only I wish the Whigs ill enough, to be contented that they should remain in for a while, in order that they might be rib-roasted in Parliament as they deserve, and finally be dashed against their own wall by their loving wild Irish allies. I am afraid Wynn will identify himself with this *perduta gente*. It has been said to me that he

means to follow * * * * * * * 's fortunes, which is, in fact (if it be so), delivering himself up to be led by a set of men who are radically disaffected to our national institutions. Lockhart wished me to write a paper upon the "State of the Country," but I declined upon the ground of being at a distance from the wheels of the machine, and knowing too little about it.

God bless you, my dear Grosvenor. Remember me to Henry and Miss Page.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 27. 1828.

MY DEAR WYNN,

It is no matter of surprise to me, considering the system of intrigue which has long been going on, that you should have been thrown out in the recent changes; nor ought it to be matter of regret, when there appears so little of consistency in what has been done, and so little assignable principle for what is doing. Yet I did not expect it as a consequence of any change short of one which should have made the question of emancipation the test of exclusion from office, and any such change was evidently far distant. I certainly expected that poor Canning's intrigues would cost him his life, and that Lord Goderich would break down under a weight which would be too heavy for far stronger shoulders. But that you, who stood fair with both parties, should be sacrificed, and in an arrangement, too, which is made up of compromises, and to make room for one who takes the same general line of politics, was not among my anticipations, till it became apparent what course things were taking. What a series of perplexities and mischiefs have arisen from Canning's restless intrigues and inordinate ambition!

Time has hitherto laid his hand so lightly upon you, and your habits are so much those of public life, that with all the capability of enjoying privacy, and all the tastes which render it respectable and happy, you are likely still to bear a part in affairs; and as long as you keep on the stage you are a person of too much consequence to be overlooked in the mutations which may soon be expected, and cannot long be delayed. Meantime you will have leisure to perform that good work of consolidating the Election Petition Laws, which no other person can do so well.

I do not augur well of the new administration. Better than the last I hold it to be (with the exception of your case), by all that it throws out. But it is still like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and coarse materials predominate in the unamalgamable composition. I doubt whether they have sufficient confidence in themselves and in each other to resolutely withstand that abominable influence which has become paramount; and I am sure that no ministry which yields to it can deserve the confidence of the nation.

Their opponents who, had they continued in power, would have had the entertaining task of endeavouring to muzzle the Irish wolf-dogs, will not employ themselves in setting those dogs on; a much easier operation. It was no easy matter to bind Furor in the Fairy Queen, but it proved far more dangerous to let him loose.

There is a large interpolation in my reviewal of Hallam's "History," all that comes after what is said of the "Icon," till the last paragraph beginning, "But we must conclude." Some "Edwards" is the writer, whom I know not. It is not altogether accordant with my own views, nor indeed in the main; but when the proofs were sent for my sanction I had not time to make any material alterations, and the few which were

made were mislaid after they reached London. This might vex me a little, if I ever allowed myself to be disquieted by trifles, or rather, if they could ever disquiet me; for I must not take credit for what belongs to the disposition which I brought with me into the world, and which, if it were not thus natural, might well have been produced by the causes for real uneasiness which have fallen to my lot in my passage through life, and which are not likely to diminish as I approach toward the close of my journey.

It is now forty years since you and I first met in Dean's Yard! To me it proved the most beneficial meeting which ever befell me; and had I followed any of the ordinary walks of life, it would doubtless have been the means of advancing me in any profession to the heights of professional ambition. Perhaps, of the whole three hundred who then composed the eternal body puerile of Westminster, there were no two whose future course and condition in society might have been more truly predicted from their dispositions, inclinations, and the circumstances in which they were placed. But had it not been for your aid I should have been irretrievably wrecked when I ran upon the shoals, with all sail set, in the very outset of my voyage. You have been the means of putting many in the way of fortune; but you never can have rendered to any one a more essential benefit, nor one that has been more deeply and thankfully felt. I have, I trust, enough of the spirit of independence, but I have none of its pride. Men are as much the better for the good offices which they receive as for those which they bestow.*

My "Colloquies" will be published about the time

* This letter was written on his friend's being thrust out of office by a party, and the reader will readily perceive how Southey knew how to speak a word in season. His comfort, like his style is, "proper words in proper places."

of my proposed appearance in town. The secod volume is half printed. I think of dedicating them, in the fewest words, to Lord Radnor, just as a public mark of thankfulness for an intended benefit. It is needless to say how much I have been delighted with the extracts from Reginald's journal in the "Q. R." Another reason for regretting your divorce from Mrs. Company is that no successor is likely to promote his (Reginald's) views for introducing religious truth into the East, with the feeling which you have on that subject, both for his sake, and from a sense of its infinite importance. Weight, however, your opinion must always carry, and power will again be in your hands at no distant time. God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, Jan. 28. 1828.

My Dear E. May,

There are two chancellors, one of the diocese, the other of the cathedral. Dr. Napleton held the one, my uncle holds the other, but I know not which. There is a house attached to his chancellorship in the College Green (I think it is called), at Hereford,—a square house, standing in a walled garden; and there is an estate somewhere about Little Hereford held under it, by a lease of twenty-one years, renewable yearly.

Now for your friend and her cat. If the cat were a witch, she might be called Felismena, after the enchantress in the Diana of George de Montemayor; Catherine of Arragon if she were old and grave, and inclined to severity of temper; St. Catherine of Sienna, if demure and hypocritical. The Czarina, if in any respect she

be thought to resemble the Empress of Russia. If active, she may be called

Paw-ou-oi-re-go-oo-ay-i-e-u-hak,

which is, being interpreted, the Leaper, or the Springer. Or, without any other reason than that the names belong to the Cat-awba tongue, Lesbia may call her

Mak-he-abeesh-teesh-yu,

or

Tchin-yu-re-nu.

There is not much to be glad of in the change of administration: the Ministry is still a piece of patch-work; there is no principle of union in it; nor can there be any confidence between those who come in, and the rump of Mr. Canning's party, who retain their places. The Duke unwillingly takes the Premiership, only because no other person can be found to hold it. and such is the state of things, that it is believed —— might have been Prime Minister had it not been for his conduct in the Queen's business, which was happily so gross, that the King feels it would be thought too bad in him were he ever to overlook it. Amid all this intriguing and under-hand work, Wynn, who is no intriguer, loses his place. But more changes must take place ere long. Huskisson's is a bad life; the Duke's not a good one; the King's worse than either. If the new Ministry endeavour to put an end to the Conyngham influence, the attempt may very possibly overthrow them; and if they do not put an end to it, public indignation will, in no very long time, put an end to them.

The Saints' Parlour is now filled with books, and I go about thrice a-day to worship them. Bound books enough have turned out from holes and corners to fill it almost entirely; and when the long-expected chest from Van-beyst arrives, the gaps will be filled, and

some of the dingier volumes be replaced by others of better appearance. At present they are somewhat dark, but have a very respectable appearance. Bailey has a good variety of crimson paper patterns: they kill the large red books; but this is not of much consequence. This shifting the books has been a great amusement to us on rainy days. We call it Petering, because it is robbing Peter to pay Paul. The organ room has been grievously Petered, and the passage has lost its double rows, but looks as if nothing had happened to it. The gayest set in the new room is that of Lope de Vega, which Bailey has done up with green backs, and it makes a very good appearance.

You will consult your own convenience and inclination either in returning northward before my departure, or waiting in the west for me to bring you home. Consider it as quite indifferent in my arrangements whether I journey in that direction, or take some other course.

God bless you, my dear Edith. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, and to Mr. Monkhouse: I thank him for his intended cider, and already drink it in spirit.

Your dutiful father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 2. 1828.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for your letter. It gave me the first certain intimation that Wynn would lose his office, and, in consequence, I wrote to him without delay. Why he should be put out, or why certain new members of the Cabinet should be put in, I cannot guess, and there

is no principle that can lead me to discover; certainly it can neither be for his deserts, nor for theirs.

There are some sensible remarks upon the mischief which frequent changes of Ministry must produce, in the preface to Jonathan Boucher's "View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution." That book would please you much, if it should fall in your way, and you happen not to have seen it. Boucher left, when he died, an "Archæological and Provincial Dictionary" about half finished, of which the first letter was printed as a specimen, and it is probably the best specimen of an antiquarian dictionary in any language. The book which I am now speaking of consists of thirteen sermons, which he preached in America between the years 1763 and 1775, latterly at the risk of his life. But I believe there is no other book which throws so much light upon the predisposing causes of that war, and the arts which were employed for bringing out the rebellion. One lesson it has taught me, which is, never to despise a man for any very foolish opinion which he may happen to advance. This I am very apt to do. But here is Jonathan Boucher, in a book which I am quite sure you would pronounce excellent, advising, in the year 1797, that the British Government should remove to India from the revolution which threatened England!

I think as you do of William III., and certainly should not have written of him as Murray's friends have done. Agar Ellis's book seems to me a mere raking together of old libels, not a whit more authentic than the newspaper libels of the present day. And this is Wynn's opinion of the book, who is himself not very favourably disposed to Lord Clarendon. As for the pictures, on which such stress is laid, good pictures in that age were neither understood nor valued. Clarendon happened to do both, and got together, by cheap

purchases, or as cheap presents from those who knew his taste and courted his favour, portraits which had been unhoused during the year of spoliation. I went through the whole of Stafford, and of the Clarendon papers, before I began upon Hallam's bilious book, and the latter have given me a strong inclination to write his life in the form of a review upon Agar Ellis.

The change in the Ministry, as far as I can understand it, seems to be a separation between the *demi*-Whigs and the *whole*-Whigs, or the *damned* Whigs, as, for the sake of alliteration, we may call them: the *demi*-Whigs being the stronger, the *damned* Whigs have gone to the wall.

What a singular fate has befallen Glengarry!

I have lately received Bilderdijk's philosophical grammar of his own language. With a little fancifulness, to which such studies lead, he is one of the best philologists. I could find in my heart to visit him in the next June once more, if a companion were to offer.

In those gardens which he took me to at Nord Wijk (James Dousa's seat), roses are cultivated for exportation (the leaves) to Turkey, there to make rose-water. I learn this from a Horticultural Tour, by a deputation of Scotch gardeners, published by Longman, and containing a good deal of curious matter.

God bless you, my dear R.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 9. 1828.

MY DEAR R.,

You could not employ yourself more usefully, nor render better service to this be-duped and be-devil'd

nation than by exposing the egregious absurdities of Macculloch and Co., which no man living is so capable of demolishing as yourself. Henry Taylor, no doubt, can direct you to the choicest productions of the Scotch school.

I will speak of Mr. Skottowe's book whenever I can take or make an opportunity of so doing. As the subject of a paper, I should be cautious of venturing upon it; and for this reason, that there is always a certainty of disappointing expectation when you undertake a subject on which the readers look for ambitious composition. Shakspeare and Milton, therefore, I leave to be written about by young men who wish to display themselves. That said Charles Mills was a favourite author with the Long Men of the Row, because he mishandled good subjects with great success: "Subject, Sir, subject is everything," is the professional language of the Row. I have heard the very words more than once from one of the partners. Mills's "History of the Crusades" I have, and reckon it among the worst books in my possession. It is certainly to be reckoned a merit in Mr. Skottowe that he escaped the contagion of his style.

Thank you for what you tell me concerning the late changes and possibilities. I am told that Wynn will not go into ultra-opposition, but that he has been treated unworthily. I mean that no sort of respect or delicacy was observed in the manner of ousting him. Perhaps that sort of spirit manifested itself in the transaction which called forth the Master of Galway's friendly letter of admonition.

* * * * * * * I have frequently met, when he was a young man, at Wynn's Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and thought him at that time a most coarse-grained, disagreeable person.

I wish Peel, and others who take the same line in

politics, could be made sensible that more recruits for Whiggism have been raised at Holland House than in any other place; and that they want a house which should have the same sort of character for its entertainments, and still more for the society.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 11. 1828.

My dear R.,

I have met with a curious document concerning the payment of Peter's pence, which would show how many persons were assessed to it, and the comparative wealth of the different dioceses about the year 1200.

Whoever had in his house thirty *denariatas vivæ pecuniæ, de suo proprio,* was to pay a *denarium* by the English, *dimidiam mercatam* by the Danish law; a person having more houses than one paid only for that in which he might be residing at the pay day, being that of St. Peter and St. Paul; 299 marks was the amount collected in all England upon this assessment. Lincoln paid the largest sum, 42 *libras,* double what Norwich paid, which stands next in amount; Ely, the smallest, 5 *libras.*

In the same plan (Canciani's preface to the Anglo-Saxon Laws, in his collection "Legum Barbarorum"), there is a probable opinion advanced that the division into tythings and hundreds of our civil polity, grew out of the order of an armed people, living in camps, — in fact, an adaptation of camp discipline to towns and villages; — just in fact as Peter's-pence was a transfer of an old Heathen payment, to the head of a new religion.

In a statute of Edward III. (vol. i. p. 311.) I am puzzled at finding all servants prohibited from hiring themselves by the day; and yet in the same paragraph the price for day labour in mowing, reaping, &c. is fixed. The prohibition, I suppose, was intended against roving labourers. The question occurred whether labourers were retained at low wages through the year, and had paid them *extra* prices for the harder work when it occurred? But this is not likely.

I have a letter from Wynn, who does not endeavour to conceal that he has been more offensively treated than he could have expected, but who writes in the best temper, and means to pursue his former course, keeping himself completely independent of any party. I am very glad that he has not linked himself to that petty statesman. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Were the labourers kept to a certain degree in *casts*, so that the ploughman, &c. might not reap or mow? Artificers certainly were, for any one convicted of being even a Jack-of-two-trades was punished by half a year's imprisonment. I am continually meeting with things which make me wish that you were within reach, that I might talk them over with you.

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*Robert Southey, Esq., &c.**

Palace Yard, Westminster, Feb. 26. 1828.

My Dear S.,

I am quite vexed that occupation unavoidable, but of no value, has prevented me from noticing your letters, which operate as an agreeable divertisement

* This letter of Mr. Rickman's is given as a good specimen of his general writing, — plain, clear, and straightforward.

from over-vexation of unworthy labour. I think your Peter pence account must be of earlier date than A.D. 1200, as I can hardly suppose the familiar knowledge of Danish money was then retained. However, I gain knowledge incidentally that the mark of money, and since of bullion in most countries of Europe, comes from the large words merchandize and market. *Vivæ pecuniæ* must, from the context, have been current money, whether actual *denarii* or not; otherwise, one is tempted to deem it moneys' worth in cattle, as our legal word *chattels* unquestionably derives, as the Roman *pecuniæ*, from cattle, the earliest movable property, walking indeed on its own legs to market.

The diocese of Lincoln was anciently deemed one-third of England in value, and was so till Peterborough and Oxford were taken from it. Lichfield and Coventry (which then included Chester) was the largest, but the northern part of it little inhabited in early times. Your document is valuable for many possible purposes.

I am no believer in the feudal law being ever in full fine in England. The Conqueror did not introduce it, because "Doomsday Book" must then have been full of military services, which scarcely ever occur in it; and Henry II. found it more convenient to take composition (Scutage) instead of service in men, which, limited to forty or fifty days, did not suit his foreign warfare. The Norman tenures no doubt were sliding in between these reigns, and the law became Norman in slavery and practice. As to reliefs, marriages, wardships, heriots, and manorial customs, I think they were Saxon. So we know are hundreds and tythings which were reckoned originally from the 100 or ten freemen in theory; and ten being a dozen in Saxon times, nothing was to be settled by the judgment of less than twelve, that number being also the majority of the meeting in the Hundred Court. Hence our jury which

from being not less than twelve formerly, is now become twelve precisely, with the absurdity, of course, that twelve men shall always form the same conclusion in a doubtful question. Our grand juries have not so far degenerated, being still twenty-three, the majority twelve. The domestic quarrels (so to speak) of the Heptarchy time were carried on, I think by worthy volunteers, on the side of the aggressor,— from mutual necessity by all, in self-defence, when a county or kingdom was invaded. Military service was not called into use till many persons were not military — till society had attained to some degree of classification. The Statute of Labourers dates at the great disruption of society by pestilence and war, when it became worth while for a slave to run away and become elsewhere a servant, at yearly wages besides his living and his maintenance. Harvest wages are still in use, so that a man living under your roof usually has an extra sum, as agreed for, in the harvest month, which still is task-work under some modification in nine-tenths of those employed at that pressing time. The jealousy of trade which created apprenticeships, of course availed to render change of trade not allowable.

I feel gratified by your researches for illustrations of the Poor Law paper, which yet arrives at no striking panacea, because, perhaps, there is none. You must have found one of the earliest effects in 1388. The remission of tax in Henry VII.'s time, and afterwards, all went for relief of decayed places, if not into the sheriff's pocket. Depend upon it, individuals, however poor, had no part of it. You know that at last the deductions by law, usage, and favouritism devoured the entire tax, which therefore ceased, I think, under the Tudor race, and in the time of James I. was, I believe, denounced as ineffectual. Afterwards came the Parliamentary assessments per county, in the

Civil War and Cromwellian time, and, earlier than the Revolution, the land tax, which W. Pitt, deeming to have become real property by usage and incorporeal hereditament, sold, and replaced with income tax — hitting both the tenth and fifteenth of our ancestors, who paid one-tenth of landed income, one-fifteenth of their actual chattels — both at an old valuation, instead of which last, one-tenth on income of all kinds simplified the matter. . . . .

Yours affectionately,

J. RICKMAN.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, Feb. 14. 1828.

MY DEAR THRYM,

This is to inform you that Sir Alexander Hood means to send me a ring; and as he lives at Bath, I have given him your address, as the best means of conveying it. So if it be simply sent to your care, you will understand the mystery; and if it produces a call, you will not be surprised. You know I had promised an epitaph for the monument which he is erecting to his father and his two uncles.

There is a Miss Fenwick living at Bath, who is a great friend of Henry Taylor's, and disposed to like you because she likes Henry Taylor, and Henry Taylor, she knows, likes me, and I, she supposes, like you; whereupon, if peradventure you should meet, you have only to like her, and then the sympathetic circle will be complete. I believe she is a person to be liked, and therefore shall be glad if she puts herself in your way, which, if opportunity can be found, she is very likely to do.

Paul is a great comfort to us, and, being dressed

up with Peter's property, makes a most respectable appearance, and receives that attention which is generally shown to the youngest child. The study has not absolutely been Petered on Paul's account; but there has been an exchange negotiated which we think is for their mutual advantage. Twenty gilt volumes, from under the "Beauties of England and Wales," have been marched down stairs rank and file, and their place supplied by the long set of "Lope de Vega," with green backs: "Lope de Vega" has a special right to be in this room, and looks very well in the centre of the great book-case. Bailey's next job will be to green-back the "Parnaso Italiano," fifty-six vols.; he is at this time *endorsing* a set of seven volumes in puce. Paul will be the joy of your heart when you return: my cockles are comforted whenever I enter the door, and will be still more so when you are engaged in the thrymming which will be required there.

John Jones has got eighty names, which take 100 copies; I have sent him 108, full half being from Mrs. Hughes. Neville White promises twenty.

"Eleemon" is bespoken for the next year's "Keepsake," and to be finished in two months, that there may be a print made from it. Charles Heath the engraver, and who is the Keepsaker, was here last week. He sold 15,000 copies last year, and has bespoken 4000 yards of red watered silk at 3*s.* a yard, for binding the next volume!! He who would thrive in the *Vega del Parnaso* now-a-day must raise mushrooms! A rival one will be started by Sharp the bookseller, upon the scale of expense, but not, I think, with equal advantage, because Heath himself is king of the engravers. But these large mushrooms will kill the little ones; there are four which will drop off this year.

I have nothing more to say, except that we are

snowed up, and to beg our kindest regards to Mrs. Browne and Mary,—for Mary I must still call her,—not being able to add a foot to her stature, and seven years to her age, in my mind's eye.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. If Bull's Library, opposite the old Rooms, be in existence, go into it some day: it supplied me with all my miscellaneous reading till I was eighteen; and I owe a great deal more to it than to Oxford.

Yo *el* Pa.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 14. 1828.

My dear R.,

I find for insertion in your poor-law paper, that parishes were bound to keep their own poor as early as 1388; a statute being then past for sending beggars back to the place where they were born, there to abide for the remainder of their lives, if the place where they were found would not, or might not, suffice to feed them.

7 Hen. 7. Two 15ths and 10ths being granted, 6000*l.* was to be abated and allowed "upon each, in relief, comfort, and discharge of the poor towns, cities, and burghs of this realm, wasted, desolate, and destroyed, or over greatly impoverished, or else to such 15th and 10th overgreatly charged," and then "abatements and deductions" were to be apportioned according to some former example. If that example could be found, it would shew whether the whole sum went in abatement, or whether by "relief" and "comfort" be meant that part of it went in the form of payment as an allowance for parishes overborne with poor. The former is most likely.

Palgrave, whom you ought to know, will throw great light upon our early history.

When you set upon the Maccullochites (whom, as the Turks say, God confound!), pray mark the difference between political arithmetic and political economy; the former dealing in facts and details—*numero, pondere, et mensurâ*—the latter diving at once, like an eel, into the mud of metaphysical metapolitics. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Feb. 23. 1828.

My dear Harry,

There is a large interpolation in my reviewal of Hallam's book, — all that relates to Cromwell, the Whigs of Charles II.'s reign, and William III. Some friend of Murray's (Edwards, I believe, is his name) is the author, and some tender consideration of Murray's for Hallam, extraordinary as it may seem, gave rise to the insertion. It was sent to me in slips (a printing-house term) for my sanction, with a letter from Murray, and another from Lockhart, who, I believe, was a good deal annoyed by Murray's qualms upon the occasion. I returned it with a few erasures; but the slips thus corrected were lost in Albemarle Street, and so it was struck off as originally written by Mr. E. I should not have taken exactly the same view of any of the subjects therein treated.

Herries told a plain tale. Perhaps you are not aware that Tierney has always borne an evil will towards him, and, so long ago as when Herries was commissary, used to say that if ever he came into power, he would turn him out. Love to all. God bless you.

R. S.

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To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, Feb. 25. 1828.

THE account of the beast with a carbuncle in his forehead, I met with first in "Techo," and I dare say it is to be found in all the old writers concerning Tucuman. The author of the "Argentina" (the poetical history, for there is a prose one of the same name) says that he had seen the creature and often hunted it, but never caught one; happy was he who could! Ruy Diaz Melgerejo, he says, had that good fortune: he caught one of these beasts and took out the stone; but, like the mass of virgin gold on which they served up a roasted pig in Hispaniola, this precious stone was lost, Melgerejo being upset with it in a canoe. "I heard him lament his evil fortune," says D. Martin, "and say that it was his intention to have presented the carbuncle to King Philip." Travellers lied as valiantly in those days as the newspapers do now. It was, however, undoubtedly believed that there existed a phosphorescent beast in that country carrying the light in his forehead; and now it appears, by Capt. Andrews's book, that the belief is just as general there of a bird of this kind; he and his companions saw a light which they were assured proceeded from such a bird, and it appears that they thought the appearance could not be so satisfactorily explained in any other manner. There is the very strong argument of *cui bono?* against believing in such a phenomenon, either as belonging to bird or beast, nature having enabled both, when they seek their prey by night, to find it without help of a lanthorn. But something there must be to have occasioned this belief.

This is the golden age for engravers,—their mushroom "Annuals," have now the market to themselves.

Heath was here about a fortnight ago, and offered me fifty guineas for something for his "Keepsake." I sold him a pig in a poke at that price. Yesterday came a letter from Allan Cunningham, and he wants a pig also. Allan Cunningham is a very upright worthy man, and did me the good service, a year or two ago, of reading Black, the editor of the "Morning Chronicle," a private lecture upon the atrocious attacks on me which he inserted in that rascally newspaper, upon which occasion Black went through sundry mutations of colour, including blue among the rest. Sharp, I believe, employs Cunningham as his editor; and they print 10,000 copies of this their first volume. Heath sold 15,000 of his, and has bespoken 4000 yards of red watered silk for binding the next year's! So much for the taste and judgment of this age! Hitherto I have given little things to one and another of these mushroom gardeners; but now I will be paid.

Freeling is either son or nephew of Mrs. Fenn, whose husband you may remember as postmaster at Bristol, one of my father's intimate companions. Freeling when a boy at school, used to dine sometimes in Wine Street, and reminded me of this in a way very creditable to himself, when he once wrote to thank me for a book, sent in return for certain civilities of franking connected with it. He deserves a baronetcy for having excellently managed a very complicated and important department of public business; but one does not think much of baronetcies,—they give but a bloody hand on the carriage, and a title, and a precedency, which are worth nothing. But a new batch of peers is a more serious thing. Men who have not one proper feeling of nobility, nor any pretension to it for services of any kind, are made legislators for life, and the privilege hereditary in their sons; sons of these men being notoriously and

outrageously hostile to the institutions of this country. It seems that in England nothing can disqualify a man for preferment in Church or State.

Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

March, 1828.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

You have herewith the epitaph, whereby you will learn that Sir Alexander Hood is son of that Captain Hood who was killed in the wars, and whose body your Uncle Tom accompanied from the ship to its place of interment. You may, perhaps, like to know that Sir Alexander's mother is of a family with which mine has formerly been connected. Her name was Periam; and of the two sisters of Canon Southey one married a Periam, the other a Lethbridge. The first had no child, the other only one daughter, who was Lord Somerville's mother. I have a heavy enclosure to make for Mr. Rickman, or you should have the second part of "All for Love," which has been transcribed for you; but it must be kept for the next letter.

I very well remember Charles Parry's visit here, when you were in arms. He dined with us, and drove me, after dinner, in an open carriage to Grasmere. I had been introduced to him by James Losh at Bath, just when he was commencing man.

To-day brought me a shower of letters, and among them one from O. No doubt you can be contented to wait without the slightest impatience for an account of its contents; and therefore I will not deprive your mother of the pleasure of communicating them. (PAPPÀH!)

It can never be too late to send names for John Jones.

You are not to mind chair hire, nor forego for that reason one visit which you would like to make.

I do not know that anything more than the epitaph contains is needful to make you *au fait* when you come to converse with the Hoods. He inherits the baronetcy from his uncle, Sir Samuel. My acquaintance with him is only by letter; but he tells me he had for his tutor a clergyman, Mr. Lewis, whom I was under for a year, just before I went to Westminster. After all one cover will not contain my despatches to Palace Yard, and so you will have "Eleemon's Journey" to dream upon.

Our kindest regards to Mrs. Browne and Mary ——.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. In reading this part of Eleemon, I give great effect by chanting the chorister's words, *in my best manner.* — R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, 27. March, 1828.

I HAVE been closely employed, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in providing for my ways and means, or rather for the means — the ways come of themselves. You will see in this "Quarterly" a paper upon the "Emigration Report;" and in two or three days I shall finish one for the second number of the "Foreign Review," upon "Navarrete's Collection." The most remarkable thing in that collection is the account of a steam-vessel in Charles V.'s time. The subsequent volumes are likely to be more valuable, if the work be continued; but this, methinks, is greatly to be doubted, for it is printed at Ferdinand's expense, whose funds are not much more to be relied upon than

his favour. But I look with more desire to the promised edition of the old Oviedo, two-thirds of whose work have hitherto remained unpublished.

The Toureador is acting just as every one who knew him expected him to act; and the end will be some stranger catastrophe than has happened in the Braganza family since the days of Joam II. The letters which were written for him in "John Bull," during his visit here, promised for him what he is now performing; but what John Bull is to do, is, I believe, a most perplexing question for his Majesty's ministers to determine. His father confessor should show him the path which Affonso VI. wore in the brick floor of his apartment at Cintra. D. Miguel bears some resemblance to that predecessor; he has more capacity, and more wickedness, but a good deal of the same brutality and blackguardism. Poor Portugal! you saw its last days of tranquillity, and of what may well be looked back upon as prosperity. I fear that none who are now living will ever see it so prosperous or so peaceful again. Have you seen Charles Mitchell's book? I was much entertained by it. He was present at Gomes Freire's execution, and heard the parties at their death confess, to the full extent, the charges upon which they were condemned.

I am looking daily to hear what your opinion is concerning Eton. John Coleridge is now upon the circuit; but if you determine upon placing Southey there, I will write to him as soon as you direct me so to do. You see by his letter that we may reckon upon good offices there.

Sir Alexander and Lady Hood have shewn great civilities to Edith, at Bath. He is son to Captain Hood, who was killed in the "Mars," and applied, through Tom, to me, some months ago, to furnish him with an epitaph for a monument which he is about to erect to his father

and his two uncles. A Gothic tomb affords place and space for a long inscription; and this could not be a a short one. You have it on the next leaf. It has pleased him, and he means to send me a ring in consequence, which, I need not tell you, will never go upon my finger. Nevertheless, there is no harm in the ring. This has been a very agreeable introduction for Edith. I shall probably find her in Somersetshire, on my way home — near Taunton, with the Miss Charters.

My health continues in its better state, though I begin to be sensible of that discomfort and sort of disdisquietude which the prospect of moving from home always brings on. It is not without something like dismay that I look at the work before me — in prose and verse — which must be completed before my departure; but "good-will makes good speed."

The epitaph is for a village church in Dorsetshire; and of course names and dates, &c., will precede it in the usual form, telling all that is not versifiable, or that I could not comprise within due limits. Yesterday there came a letter under Sir William Heathcote's frank, asking permission to print some verses addressed by me to the Dowager Duchess of Rutland. I replied that I had never written any such verses, but advised the applicant to make use of the poem as a waif and stray; telling him that, though not mine, I have no doubt it is quite as good as if it were, and that the credit of its composition may remain for the present among the unclaimed dividends of fame. He will think me a queer person. Love to my aunt. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill, &c.

Keswick, April 3. 1828.

If it were possible, I would put myself into the mail coach this night; but engagements bind me hand and foot. As fast as possible I will work through them, and take the straight course to London as early as I can in May, without turning to the right or left upon the way. With regard to the trusts, my presence can make no difference; for there must, I presume, be a power of attorney given, and that may be sent here for my signature. But I wish I were at freedom to move instantly; it is very seldom that I feel anything like a serious wish for worldly possessions, but at this moment rents or dividends would be much more convenient than an estate in an inkstand.

Bilderdijk made his doctrine clear to me, showing how by Drusus's cut the great weight and force of the stream was conducted to the lowest and weakest part of the country. Yet there must be a difficulty in accounting for the depth in the Zuyder Zee. Perhaps in that treacherous soil the ground may sink when it is what they call drowned; — the crust upon which you feel yourself walking in a peat moss may have given way, and thus the waters which were below ground have met those above. That poor country is in a most perilous state. Between Gouda and Rotterdam the Ijssel is from twenty to thirty feet above the level of the country on either side, an emblem, methinks, of the moral and political state of our own country.

I have a note from Dr. Phelan to-day, wherein he says, "In my sanguine moments I have almost hoped that the knowledge I had acquired might become instrumental to the good of my country. But these hopes have left me. Providence seems to have decreed that the salvation of Ireland shall be wrought out by some immediate

act of its own overruling and inscrutable sovereignty." And on that feeling he ceases from his labours. Who indeed will stand in the breach, however willing and eager and able to defend it, when they know that the ground beneath them is undermined, and that the governor is ready upon the first summons to hang out the white flag? The system is to concede everything. The cloak is first asked for; then we are to accommodate the asker with our coat and waistcoat; by and by the shirt is required; and that will be surrendered also. When it comes to the skin we shall fight for it, and then *væ victis!* I may live to see the beginning of troubles, though I should depart soon to my rest; but were my days to outnumber yours, probably I should not see the end of them. Yet I persuade myself that the end will be good.

As for the Greeks, ever since I have known anything about them, I have agreed with Wolfius. When I was asked some time ago to subscribe for their deliverance, my answer was that I would rather subscribe to a society for converting the Turks, which I thought quite as hopeful an undertaking, and a much more desirable one if it could be effected.

My love to Edward and my namesake. The three elder boys must pass their first long vacation with me; and if I do not one day carry off Georgiana, there will be no peace in Israel, so desirous are the girls and their mother of seeing her here. Does Edward go on with his entomology? If so, and he be a killer of beetles, he may perhaps not have heard that the only way of killing these poor creatures instantaneously is by pouring boiling water upon them. One should not reason too much on these things. In many cases it is needful to inflict suffering and death; and in cases short of need, utility may render it excusable and even right so to do.

But a naturalist should seek by all means to do this part of his work in the shortest and most merciful way.*

What a happiness will it be to be in a world where there is no suffering — no sorrow — no change, except that of progression in intelligence and power!

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, May 8. 1828.

My dear Wynn,

I do not feel the truth of your objection, nor has such an objection occurred to those who have seen the poem, among whom there are some whose opinion has great weight with me. But the objection would be fatal to the story: it could be treated in no other manner; and you will see by the last part that the full description of the marriage ceremony is not superfluous. I take the story as I find it in the "Life of St. Basil," by Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, purifying it only from its offensive grossness. The laws of *diablerie* are as arbitrary as those of Aristotle; and license for hypocrisy removes all difficulty. But for any incorrectness here, the bishop is answerable. Whenever the poem is printed among my other verses, I shall annex the Latin extract which contains the story; and you will then give me credit for the changes which I have made

* In a letter written to G. C. Bedford, 24th Oct., 1794, from Bath, there is an Ode to a Frog, of which this is the last stanza, —

"Ah! let not him whose wanton skill
Delights the mangled frog to kill
The meed of praise attain!
Philosophy abhors the heart
That prostitutes her sacred art
To give one being pain!"

in the middle part of the tale, the outline remaining the same.

Murray has not sent me either Napier's book or Lord Londonderry's, because he expects me in town. The extracts which I have seen from the former induce me to believe that it is a work of very considerable ability, but that both its opinions and its style will tend to make me better satisfied with my own.

Once more of "Eleemon:" the subject is the *saving* a man who has sold himself to the devil. If this be treated seriously, how is it possible to avoid devotional language? Nor can I ever be persuaded that there is any indevotion in thus using it. That there may be persons who will be displeased is very likely, and some among them whom I am far from wishing to displease; but certainly that motive would never induce me to concede my opinion and spoil my poem. If a Turk dines with me, he must not be offended because there is wine for other guests who think there is no sin in drinking it; nor should a Jew take umbrage because the person next him may have a slice of ham on his plate. I would rather thrust my hand into the fire than write with it anything that could shake any person's faith, weaken his religious feelings, or in any way prove injurious to the interests of religion; but I pay no regard to scruples which seem to me unreasonable.

Lord Combermere prides himself upon never having lost a gun, and therefore is hurt at my statement. According to him, the guns in question were removed *before* the enemy entered the town. It is a matter of no importance in any other possible point of view than as affecting his feelings.

Have you read Sadler's book upon Ireland? I am convinced that they want the Poor Laws there, that it is a measure of self-defence on our part to introduce them there, and that they should be increased on ab-

sentee property in proportion to the value of the estate.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. From D'Israeli's new edition of his "Literary Characters," I learn that Lord Byron had printed an attack on me in prose, which was suppressed (by his wiser friends, I suppose), and that he actually had thought of turning Turk, and regretted that he had not done so. My mention, therefore, of such a change as among the actions which would not have surprised me, must have given him rather an uncomfortable opinion of the writer's judgment.

To the Right Honourable C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, May 14. 1828.

MY DEAR WYNN,

The allusion to the parable in the first part is in character with the malicious wickedness of the sorcerer. In that feeling, and not in derision, it is used. Why the marriage ceremony was dwelt upon, you will see by the concluding part. So far I enter into your feelings respecting the introduction of sacred names in that ceremony; I avoided it as far as might be, using no other name than the Lord. But we are not likely to agree upon what ought to be the limits in such things. The "Pious Painter" is told playfully; and anything serious would be misplaced there. Here the narrator is in earnest. If there seem a slight departure from this in Basil's legal argument, it should be borne in mind that Basil was sure of his cause; the red spot had disappeared, the pardon, therefore, was certain; and the bishop, as you know all saints have delighted in doing,

chose, in the full sense of his own superiority, to sport with his antagonist.

The best managed parts are the beginning, and the dream which brings about the marriage: the best written passage is that which describes Eleemon's flight through the air. And on the whole, bad as my bargain has proved, I could not have got fifty pounds for my journey with less cost of time and trouble, nor in a pleasanter way. The prints, I believe, will be from the second and seventh parts.

I shall look for more profit in the same way. When Allan Cunningham wrote to me lately about an Annual which he is to edit, I told him in reply, that "Money made the mare go;" and what is Pegasus but a piece of horse-flesh?

God bless you. I hope to see you next week in the course of my first cruise from Harley Street to the Exchequer. Whenever that corner of Palace Yard is pulled down, I shall lose the only spot in London with which I have associated no recollections but such as are pleasurable. *Consider the Exchequer*, and don't let it be demolished, if you can help it. We need be in no hurry to break up old establishments; they are falling to pieces quite fast enough!

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Aug. 16. 1828.

MY DEAR R.,

The box has just arrived, and I must thank you on my own part, as well as proxically for Mrs. S. She is very much gratified by this fresh outward and visible sign of a friendship which we have enjoyed more than thirty years, reckoning always among our best pieces of fortune that which threw us in your way.

Another year will not, I hope, pass away without our seeing you at this breakfast table. There is no other place where there is so little real enjoyment of a friend's society as London. Men meet in crowds, and though such meetings are pleasant as well as necessary social forms, it is not there that the true enjoyment of unreserved intercourse can be found. For that we must be with a fellow traveller, or a household guest.

Poole is in Northumberland, but is not coming to this side of the country. He has fallen in with Sadler at Leeds, author of the book upon Ireland, and demolisher of Malthus in a work not yet published. Poole says that he quite agrees with him about Malthus, and in his opinion concerning the poor and Poor Laws. Poole's experience upon the latter subject makes his own opinion worth something. Sadler was a shopkeeper, and is now a wealthy man of much weight in Leeds. He is said to be an excellent speaker, and it would not surprise me if he were one day to try his strength in the House of Commons.

I had a visit yesterday from Miller of Worcester College, who preached some Bampton lectures of a more philosophical character than has prevailed of late generations in Oxford, and who obtained great temporary reputation there by an extempore reply to Copleston, when Copleston made the first open endeavour to neutralise the University upon the Catholic question. Miller is said to have dumb-founded him. He is now settled upon a living in Northamptonshire; and his situation there reminds me of a bear who grows lean by living upon his own fat in winter quarters. Out of society, and out of reach of books, he knows little of what is going on in the world, and his utility is confined to the sphere of his parish, where I suppose his duties allow him little leisure for learned pursuits, and where opportunities for such pursuits are altogether wanting.

When I call to mind how few persons there are capable of instructing their fellow-creatures upon momentous subjects, and how very rarely it happens that any of those few are placed in a situation which gives them the full use of their faculties in the best direction, instead of wondering that we are no better in this country, I rather marvel that we are not much worse. The rarest thing in the world is to see a man in the station for which he is best fitted. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Sept. 23. 1828.

MY DEAR R.,

My poor uncle breathed his last on Friday the 19th. He had been attacked about a week before by a slight diarrhœa, but slight as it was it was sufficient to extinguish the little life that was left. I did not hear of his illness till I heard of his death; but for such tidings I have looked as a daily probability.

I believe he never felt the slightest uneasiness concerning the fortunes of his children, thinking reasonably that, being boys, and advanced already so far and so well in the way which they should go, there were not more difficulties before them than it would be wholesome to contend with. Had his life been even of more consequence than it was to these boys, no one who loved him could have wished for its prolongation under so heavy and painful a weight of infirmity. But excepting the few long latter years (and excepting also that circumstances withheld him from marrying at a convenient season), his life has been tranquil and happy; vexations enough he has had, but no grief that ever touched him nearly, such alone excepted as came (like

his own decease) in the due and timely course of nature.

He told me that he completed his sixtieth year the day on which Edward was christened. Of course it is not probable that any of his children should know him so well as I knew him, or that he should fill so large a space in their memory as in mine. The losses that befall us early or late in life are best: in the first case we easily and soon outgrow them, in the second we have them not long to bear.

God bless you, my dear R. I will write again shortly about other things, and more cheerfully. Just now I feel, upon looking to the years that are past, and to those which are to come, as if life were a dream from which it would be a relief to be awakened. God give us a happy meeting in a state where there will be neither change, nor sorrow, nor parting!

Yours most truly and affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 8. 1828.

My dear G.,

I would fain have had Allan Cunningham serve up my "Cock and Hen" as a couple of choice fowls in his volume for the present year, and reserve my epistle to him for the next, that it might have the advantage of lying by for correction. To this there were two objections, the one, a very natural one on the part of Allan himself—who felt that the tone of the epistle, as it was gratifying to him, might tend to his advantage in the eyes of others; the other an unwillingness on the part of his publisher to insert a ballad which might injure the sale of the book among the Roman Catholics

—a very ugly symptom this of the times that a London publisher should think it expedient to consult their prejudices and respect their superstitions. So my poultry remain on hand. With regard to the epistle, as I have reserved the right of reprinting it at some convenient time, I care not for the improvements which it might have undergone; these may still be made at leisure, and, as it is, it will serve Allan's purpose, and please those who know me, and whom I wish to please. Moreover it is possible that I may take occasion from the bust to compose a second poem *ejusdem generis.*

Here are some lines which I have not inserted in the epistle, because I did not think it quite right to laugh even thus good-naturedly at a man who has given me no offence:—

> And thou, O Michael, ever to be praised,
> (Angelic among Taylors!) for thy law
> Antifuliginous, extend that law
> Till every chimney its own smoke consume,
> And give thenceforth thy dinners unlampoon'd.

I have also a description inchoate of my own person in a strain which you will like; and this may stand over for completion till I epistolize again. The portraits which I have characterised and which are not designated in the poem, are, first, that of Eddridge's; second, a miniature hero by poor Miss Betham. Smouch at the Old Bailey is the one published by Limbird in the Strand. And you need not be told that by the minion, I mean Phillips's cursed coxcomb.

Wynn, I know, will, *cum multis aliis*, object to the subject of the poem as egotistical, and will not call to mind with what delight we fix upon those passages in old poets wherein they speak of themselves; even if here the playfulness of the manner were not justification sufficient. I like the poem myself, and the better

because of the opportunity it gave me of discharging in part my debt to the Bilderdijks, whom I would do much to gratify, and go to the world's end to serve.

What I shall do with the "Cock and Hen" I know not. It is not advisable, I think, to print it with "Eleemon," because it would neither occasion any additional sale, nor bring in any additional profit worthy of consideration. But this question Murray may be asked. The poem would fill two sheets with its prolegomena, which contain the authorities. It might possibly be worth while to get some grotesque designs and publish it separately.

How much I wish you had been here during the last three weeks! I am in excellent condition,—as capable, thank God, of walking as I ever was, and have been mountaineering with great success. I shall be glad if Chantrey teaches you to throw a fly, and I will engage that when you come here and practise trowling on the lake, no one shall *scuttle the boat.* My son, whom for his piscatory propensities I have named Aminadab, would be delighted to accompany you.

I must now shoe myself, being at present slippered, and go forth to walk with Henry Taylor—so,

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Oct. 16. 1828.

My dear R.,

I have been writing upon Ireland for the "Quarterly Review," and in the course of reading on that subject have met with a good practical blunder. The Irish, entrenching themselves against Ginckel in King William's wars, planted their palisadoes with the points directed inward, toward themselves. Carte's

"Life of Ormond" is one of the books which had never before been within my reach. It is one which ought to be reprinted at the Clarendon press.* If men were as well instructed in English history as they are in that of the Peloponnesian war, statesmen would not commit so many blunders, nor would the public be the dupes they are.

I am now beginning an account of the expulsion of the Moriscoes, for the "Foreign Review;" a remarkable portion of history in itself, and with profitable bearings at this time, as showing, upon a great scale, what is the value of Roman Catholic obligations when contracted in the most solemn and authentic manner.

Our last friends took their departure yesterday, and I now look for no further interruptions, and for a good winter's work.

Robert Lovell has entered into partnership with an old fellow craftsman, and in what appears to be a prudent and hopeful way of business, upon a small scale. Of course I shall make it a condition that whatever I print henceforth may be put into his hands.

The turn which the Russian campaign seems to have taken has not surprised me. The Turks are more easily beaten than conquered anywhere. In Greece there is a population against them, but there is not any on that side where the Russians attack them. With hardy habits, a brave temperament, a fearlessness of death which fatalism produces in the people and despotism in all above them, and a haughty and fierce religion, they want nothing but discipline to render them a very formidable power, and this discipline they seem likely enough to acquire.†

* It has been since reprinted there; but I have reason to think there are papers in the Vatican which would make it more complete. The original folios are before me.

† This, it is needless to say, has been altogether verified in the late war.

From Ireland I am told that there is not any likelihood of a rebellion. The traitors expect to succeed by sap, and know that they would fail in attempt to storm. If the world should see another Machiavello, he will draw his illustrations of weak and miserable misgovernment from Great Britain. God bless you.

R. S.

To Captain Southey, R.N.

Keswick, Oct. 27. 1828.

MY DEAR TOM,

The Cape has not only the great advantage of climate over most of our other colonies, but it is also that which is least likely to be assailed by any dangers either from within or without.

H. T. will grow wiser as he grows older; and, when he is as well acquainted with English history as I am, will come to the same conclusions. Hallam's is a very able book and emphatically a bad one, being written with a bad feeling, in a bad temper, and to a bad tendency. I spoke of it as it deserved. The interpolations are by some Mr. Edwards, whom I never saw and do not know;—any person who knows me may perceive that I should not have written upon that portion of our history as he has done.

My Catholic paper will please H. T. quite as little;—but it is well-timed and will do good. And I am now writing upon the Expulsion of the Moriscoes, for the "Foreign Review," a beautiful illustration of what reliance may be placed upon the public faith of Catholic Powers towards those who differ from them in belief. But the tide is setting in strongly against all the institutions of this country, and, if they stand till it changes, it must be more by the mercy of God, than by any means that are likely to be used for protecting them.

I think they will stand, but not without being fearfully shaken;—and if the tide cleans out their sewers, the result will be wholesome. Nevertheless, if I were not plainly in my vocation here, and staked down both by duty and circumstances, I think the prospects of a new country better than those of an old one, and should be strongly disposed to mend my climate and plant my family where, for many generations, they might be assured of living without anxiety concerning the means of subsistence. Without a shock things will hardly be settled here, and one would rather hear of the earthquake at a distance, than have one's roof and chimneys come rattling about one's ears.

God bless you.
R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 1. 1828.

MY DEAR R.,

You will have seen my paper upon the Catholic question in the "Q. R.," very deficient as everything must be which is so written on the spur of pressing occasion. Murray, however, has thought it worth an additional 50*l.* to the usual 100*l.* which I receive. There is so much more to be said, which was not said for want of room, that if I thought it would avail anything I would have a pamphlet ready for the meeting of Parliament.

Will you send me the first seven reports upon education in Ireland. The eighth and ninth I have. I have a good deal in prospect concerning that country. First, a view of its early history, from O'Connor's Scriptores and the Hagiologists. Secondly, a view of its history from the English conquest, if Moore should write a history of Ireland for Dionysius Lardner, of Stinkomalee

College, who has applied to him to do so, as part of a "Cabinet Cyclopædia." And, more for the love of mischief than of money, Moore is likely enough to do it, in which case I will pounce upon him.

When will you pounce upon the political economists? The more I know of them the more I perceive that they are radically wrong in everything, for they always disregard moral considerations; dealing thus with the interests of a community as the surgeon would with a living patient if he treated him like a corpse—leaving life and feeling out of his thoughts. No greater good could be done than by exposing this very mischievous quackery; and who so well able to do it as you?—who would try them *numero, pondere, et mensurâ.**

The Duke, I hear, is likely to break down. Peel has broken down in another and worse way.* There was always more *peel* than *pith* there. Whom are we to look to? The sons of little men have the possession of the political world. The forcing system of education and society produces weak plants;—it brings all men *up* to a certain standard, and then it keeps them *down* to it.

God bless you, my dear R. I would often give much for a quiet evening's conversation with you.

Once more farewell.

R. S.

* Rickman says in his reply, "I think the Political Economists are dying a natural death, and I am collecting Poor Law matter without any particular encouragement. I have been thinking that there is good room for a new Laputa, where the said political economists might have a mansion with those who have disturbed the nation with new weights and measures, such as are a glorious defiance of utility. The North Pole Expedition, Dr. Gall and Spurtzeim would be there, and other worthies, if one turned one's mind to recollections of that kind." November 12. 1828.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

Keswick, Nov. 13. 1828.

MY DEAR ALLAN,

If I had known twelve months ago that you were about to conduct an Annual, and that my exclusive aid would be—or by you and your publisher be thought to be—instrumental to its success, you should have had it; for I was under no sort of engagement with any other work of the kind, and had no personal acquaintance with any one engaged in them, either as editor or bookseller. Two or three applications had been made to me, and in reply I had always *given* some little piece which happened to be at hand, which just sufficed to serve their purpose of getting my name in their list of contributors; and this I did till my scanty stock of such pieces was exhausted. By this time applications had become numerous enough to be troublesome; for which reason, and also because I had none but poems of more length, and consequently of a certain value, by me, I then required some remuneration. This I did first in the case of the "Bijou," having first given it a few lines, and not knowing that a second application, in reply to which I sent my ode upon the King's visit to Scotland, was for the same volume. I set no price upon it, and they sent me twelve pounds. Locker applied to me on behalf of his friend Knight, whom I supposed to be publisher as well as editor; for Locker's sake I sent the "Funeral Song," and asked for some of Knight's publications in return; none came, because he had ceased to be a bookseller, and nothing came in its stead. When Pringle wrote to me this year on the same concern, I stated this: his publishers then promised to send me a list of their publications, from which I might select what I pleased. This, I suppose, will come with their "Annual." In the letter that promised this, they

enclosed ten pounds, asking for anything in return, and in so civil a manner, that because I did not like uncivilly to return it, and moreover because I had a great respect both for the feelings and the genius which Pringle has shown in his poems, I sent them — what you may see in their volume, but told them, at the same time, upon what terms I stood with the "Keepsake" and with you. This I have told Alaric Watts also; and you have here the whole history of my dealings with the Annuals: for as to what happened between me and the "Keepsake," that you already know. When they were foolish enough to exclude my "All for Love," they required in its stead two pieces to be written for certain prints, and any light poem that I pleased; that light one, I see by their list, they have not printed, and so I conclude that they have reserved it for next year.

From this long story you will see that you cannot have my exclusive aid, but you shall have my first. The "Keepsake" probably will apply to me; whether any of the others will I think doubtful; and it is quite as doubtful whether I may be able to supply them if they do. But you may rely upon me; and what I do for you will be done heartily, and in good time. When we talk of money matters, it is of the bookseller that I think; when I am writing, or planning what to write, it is of you. But author must get from bookseller all he can; and moreover these Annuals have grievously hurt the sale of all such books as used to be bought for presents. In this way my poems have suffered greatly — to the diminution, I doubt not, of more than half their sale. You shall have the same quantity of goods at last year's prices. That quantity will hardly allow room for anything in prose, for I should move uneasily if I were hide-bound; and with regard to a Dialogue, there are two reasons against it at present. One is,

that I should not like to appear as an imitator of Walter Landor, whom it is impossible to excel, and who, moreover, was led by me to that form of composition; the other is, that I know by sad experience, how *slow* a form it is in its growth; and, were I not writing this letter, should at this moment be employed in bringing my long-announced "Colloquies" towards their close.

. . . .

When I have turned over a few subjects in my mind, I will write to you about them. There is a very striking account of a shipwreck, which I mean one day to relate; but whether in prose or in stanzas, with a cast of old plainness in the language, is not determined, and in either form it would be too long for you. You will not, I think, have more Annuals to contend with; but a monthly publication of the kind, with one print, would not surprise me; and I think one of you would do wisely to publish at Easter, and so have a clear field to himself.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 17. 1828.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for your letter and for the "Irish Reports." The postmaster was fain to get out of bed and open the door to receive them, in which process there was as much warmth added to his temper as was subtracted from his tail. I shall find them very useful, if only as enabling me to show how beneficent this Government has been in its *institutions* toward Ireland, and how that beneficence has ever been defeated by the Irish themselves. But what a total waste of expenditure in the second report! It grieves me to think what pre-

cious papers might have been rescued from oblivion by the money which has there been uselessly employed.

I had a half-waking dream some years ago which would well suit your Laputa schemes. Thus it stands in one of my memorandum books:—

May 13. 1821.—Early this morning, and more in a dream than awake, I fell into a train of fanciful thought, and imagined a great island in the Polar Sea, which was the Kraken, or, as the earth itself has been supposed to be by some wild theorists, a living sentient creature. That sort of perpetual erection which Azara supposes was going on there, and the Kraken had in later years pushed out heads and feelers from its upper as well as under surface. These were in various forms and kinds, graminivorous, frondivorous, carnivorous, and omnivorous. Among these varieties some human heads appeared at last; and the Krakeners, in an evil hour for themselves, thought it a point of duty to educate these heads, and teach them to speak and to read; and then they took them for their gods, and at length nothing was to be done without consulting them through their priests or krakenpates. These heads, being fixtures, and having no means of seeing things for themselves, believed of course whatever the krakenpates told them. But they had whims of their own also, and very seldom agreed; and when they were out of humour and quarrelled they could shake part of the body, and bring various evils upon the land by their feelers, &c.

Your Laputa reminded me of this, which had gone to sleep in my memory.

I do not think of enlarging the Irish paper in the "Q. R.," but of reproducing what is in the "Annual Register," recast and with much new matter, for I have much to say upon that subject, and am much in the humour for saying it. God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 29. 1829.

MY DEAR G.,

Your Godson returns you his very dutiful and joyful thanks for the Septuagint. I wish you could have seen his countenance when the parcel was opened, and the books which now adorn the right side of the fire-place in *Paul* appeared. Instead of shooting at a pigeon and killing a crow, I shot at a crow and killed a turkey,—asking for a school book, and here has come a library one. It will, however, not be injured by our careful use of it, which will begin to-morrow; for this day we finished the "Revelations," having read that book, with the "Gospel of St. John" and the "Acts" in Greek, German and Dutch. We shall now take the "Book of Genesis" in the three languages.

Paul is the name of my book-room on the ground floor, which we fitted up in the spring. It was so called because of robbing Peter to fit it with books; and in the season of fires I spend about as much time in this as in the study above stairs, that both rooms may be kept aired by having their equal share of inhabitation. Well pleased would you be with both rooms,—the air of cheerfulness in both, and the intellectual wealth that they display. You must not suppose, however, that the old study was *Petered* to supply this; it was the quondam organ room which underwent that operation, the "Acta Sanctorum" and other goodly folios being brought from thence to a better station, and moreover a more fitting one, it being prudent to have the main weight of books upon the ground-floor. This becomes a thing to be considered when there are about 8000 volumes in the house, and a more than usual proportion of folios among them.

The library is the scene of my "Dialogues," on which

I am now busied. When these poor books come to be dispersed, perhaps that dialogue may have some useful effect; be that as it may, you will like what is said about them, and, indeed, I think the book altogether will please you as a very faithful picture of my thoughts, with occasional sketches of the country in which I live, and of my way of life, giving some relief to the subjects treated of, and a life and reality which those who know me best will best be able to appreciate.

A villanous influenza has entered the house, and shut me up in it for a week. Yesterday, however, I went out, though the rascally influenza keeps its hold, and out again I shall go now. But it is a very unpleasant sort of pastime, Mr. Bedford, to be half the day pumping up phlegm from the very bottom of one's lungs, and the other half using the unhappy nose as a sort of double blow-pipe, through which to throw off the said viscous abomination.

God bless you, my dear G.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Feb. 9. 1829.

THANK you, my dear R., for your note. Other intimation had prepared me for what, indeed, knowing the weakness in one quarter, and the want of any clear moral principle in another, was to be apprehended as at any time possible. It remains to be seen how they will flounder through difficulties which will thicken upon them as they proceed. If the Papists are wise they will take the advice of their friends, and come in as smoothly as they can; and if the ulcer skins over in that way, the quacks will exult in having wrought a cure, till they find that the bone has become carious.

There is a modest letter in "The Times" of to-day from a Papist, upon Wilmot Horton's absurd suggestion. He says that Parliament have power, in case they think it needful at any time, *to change the succession, and alter the established religion;* and protests against limiting the Catholic M.P.'s in such particulars.

York has paid dearly for its wooden roof. But it would not have been much better had it been of limestone! Reviewing "Britton's Cathedrals" about three years ago, I touched upon the likelihood of such mischief as this. Methinks I want nothing but craziness to set up for a prophet, for I see a good way before me —and what I see is gloomy enough, God knows. But, as old Piers Ploughman says, "of whole heart cometh hope," and my heart, thank God, is whole. Protestants and Papists will not in these kingdoms go on quietly together—cheek by jowl—till the lion and the lamb are in fellowship. There will be a struggle at last, and it will end as the last did in their overthrow. But I will not say that York Minster may not be a type of what our Church Establishment will become in the meantime.

Pray send me the Dissection Report when it appears.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 13. 1829.

MY DEAR G.,

A man of abilities at this time might do what Pitt did at the time of the coalition—deliver King and country from a set of tergiversators. It is not impossible that he may show himself. A great deal may be done if the bishops act with firmness.

Grieve at the course of things I will not. My days

will not be long in the land to see the consequences, and I have done my duty for its own sake. There will be a great emigration of Protestants from Ireland. They have been most basely betrayed. It is well for Mr. Peel that my picture cannot (like the one at Otranto) walk out of its frame.* It would read him a lecture if it could! Did I not speak truly when I said, that in that man there was more Peel than Pith? Grieve I will not; but if I had not some sore cares, some vexations, and work enough for a dozen heads, and as many pair of hands, the state of affairs might perhaps occupy enough of my thoughts by day to keep me wakeful at night. To be sure, all I have to lose in any probable consequence of this measure is your godson's reversion of Lambeth; but it is mortifying to be *cackled* out of that constitution which was purchased so hardly. I have never heard one argument yet in favour of this suicidal concession which deserved to be called anything better than *cackle.*

After all, the point is far from a settlement. Ministers are pledged to *securities* — so is the King. The Papists have said they will give none, and the Bishop of London admits that he can find none. So, I am told, does Philpots. As for the impossibility of forming a Protestant Ministry, give me one that will stand resolutely upon its principles, and suffer no enemy, no neutral, to remain in office, and confer no benefits on any but its friends; round would come all the Kissarcii as readily as a weathercock veers with the wind, and, my life for it! the nation would stand by such an Administration.

I never wished myself a bishop till now; and if I were one now, I would make as good a figure in history

* It appears to me that this ought to be published as expressive of Southey's opinion. He elsewhere declares in fullest terms his gratitude for Sir R. Peel's kindness to him personally.

as my kinsman, Bishop Ken, in the days of James II. My love to Miss Page and Henry. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 1. 1829.

My dear R.,

I see by the papers that Sadler is standing for Newark. It is odd enough, that in case of Inglis's succeeding at Oxford, I meant to have recommended that this person, if he were qualified, should be brought in for Ripon, if that could be managed. He has written, as you know, a stout book about Ireland, and is said to be a good speaker. I have one of his speeches (at a Pitt Club) which would have told well in the House of Commons.

There seems to me three courses which affairs may now take:—

1. That the Catholics will rebel against any securities:

2. That they will get into Parliament quietly, and presently call for the "ulterior measures."

3. Or, that they will wait a while, and proceed by sapping and mining.

This would be the worst course that events could take. The first would be the best; the second is most likely.

A man with a potato in his head has attacked me falsely and treacherously, upon the score of conversations held at my own hearth three or four and twenty years ago. Henry Taylor inserted in "The Times" a very good reply to it, and the attack and the comment upon it by George Dyer's cockatrice. I have basted the potato-headed person properly in certain letters

privately addressed to him; and shall probably conclude by giving him a refresher in the brief preface to my "Colloquies."

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 7. 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for your communications: what a whimsical affair it will be, if having passed the "Suppression Bill," and finding they cannot carry the restrictions, ministers should turn to the right-about, as suddenly as they turned to the left, and the Duke falling back upon the Protestant feeling of the people, as he did upon his lines at Torres Vedras, should say to the Roman Catholics you would not come in on my terms,—keep out then, and *keep quiet!*

The Oxford election, and Peel's gross blunder in provoking such an opportunity, reminds me of the error committed by the Whigs (when Whigs were better than they are now) in prosecuting Sacheverell.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

April 4. 1829.

MY DEAR G.,

That Wynn has been ill used, I believe; but are you aware that he is considered by men in office as one of the most impracticable persons to deal with—taking crotchets in his head and holding to them with invincible pertinacity? I know that this opinion is entertained of

him, and this I believe to be the only dislike that can have been entertained. A sort of pride indeed shows itself in him sometimes which belongs not to his soul but to his body; it is in his blood, not in his bosom; he has none of it by temper or inclination, but it belongs to him, he thinks, like the three W.'s in his name, and the love of toasted cheese.

Will you say for me to Chantrey that as he is perfectly acquainted with the outside of my head, I have desired Murray to send him a book which will show him the inside of it? God bless you.

R. S.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, April 25. 1829.

DEAR SIR,

I am obliged to you and Mr. Utterson for his suggestion. It was only for apprehended want of room that I omitted Carew, Drummond, Lovelace, and many other writers also. If upon casting the whole you find that room can be allowed—say twenty pages—I will then send up biographical sketches and adopt Mr. Utterson's selection, observing only that I do not know which songs of Carew he would recommend; that if we give anything of Drummond there must be a selection from his sonnets (which I can presently make, having very carefully read and marked them many years ago); and that there is an allusion in the "Five Senses" which renders that poem unfit for a volume, of which you will be glad to say that nothing in the slightest degree objectionable on the score of decency has been admitted there. In my edition of Lovelace, which is that printed in 1817 at Chiswick, I cannot find the "Fly caught in

a Cobweb," which Mr. Utterson recommends. Donne's Satires, I think, may be omitted.

Among all my books there are none which can give me the least assistance for a "Memoir of Wither." I believe the fullest account is in one of Sir Egerton B.'s periodicals (not the "Censura Literaria," but one which followed it.) Let me have this, and the "Memoir" shall be made ready. ..... I have something which may be worth inserting in it, relating to an old story told in "Captain Andrewes' Travels" of a luminous bird in Tucuman. And I have also a complaint to make there of some mischief done to a beautiful object near this place, by some mineralogical tourists.

Believe me, always,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. James White.

Keswick, April 30. 1829.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I thank you for your letter, and your friend for his little volume. Through you I may thank him, not knowing his address; and you may convey to him all the encouragement which my full and sincere praise of his service can bestow. You, I believe, know that I have long ceased to review any contemporary verses, for this very sufficient reason, that a general resolution of this kind was the only possible means by which I could escape an alternative which was too often presented to me, of reviewing the book of a friend, a friend's friend, an acquaintance, and an acquaintance's acquaintance, or mortifying and perhaps offending the applicant by declining to undertake the task. But in these days little can be done by praising any volume of poems in a

review, unless there be some circumstances which will carry it into some great stream of public feeling or opinion. The best things cease to be thought precious when they become common; in this respect diamonds and poems will soon be like sprats and herrings. Let your friend continue to write verses for the sake of his own moral and intellectual nature; let him write to gratify those by whom he is esteemed and loved; but he should be advised not to publish at his own risk, unless the pecuniary loss upon the edition is a matter of indifference to him. The market is crowded — not with buyers but with sellers, or rather those who offer their wares for sale.

The Bishop of London ought not to be unmindful of you. Your present Diocesan is a person whom I have more than once been invited to meet when prevented by previous engagements from accepting the invitation. Should I ever fall in his way, I shall not fail to speak of you; but this is not so likely to be the case as it was before the part which he has taken upon the R. Catholic question. There may be the plea (such as it is) of error of judgment for having betrayed the Church, which it was his most sacred duty to defend; but there can be no such excuse for the gross insult which he offered to the great body of his clergy, when presenting a pro-popery petition from a few of these. He can never be upon comfortable terms with them again, and this I dare say will make him use all his interest to get translated to some other see.

Better placed for your own present welfare and comfort, I heartily wish you were. But it is quite clear that you are neither an idle nor an unprofitable servant; and as this cannot but be known, so it is my expectation as well as hope that it cannot but be rewarded also—even in this world. The Bishop will perceive more and more clearly every day—what they have too long been afraid

to acknowledge—that the Church of England has no chance even of keeping its own ground, unless its ministers do their duty so as to obtain the respect and affection of their respective people. They must promote men for desert, and on that score no man has stronger claims than yourself.

If I should hear of a pupil, which is not likely, you may be sure that he shall hear of you. I am going with my family to the Isle of Man for the month of June, in the hope of bracing them and of avoiding my annual visitation of the hay-asthma, the habit and force of which, thank God, seem to have been much weakened by travelling for the last four years at the season of its occurrence.

What I have been doing through the press you probably know. Murray is withholding my "Colloquies," that the public may be in a quieter state of mind for receiving them. This I believe is his motive, though I am left to guess at it. I do not expect much sale for a book in which severe but salutary truths are told in a Christian spirit, and which is sure to offend many powerful parties and bodies of men, and is not sure of pleasing any. But the seed which I have thus cast upon the waters will be found after many days; and I have my reward in knowing that it will be read with satisfaction by the wise and the good.

It is so manifest an injustice that you, with so poor a living, should have to keep the roads in repair, that you ought, from time to time, to stir in the matter till the proper authorities relieve you from such a burthen.

God bless you, my dear James. Mrs. S. and Edith, whom you remember at Norwich, desire their kind remembrances.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, April 14. 1829.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

Miss Holford, who was, and is now, Mrs. Hodson, has inquired of me if you are still at Florence, that she may commend to your good offices an artist who is about to begin his travels toward Italy. I have inquired of her if the said artist will take charge of my "Colloquies" for you and a little volume of poetry; and by this channel, if the books are ready by the time of his departure, as they ought to be, I trust you will receive them. The poems are two Roman Catholic legends, the one wild and serious, the other playfully told, and both such, in manner and matter, as I might have written thirty years ago. The "Colloquies" are not gloomy, but in their brightest parts the light is that of evening.

The bookseller sent me the first volume of your unpublished series. Some things in it I wished away; with very, very many more you know how truly I must be delighted. "Lucullus" and "Cæsar" especially pleased me, as one of the most delightful of these conversations throughout.

You are deceived concerning ——; not as to his genius, which was of a very high order indeed, but as to his character. I KNOW that he was without honour and without truth, and grieved I am to discover this, having believed, as long as it was possible for me to believe, that his errors were only errors of opinion, and that he would ripen into a right-minded man. But he was false and base at heart.

You will not suppose that I am one of the miraculous converts to Catholic emancipation. Those conversions have the ill effect of shaking all confidence in public men, and making more converts to Parliamentary Re-

form than ever could have been made by any other means. For myself I look on almost as quietly on these things from Keswick, as you do from Florence, having done my duty in opposing what I believe to be a most dangerous measure, and comforting myself with the belief that things will end better than if it had been in my power to have directed their course. I suppose the next movements of the Irish Catholics, when the second part of the drama begins, will be to be put down by the Duke of Wellington, with a high hand; but the ghost of the Catholic question will be far more difficult to lay than the question itself would have been. There will be a great emigration of Protestants from Ireland; the struggle will be for Catholic domination there, and we shall have the war upon a religious ground, not upon a civil pretext. Meantime the war against Church property, which * * * * * * * have declared in the House of Commons, will be carried on, and be made, by dint of perseverance, popular at last, and then successful. You need not be told that the one is clothed with impudence as with a garment,—a man not to be put down by any exposure of his ignorance, and incompetence, and falsehood. But perhaps you may not know that the other worthy is one of the very cleverest and very greatest rogues living, which, in these times, is saying a great deal.

I am now hard at work upon the "Peninsular War," in the hope and expectation (should no ill intervene) of clearing my hands of that and all other engagements by the end of the year, and commencing the next by putting the "History of Portugal" to press. Galignani has printed all my poems in one volume, which will give the *coup-de-grace* to their sale at home; the intercourse with France being now so frequent that we shall suffer as much from piracy as the Germans did before they formed a sort of Hanseatic League for their own benefit.

But we have no such means of protection; the matter is beneath the consideration of law, if laws could afford any aid. The only remedy would be to publish at as cheap a rate, which is plainly impossible if the author is to be allowed anything for his share. Wordsworth's poems are printed in the same form, and so will all those which obtain any reputation. The sale must be chiefly among the travelling English; so far as it is otherwise it would be no loss to the author, but rather clear gain on the score of notoriety.

We are likely to have histories of the American War on both sides of the water. Jared Sparks, who is to publish Washington's Correspondence, came over to examine our State papers; in his search, and in that which took place in consequence of it, so much matter has been ferretted out that this Government wishes to tell its own story, and my pulse was felt. But I declined on the ground that others could perform this task as well, and that I have other objects which it was not likely any other person would take up with the same good will, and an equal stock in hand to begin with.

My health, thank God, is good; and the operation which I underwent in June last has restored me to the free use of my strength in walking — a matter of no trifling importance for one who was born to go afoot all the days of his life. I can now once more climb the mountains, and have a pleasant companion in my little boy, now in his eleventh year. Whatever may be his after fortune he will have had a happy childhood, and thus far a happy boyhood. The change which my death would make in his happiness, and in that of others, is the only thing which casts a cloud over my prospects toward eternity. I wish I could see you and your children; and have a hope that this may yet be, though Heaven knows when. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

Keswick, April 29. 1829.

MY DEAR ALLAN,

Two things I have expected since the Annuals became so numerous: that some of them would cease, and that the experiment would be tried of converting others from an annual to a monthly publication. I am sorry your Anniversary has not answered in its present shape, for your sake; but I am glad that you have the start in this monthly race, and indeed think the plan of a monthly much better than that of a yearly miscellany. The purchaser has less to pay at the time, less to read, and just as much pleasure, if not more, in looking for its periodical arrival.

As for my name, I care not in what form it appears, and would just as lief see it on whitey-brown paper, in a ballad-singer's hand, as in a volume covered with green silk. Use it, therefore, as you think best. You are likely to have it to yourself, if the "Keepsake" should drop, for I have declined all other offers; and as I have heard nothing of the "Keepsake," nor (I believe) Wordsworth either, I suspect that prodigal speculation has failed. If it has, I shall be very glad to transfer to you the poem which Reynolds has in his hands. Be that as it may, here is a ballad of about 330 lines ready for you;—fresh from the Mint, and struck for you, which you may have when you please.

I told Reynolds, last year, that I had a subject for this which would require a print (a view on this lake), and that Mr. Westall, who was coming here, would make a sketch for it. Having heard nothing of him since the "Keepsake" was published, I may fairly consider myself perfectly free from any engagement with him upon that score; in fact, it can in no possible way have affected his arrangements, if he has been

making any, and if he remembers what was *said* to him, for it passed in conversation. The poem is meant to be epistolary, local, and domestic, the subject being that of my giving to two of our mountain elevations, which are called the *Catbells*, distinct names; to wit, Hurley Bell, and Bellrumpel, after two of our own cats. I know what kind of playful, thoughtful poem I can make of this, with its lights and shades, and sun and showers (for it has long been in my mind), and, if you like it, make your arrangements with Westall for the drawing (it is a beautiful subject for the engraver)—tell me so, and the poem shall be forthwith begun.

My daughters thank you for the two copies, which, if it had not slipped my memory, I should have thanked you for before.

I shall not be seen in London this year. My only movement will be to the Isle of Man, with my family, for three or four weeks, to give them change of air and sea-bathing, and to escape, if I can, from the hay-asthma, or to cut it short. I wish to go about the middle of May, if I can. God bless you.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, July 16. 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

You and I come to the same conclusion concerning common labour; its tendency to produce injustice can only be counteracted by strong despotism, or a sense of duty equally compulsive. This the Jesuits seem to have ascertained by experience, and therefore founded the Chiquito Missions not upon the common, but upon what appears to have been the co-operative plan.

You will find Gooch at Brighton, laid up there for the summer by ill-health, at 5, Bedford Square. He may save you time and trouble by directing your personal inquiries. Gooch is one of those persons who is zealous in the right way. There is plenty of wild zeal in the country running to waste, and very often in consequence making good intentions mischievous.

A New Englander tells me that the hard work at Boston could not be done, if there were not Irishmen to undertake it. Nothing is too hard or offensive for them, but they retain all the characteristics of their race in full perfection — the potatoe loses nothing by transplantation.

If you can find leisure to read an account of a most remarkable place (physically), and a people in a most remarkable state of transition, send for "Ellis's Tour through Owhyhee" (an octavo volume), and a subsequent account of the same island by Stewart (in 12mo.), edited by Ellis also. You will find a great deal of very curious and interesting matter in both books.

Remember me most kindly to Lamb, and tell him that the "Every Day and Table Books" have given me a great liking for his friend Hone, whom I would shake hands with heartily if he came in my way, or lay in mine. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, July 19. 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

I have heard of the Henbury Cottages, and they have more of showy sentimentalism about them, than is either to your taste or mine. They are so built and so arranged as to make a show-place appendant to Blaize Castle; it becomes of course a matter of contention

with the tenants which shall catch hold of the visitor, and I am told that there is just the same kind of envy, and heart-burning, and ill-will of every sort among the inhabitants, that we heard of in one of the Edinburgh almshouses. A little too much love of the picturesque, and a little vanity in the founder, has thus marred an establishment well conceived in itself, as well as well intended.

Lord Lonsdale was here yesterday and engaged me to meet Sadler at Lowther sometime in the autumn, an invitation indicative of the political feeling in that quarter.

I find an opinion prevail that the Duke has some strong measures in preparation respecting the Church; most likely akin to Pitt's scheme for selling the tithes, which I heard of Mr. Corry, and upon which the said Mr. Corry would have set me to work, if I had then been as well qualified for a statesman secretary as I am now. Peel's circular for ascertaining the number of Dissenters is likely enough to be intended in aid of this. The first attack will be upon the Irish Church, which the Irish gentry will rather despoil than pay poor rates. In the way of reform I see much that is wanted, and might safely and surely be done, if it were done slowly; but all that is proposed tends to revolution, and will bring it on as sure as God is in Heaven, unless that God preserves us from the natural consequences of our own conduct and from its proper punishment, which in those consequences we shall else inevitably have.

I have never seen Rees' "Grammar," and your curious account of it is quite new to me.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Aug. 6. 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

I am curious to know where these co-operators mean to draw the line. The Birmingham Society say, at the end of their last number, they "already know of some half competitive, half co-operative societies," which will deprive themselves of most of the benefits to be derived from the system." Those *only* see it in its *true* light, who have for their end and object, "COMMUNITY OF PROPERTY IN LAND AND GOODS."

How they will prevent this from becoming a bonus for idleness, I should like to know. They are not yet come to the difficulty; it will not be felt till some one Society has accumulated a good capital. Meantime the societies have all the useful effect of sects, as you observe to Gooch, and somewhat more: they will tend to abate the tyranny of trading wealth, and to secure for industry a fairer proportion of gain.

The State vessel is drifting fast among the breakers, and though no effort should be spared for saving her, it is nevertheless well that we should take into our consideration the best means of constructing rafts from the wreck. This is especially fitting as regards our Church Establishment, which will go first, and which I fear no efforts can save. God bless you.

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Aug. 22. 1829.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

If Madame Christophe, who was once Queen of Hayti, be in Florence (as she is supposed to be), you

will do her an act of kindness if you will inform her that Thomas Clarkson has some money of hers in his hands, which he will send to her in any way that she may point out, or pay into any person's hands, according to her direction. The money is about 140*l.* sterling, and she knows nothing about it at this time. Lest she should have forgotten his address, I add it here,—Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk. He is with me now, on his last visit to this country; and is very glad that it happens to be in my power to ascertain whether this poor queen is in Florence, wishing much to remit the money.

Your letter reached Mrs. Hodson; so that you see there is one waiter whose conscience is proof against a sixpenny temptation. Methinks he deserves a place in the Legion of Honour. A letter of mine, at Geneva, was destroyed for the sake of a smaller sum.

I shall be better employed, both for others and myself, upon the history of other times, than of our own. When we treat of our own times, there is always danger of being in some degree influenced by personal feelings, and thus unconsciously becoming unjust. In your Conversations, the difference between those which relate to elder, or to present times, is like that between the atmosphere on a fine summer's day on the top of one of these mountains, and in the crowded streets of London. When you are consubstantiating yourself, Lucullus, Cicero, or Isaac Casaubon, every thought and feeling are such as you are the better for having entertained and uttered; and others are the better and the happier for partaking them. I should like dearly to see such a history of Rome, as you and you only could write from the commencement of Augustus's reign to the end of the Antonines. With some dreadful exceptions, and moreover, a constant and necessary tendency to deteriorate in everything, I suppose this to have been the

happiest age of what may be called the European world. Neither you nor I should be ambitious of being the contemporaries of Fronto, but how we should have loved such an emperor as Marcus Antoninus!

Owen's political opinions have begun to germinate, and will very speedily produce fruit after their kind, which will be of two sorts. Some of the labouring classes have gone to work in the right way. Under the direction of some clear-headed promoter of the scheme (one of their own class), a certain number of working-men at Brighton, by clubbing sixpence a-week each, which they vested, not in a benefit society, or saving-bank, but, as soon as it amounted to a sufficient sum, in a little grocer's shop, carried it on by one of their members, for the benefit of the whole. Of course all the members purchased their goods there. The profits and the continued subscription were next invested in a mackerel boat; then in a garden of 28 acres: thus far the experiment had gone when I obtained my account of it. Their intention is to go on till every member of this society is employed in the service of the whole, and then they consider their society to be complete. They publish a weekly paper, explaining their principles and progress, at one penny each; and of this paper 12,000 copies are sold. Already seventy such societies have been formed. One at Leicester has set up a manufactory of stockings, from which all the other societies buy. Thus far all is well; and the immediate advantage of such unions to the persons engaged in them so great, manifest, and undeniable, that it is no wonder they would multiply as fast as they are multiplying. But in another of their papers, which is published by a co-operation society at Birmingham, they declare that their vesters aim at nothing short of a community in land and in goods. The men who write these papers are plain, practicable, strong-headed men. Very soon such

fellows as Cobbett will take up the principle, and use it as an engine of mischief,—the most tremendous that has ever yet been brought to bear upon society.

Momentous as this is, it has not yet engaged the attention of a single public writer. There will be a paper upon it in the next "Q. R." by my friend Dr. Gooch, who happening to be at Brighton got acquainted with the facts; and who has looked hitherto at the bright side of the question. I agree with him in all his hopes and feelings; and when next we communicate, I doubt not but he will partake in my darker apprehensions. Yet if we can keep this principle within its proper bounds, so as to secure the well-being of the whole lower order, without pulling down the higher orders, leave full scope for that desire of bettering our own condition, which is the main-spring of improvement in every thing, and at the same time prevent that desire from making way to its own gratification by injuring or defrauding others;—if this could be done, I should then indeed gladly sing my *Nunc dimittis!* At present the ship is driving fast toward the breakers, and it behoves those who know their duty, to cast about in what manner they may best construct rafts from the wreck (they who may survive), when they shall have stood by it to the last. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 20. 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

Your letter from Fort William disappointed our hope of seeing you on your way back, which, had your course been reversed, we might easily have done, without taking you much out of the line of steam packets. This was an abatement from the pleasure which that letter

gave me. You touched in it upon a very momentous subject. I cannot but think that you have the right mark in view, and that by such an inquiry as you propose a foundation may be found on which to rest the true science of Political Economy. All existing theories which bear that name are on such bottomless mud as Telford found at the eastern entrance of his Canal; and all the volumes that have been thrown in have not yet afforded a resting place, nor ever will.

The Birmingham Co-operatives have made a perilous declaration, that they aim at nothing short of "a Community in Land and Goods." Confining this, as perhaps they mean to confine it, to their own insulated societies, one might look with some interest on the experiment, but with little hope. Up to a certain point they would better both their physical and moral condition, but at that point all improvement, refinement, and advancement would stop.

The scheme of the other co-operatives, as far as it yet goes, tends to secure employment for all its members, and equitable wages. Make out your point, and then I think it may be demonstrated to them in a way which they will clearly understand, that it is not for their advantage to bring society to the dead level of equality in goods and condition. The good which this system may effect is that of ensuring to patient industry its due remuneration, so that a common labourer shall be able to support himself and rear a family; or if celibate to lay by sufficient for his old age. But it may surely be made apparent to them, that ingenuity can neither be called forth nor assiduously rewarded without a liberal expenditure bestowed upon something more than the mere necessaries of life.

These will not be mere matters of speculation in the times which are rapidly coming on. The manufacturing population will from necessity break loose ere long,

unless some remedy be devised for their distresses. James White was with me lately, who has the living of St. George's, Manchester, a large and miserably poor parish. He looks with great apprehension to the winter. There are 2000 troops there now, and their presence alone preserves the provision shops from being plundered. There is no part of England where the experiment of pauper colonies might be more conveniently tried than at Manchester, there being so much waste land at little distance.

Henry Taylor comes to me on Tuesday or Wednesday next. I am in good health and activity both of body and mind. The other day I was on Cawsey Pike, and if the weather be fair shall be on Skiddaw to-morrow.

To-day I have a letter from Bilderdijk, giving no good account (as might be expected) of either his own health or his wife's, and intimating some uneasiness respecting Lodowijk*, who is outgrowing his strength. He expresses a great desire to see me yet once more, and certainly if he be living when next I visit London I will put myself on board the steam packet for Rotterdam.

God bless you. R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Sept. 29. 1829.

My dear R.,

Your letter was for its length as unhoped-for and as welcome as a fine day would be in this cold, bleak, wet, and wintry autumn. I was, moreover, redolent (to use Gray's word) of times when you and I had more leisure for an inter-communication, of which I have often, and long after date, made profitable use.

* His son, — who wrote me word that Southey's Letters to his father were burnt with others. See Preface to the First Volume of these Letters.

The little book may best be sent to Murray's for me, it will then find its way with the next "Q. R.," and I thank you for it by anticipation. What you say of a passage in the "Pandects" reminds me of an extract from "Tertullian," which Wynn sent me the other day, having found it quoted by Hume, in his "Essays," I suppose. It shows that the same opinions of the march of intellect, and the same ideas of over-population, prevailed in his time, as in ours; the prevalence of the former, when the decline of the Roman world had so visibly and palpably commenced, is good proof of the ease with which men delude themselves into any notion that flatter themselves or their age.

"Certe quidem ipse orbis in promptu est, cultior de die, et instructior pristino. Omnia jam pervia, omnia nota, omnia negotiosa.—Ubique domus, ubique populus, ubique respublica, ubique vita. Summum testimonium, frequentiæ humanæ, onerosi sumus mundo, vix nobis elementa sufficiunt, et necessitates arctiores et querelæ apud omnes, dum jam nos natura non sustinet."*

Sadler is indeed sadly addicted to the sin of committing rhetoric in his speeches, much more so than in his writing, which is vigorous, but generally sober. The Duke of Wellington said that his book upon Ireland was the best he had ever read upon the subject; this was before the Duke avowed his change of opinion concerning the Catholic question, and perhaps before he meditated it. I suppose Sadler has been a self-educated man, and therefore likely to overvalue certain flowers of speech which he was accustomed to admire as proofs of attainments that he did not at that time possess. I suppose, also, that he has lived with men very inferior to him in natural powers and in acquirements, who have thought only of making money, while he was enriching and edu-

* The passage is to be found in his Treatise "De Animâ," c. xxx. p. 284. ed. N. Rigalt.

cating himself at the same time. But he is a right-minded man, starting from the right point and aiming at the right mark. I have never seen him, but should very much like to talk with him on certain subjects wherein we take an equal interest, though not always coinciding as to the means which might best avail towards the desired end.

Your story of the "Blue and Yellow" * is very good, and reminds me of something which occurred in the early part of its career, in which a spice of the same probity appears. There was a reviewal of one John Davis's "Travels in America," in their first or second number. While the number was in the press some one took up the last fair sheet in Jeffrey's rooms, and, casting his eye over it, observed that the reviewer had treated the story of Captain Smith and the Squaw "Pocahontas" as if it were a novel of the traveller's own insertion. To Jeffrey's surprise he informed him that it was an historical fact, and sending out for the supplementary volume to Robertson, there he showed it him. What was to be done? To cancel the leaf was an expense which, in the then state of the concern, they did

* "I shall tire you with my scribbling humour to-day; yet, I must tell you a whimsical story of the Blue and Yellow Review. Some M.P. before the end of the Session, asked me if I had seen the Population Pamphlet reviewed in the March No. XCVII.? I said I would procure it, but no London bookseller knew of it; and on making irresistible inquiry in Edinburgh, the editor acknowledges "that no such pamphlet exists, but they had an article ready," which I see is 34 pages, and which I suspect was thus suddenly thrust into the world to anticipate a House of Commons paper then in the press, containing a quotation from the "Pandects," which our Edinburgh thus adroitly appropriates (p. 25.), as a mark of extensive reading, and of an unexpected ancient authority on a very modern topic; I think I know the M.P. who helped Macculloch to this quotation, for I am told the article comes from the Professor of Political Economy. Farewell."—*MS. Letter from J. R. to R. S., Sept.* 25. 1829.

not like to incur. Luckily the article extended into a following sheet, which was still in the press, so they inserted a paragraph at the close to this tenor: "That perhaps the reader might be surprised at seeing the story of 'Pocahontas' treated as a fable after Robertson had given it the sanction of his authority; but that they had reason for the opinions which they had expressed, though this was not the place for laying them before the public."

I wish you could have taken this place in your way. Next year I hope we shall meet, but I should rather think that you meditated a northern journey, than look on to a southward movement myself. I have long lived in hope of having one day a steam or gas carriage, which will enable me to wheel my family anywhere without paying fifteen or eighteen pence a mile for a pair of horses. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Oct. 27. 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

I have been on a ten days' ramble, two of which were spent at Lowther, five near Ripon, and the rest on the road. One day I dined at Studley, where I met the Vice-Chancellor.* He is a greater personage there than in his own court,—lively, loquacious, and good-natured; scrupling not to declare that the Church of England is in the way of being placed upon a level with other sects, and that a strong case in law might now be made out for the King of Sardinia.

Among the persons whom I fell in with, the most agreeable was Mr. Danby of Swinton Park, now a very

* Sir Lancelot Shadwell.

old man, whose mild and meditative character is (to my taste) very pleasantly laid open in a book which he calls "Ideas and Realities," or "Thoughts on various Subjects;" the desultory reflections (thrown together without order or connection) of a man both better and wiser than most persons in his affluent station.

Yesterday I returned, glad to be with my family again. Robert Grant and his bride were here in the evening. He admitted that the Catholic question was now to begin; and, though past all repentance himself, acknowledges that what he thinks a good thing was done in the worst way.

I shall have to write again upon Ireland; pray send me the "Report on the Irish Miscellaneous Estimates."

My "Colloquies" sell better than I expected; 1600 are sold, 400 left, which Murray thinks will go off during the winter. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Oct. 28. 1829.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Thank you for the epitaph. I had neither seen it before, nor heard that the monument was to be erected by you; this I am pleased to hear, and the inscription is very good.

Lady Grantham showed me the Paris edition a few days ago. The portrait is one of the progeny of Fitzbust the Evangelical, and the impudent publisher has affixed Laurence's name to it, having heard that there is a portrait by him. I could merely see enough of the volume to perceive that they have missed a good many pieces in their gleaning, which they would have been glad to have met with, and have inserted one which I never wrote (possibly there may be others if I had had

time to look through the contents)—the "Killcrop." * It is Cottle's, not mine. I did not look at the life. The publication of this volume is, as you may suppose, a serious injury to me. It may give the poems some circulation abroad, and a much wider one than they had before attained at home; but it will go far towards destroying the sale which they still maintained.

Dionysius Lardner applied to me for a "History of England." The terms which he offered were (if I remember rightly) 1000 guineas for two volumes. Had the sum been greater I would not have engaged in any undertaking in which a "History of England" by me was to be coupled with a "History of Ireland" by T. Moore, even if I had thought it fitting to appear in a "Cabinet Cyclopædia" which came forth under the auspices of the London University.

The "Colloquies" have sold better than I expected. About 400 are remaining out of 2000; these Murray expects will move off during the winter, and he looks to another edition more confidently than I do at present. My share of profits upon this, when the whole is sold, will be something more than 400*l.* and less than 450*l.*

The epitaph upon Reginald Heber was lengthened, and of course injured, at Mrs. Heber's desire. You know that I wished it to have been in verse, and have in consequence promised something in verse for the forthcoming volumes of his Correspondence, &c. I saw more of him at Llangedwynn than elsewhere. The first time we met was at his brother's at Pimlico, where I breakfasted for the purpose of meeting him. Inglis, to whom I had been introduced the day before at Longman's, was of the party. The last time I saw him was at Charles Warren's, whose wife is a very old acquaintance of mine. Both volumes of "Sermons" Mrs. H. has sent me, and I have read them with very great

* See the "Annual Anthology" for 1799, p. 151.

pleasure. But how could the Bishop (Kay?) who delivered the valedictory address, assert that he had abandoned human learning and renounced the prospect of literary fame? This was not true, and if it had been true would not have been meritorious.

I entirely agree with you about the Turks and Russians. Even if the possible danger to this country were not so remote, my desire would be as strongly for peace as it was for vigorous war in the whole time from 1808 to the fall of Bonaparte. Yet I expect war, whenever there shall be either a thoroughly Liberal or thoroughly Jesuitical ministry in France. That nation will make another effort to gain the Netherlands, where the Roman Catholics are French at heart, and no small portion of the Liberals also. It will be eager to take advantage of the next rebellion in Ireland; and it appears to me highly probable that it will aim at recovering Canada by the assistance of the Americans, who will give that assistance that they may take Upper Canada for themselves, and rely upon their ability to conquer the French province at a convenient season.

Last week I was visiting the quondam Margaret Holford, near Ripon. One day I dined at Studley, and met the Vice-Chancellor there. But the most interesting person with whom I fell in was Mr. Danby, a mild, thoughtful, excellent old man, whom I had taken a liking to from his volume of "Ideas and Realities," the stray thoughts of a thoroughly religious and gentle mind. I am going next week to visit Col. Howard, whom I have never seen since he was old Upton, but who has sent me venison now and then for the sake of Westminster. Wordsworth will be there, and I hope Lady Frederick Bentinck, whom I am always glad to meet.

Everywhere I meet with a foreboding that the Church of England will soon be divorced from the State. Whoever joined them together, man, I verily believe,

will put them asunder. The State-waggon has been brought to the declivity and set going; our endeavours must be to drag the wheels, and direct it, if we can, smoothly to the dead level of democracy which lies before it. But there is imminent danger of its falling over the precipice on the way. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 14. 1829.

My dear R.,

Thank you for your remarks upon Universal Peace, which I shall have good opportunity of using in reviewing some one or two numbers of a system of "Moral and Political Philosophy," by a deceased quaker called Jonathan Dimond. I meet you in your views thus far; that in this, as in all former stages of our progress, great evils are permitted because of the good that they bring with them: the species, like the individual, needs sometimes the knife and the cautery. Nor is it desirable that wars should cease (or possible) till those other evils have ceased, for which war is in some degree a corrective. We are so far from this, that it can hardly be said we are on the way to it: yet it is what we are commanded to pray for, and what Christianity, truly felt and faithfully received, is capable of bringing about.

Captain Hall's "Travels" fell in my way at Levens, —a darker picture of American society than I was prepared for—yet to be believed.

You point out the way in which the Duke of Wellington is to be addressed concerning Ireland. The misfortune is, that though the Irish barbarism was not caused by the R. C. religion, it is now so connected with it that it cannot be subdued while that religion

remains dominant over the people. Whenever Lockhart will let me, I am ready to enter upon that subject, though, of course, I shall keep the question of religion and civilisation as separate as I can.

There was a Lawless among the traitors of 1798, — an acquaintance of Duppa and Carlisle, and he is more likely than Jack Lawless to be the author of the book you mention. This said Jack Lawless was at the same Coffee House in London with an acquaintance of Wordsworth, when he was on Catholic Association business in London. They became acquainted; and Jack, as they were one day passing a newspaper-office, dropped a packet in. Next day a letter appeared in that newspaper upon the O'Connell subscription, enlarging upon the services of Jack Lawless, and recommending strongly some demonstration of public gratitude towards him also. Wordsworth's acquaintance smelt a rat, and put the paper into Jack's hand at breakfast. Jack read it, expressed himself much obliged to the writer, and not less surprised at his correct view of the subject, and his accurate knowledge of facts, &c. &c. He could not imagine to whom he was so much beholden, &c., till he was fairly laughed into an avowal that he had penned it himself; for Jack was as honest a logician as John Wilkes, and made no secret that in all his defiance of the government he was only playing at Bragg.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 23. 1829.

My dear R.,

The best thing I can do is to send your two first sheets to Sharon Turner (requesting him, however, to

return them), and to tell him that he has not rightly understood me, if he supposed me wholly to condemn public education. My opinion has always been, that the most desirable thing for a boy is to be a day-boy at Westminster, when that is possible.

I condemn public schools for the abominable tyranny which the masters, knowingly, allow to exist. At private schools it is worse; but there the masters know it not. Boys with evil dispositions are made worse there in every way. Boys with good ones receive less moral injury than they are likely to do by being sent into the world later; they acquire some knowledge of the world there at an early, and therefore comparatively a safe, age; and they learn their own intellectual level better than they can do afterwards, or elsewhere.

Metrical niceties of knowledge are, as you say, indispensable for one who has to make his way to University honours, or fellowships: a youth, therefore, ought to be provided with such knowledge, because his ambition may take that direction, or his circumstances render it the most expedient. But it is not necessary for one who wants a degree only as a passport for orders.

You lean on a weak argument (the only instance in which I ever knew you furnish arms against yourself) when you speak of the knowledge of controversial divinity as best to be gained in the University. Nothing of it is taught there—little preached; it enters not into the studies of the place, and is only to be learnt from books to which the undergraduate has no regular access.

But this detracts not from the weight of your reasoning; the boy in question *must* go to the University, and ought to be prepared for it, so I will tell his father; and if he will not send him to a school (that at Shrewsbury is in the best repute) he should provide a tutor for him at home. I am not sure that the best way would

not be to put him under such drilling for six months, and then send him to Westminster. I educate my own boy, not because I disapprove of public education, but because if it were convenient for me to send him to Westminster, I would not do so till he were fourteen or fifteen, and he is now in his eleventh year. He is learning modern languages by book, and will have such a knowledge of them, as to render the acquirement by ear and tongue easy whenever opportunity and need for it may occur. He is quick enough, forward enough, idle enough, and happy; reads as extensively as he likes, is fond of reading, and lives in a house where he never hears any discourse that savours of the blue-stocking, all such being an abomination to my ears. Some ill there is in every course of education: more happily, there is some compensation also, almost as generally.

I enclose a strange letter about schools from some poor miserable man whom I would willingly write to, if I knew how to find him out. He alludes in it to a former one, of the same tenor, which has slipt out of sight. Let me have it again; it describes an extreme case, yet I am quite sure that as much of the spirit of tyranny and cruelty is exercised at schools as in a West Indian plantation. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Thank you for the sample of Russian knavery which I return herewith.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Dec. 1. 1829.

My dear R.,

What Captain Basil Hall says of the state of religion at Boston was to me a very interesting part

of his book; for I happen to be personally acquainted with several of the preachers, and among them, with Dr. Channing, of whom he more particularly speaks, though without naming him. When Channing was here, I learnt from his own lips, that though he then called himself an Unitarian, it was only as Clarke and Whiston might have been called, for that he was, in fact, an Arian. This year I have heard from another American clergyman that he is now an Unitarian of the lowest grade, that is as near Theophilanthropic as may be, and that in proportion as he has liberalised his own creed, he has contracted his charity for those who are travelling in the same direction.

America is a good country for religious experiments; society being such that any experiment there is made *in vile corpus*; but anywhere Unitarianism, in the second generation, slides into unbelief, and Theophilanthropism ends in the loss of nothing but number one. I wrote an account of that experiment some years ago in the "Quarterly Review."

If you have time to read two honest octavos, I would recommend you to read Ellis's "Polynesian Researches." There is a most full and curious account of the South Sea Islands as they were, and of the change produced there by making Christianity the established religion. It is an excellent book, and the story of the change certainly one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole history of the world. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Dec. 17. 1829.

MY DEAR R,

I enclose Turner's letter for your perusal. Its tone is, in some parts, as if a little spice of latent acid had been brought out by the discussion. Much of your object, however, is gained, if he gets a regularly bred scholar to give his son that instruction which no self-educated man can give him.

The Polynesian conversions reflect no light on the first ages of Christianity in any other part of the world. Some years ago I wrote in the "Quarterly Review" (No. LXIII.) upon the circumstances which facilitated or difficultated (if I may make such a word for the nonce) the introduction of Christianity in different ages and parts of the world. The circumstances here are altogether new; the missionaries, at their outset, the most ignorant and apparently unfit men for the work in which they had engaged; and the people to whom they went in the worst state for receiving such instruction, had it even been proposed to them with more prudence, and in a more attractive form. But human nature was the subject on which they had to work, and truths and doctrines suited to that nature were what they had to work with. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Your report from Brighton is a bad one, yet I do not see how a co-operative society can fail to work well when it is once put in action, and does not aim at too much.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, December, 1829.

MY DEAR R.,

Colonel Pasley is still working at provision contracts, and has written to me for the prices in this part of the country; perhaps this is the worst place in the country to be taken as showing the average.

You will have a curious scene with O'Connell and his train of representatives for a tail. The mischief which he means is not intended to show itself in a riot there; and yet I suppose the possibility of an Irish mob, which the spirit of whiskey or of gin may move upon such an occasion, will be borne in mind.

I am not sorry to perceive that the trade of burglary, like every other description of villany, is brought to great perfection, and succeeds accordingly. When the evil becomes sufficiently great, we shall have an efficient police, and this will lead, at last, to something like a restoration of civil discipline, in which our Saxon ancestors exceeded us. Whenever a statesman does arise among us, he will have a great advantage from the level mediocrity of all around him. He will feel himself like Saul, a head and shoulders taller than the common standard, and everybody will look up to him at least, even if they do not bow down and obey. The more boldly the confidence of the people is demanded, the more freely is it always given. Quacks, and demagogues, and revolutionists know this. Wise men will one day find it out, but good ones will no more act upon it hereafter than they have done in former times, because they would not be good if there were alloy enough of vanity, ambition, or idleness, or worldliness, in their nature, to draw them out of their own better sphere.

Our kindest remembrance to your fireside, and best

wishes for many and happy returns of a merry Christmas, and a hopeful new year. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, January 10. 1830.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

The paper on the "Co-operative Societies" is written by Dr. Gooch, from whom I first heard of them, and with whom I have few and trifling differences of opinion (if any) upon any subject. There is a great field for the enemy in these societies; great likelihood of error, great power of mischief; but in the main they seem to me right in the principle upon which they start, and the end which the sober ones among them propose. And it being impossible that things can remain as they are, I am for taking advantage of every possibility that occurs for mending them. It has been long much on my mind, as a Quaker would say, to advise a series of newspaper-letters to men in that rank of life; showing them how much they may themselves do for improving their own condition, and endeavouring to impress upon them a sense of the value of good conduct, and an understanding of their social and religious duties. I could do this (if I do not deceive myself) plainly and forceably, in a manner which shall be sure to attract attention, and likely to win confidence; but when I shall find time for such an undertaking, Heaven knows! for summer distractions have left me a heavy winter's work.

You are right in supposing that I wrote the account of Captain Beaver: it suffered a good deal by mutilation. The account of that sweet "American Girl" is also mine; and in the next "Foreign Review" you may see a "Life of Ignatius Loyola," which I hope

one day to embody in my intended "History of the Monastic Orders."

Some good is doing about our hospitals. The matter has been zealously taken up by Mr. Hornby (the rector of Winwick), and a society formed, in consequence, at Liverpool. They mean to take a house, where nurses for hospitals or private families shall receive such instruction as may qualify them for their office, and where they may have an abode, in the intervals of their engagements. Persons of good character and religious principles will be only ever admitted; and the intent is to get as near the Beguines or the Sisters of Charity as our institutions and manners will admit.

I am very glad to hear that your small edition has sold so well. By-the-by I have no copy of that large edition in which the third volume was incorporated, and you may tell Longman to send me one in his next parcel. He has engaged me to write for his "Cabinet Cyclopædia" a volume of naval history, in biographical form, for which he offered 750*l.* — the rate at which he pays Mackintosh and Scott. Murray, for his "Family Library," proposed to me a volume upon the "York and Lancaster Wars," and offered 300*l.*, which, of course, I rejected with as little hesitation as I afterwards accepted the offer from the Row.

The next book which I shall have to send you will be the concluding volume of the "Peninsular War," which will soon be — not ready — but half printed. I am closely employed upon it, and shall rejoice to reach the end of so great an undertaking, though far from weary of my work. Indeed I never feel weary of anything which I have in hand, and this is a great blessing. What I am most desirous of now is, to get a fortnight's interval for the introduction to my poor John Jones's verses, which have been too long delayed. He is a good creature, and never breathes a thought of im-

patience; nor would he feel one, if he knew my way of life and the demands upon my time, and the necessity of keeping the ways and means right, wherein the greater part of it is, and must be, employed.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Feb. 18. 1830.

MY DEAR WYNN,

What is the name of Owen Glendower's castle, to the site of which you and I and Reginald Heber walked? If the name be manageable in verse I shall introduce it in the poem which I am now writing, and which will be published in the forthcoming account of him. I hope I may please myself with it, and begin to think I shall.

Since I wrote to you I have engaged with Longman's cabinet-maker (or, if you like a grander name, Dionysius of Stinkomalee,) to write the lives of Sir Ph. Sidney, Spenser, Sir W. Davenant, Richardson, Fielding, and Chatterton, with the proviso that if I live to execute a long-cherished intention of continuing Warton's work as a history not of our poetry alone, but of our literature, they may at my discretion be incorporated in that work.

So little do I know of the "Q. R.," except of my own concerns in it, that I was not aware any stir had been raised by the article of which you speak. With regard to Lockhart, though very much prepossessed against him by everything that I had heard, and by what I *knew* of the way in which he became editor, my intercourse with him has disposed me to like him, and to suppose that, if opportunity were favourable, I could

become intimate with him, as far as inclination on my side could go. But I do not think he is a safe editor. I do not think there is *root* enough in his principles. A thorough-paced revolutionist need not ask for more ground to be given him for planting his engines than is conceded in the last number.

With regard to the Church of Ireland I am disposed to think that it is at this time better *manned* than our own Establishment. I mean that the average acquirements and habits of their clergy are at a higher standard. Whether the bishoprics would bear such a reduction as might raise the lower incomes to what they ought to be, I do not know; but with regard to their lands, those, I believe, are mainly held upon beneficial leases renewable yearly, to interfere with which would be to dislocate a great deal of inheritable property.

I dare say you know the Bishop of Limerick's speech upon the Tithes Commutation Bill,—a most excellent speech from a most excellent man.

But spoliation is what is aimed at and what will be called and clamoured for, and the fact has been established that we have a Government which will yield to menaces. If that spoliation begins in Ireland, it will extend to this country. I do not wish to see the present Ministry ousted, because I do not see what better men (were such to be found) could do in their places. After the fire of London had reached a certain degree of force the Thames could not extinguish it, but at its commencement Gulliver might have put it out. I give them entire credit for meaning well, they can have no possible motive for meaning otherwise; and I do not think the Duke cares much for place. I do not disapprove of the foreign policy: indeed, to my judgment, any must be better than Canning's. But what they can do against the combined marches of manufactures, and distress, and intellect, and profligacy, is not under my cap.

I had rather Mrs. Company should continue to govern India. Lost some day or other it must be, and it will not be quite so humiliating for Mrs. Company to lose it as for the British Government.

Was it you who sent the "Wild Elephant" out? I wish all men who obtain appointments, because they make themselves conspicuous in opposing the Government, turned out as troublesome. Any Government that neglects its friends and rewards its opponents deserves all the evil that can happen to it.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Feb. 25. 1830.

MY DEAR H.,

Poor Gooch's writings ought to be collected and, with a new title page to his last book, published as his works; and this is an office which, if not forestalled by any one allied to him, you might most properly and creditably perform. He wrote excellently well, and therefore effectively. The "Plague Paper" did its work: his letters have led the way to a reform in the hospitals; the Dissection Bill is likely to be carried through his means. And what he has written will not lose in value by time. No one can give a brief memoir of him better than you*; and looking upon his works as his monument, I will provide a monumental poem for them. I shall be grieved if this duty should pass into other hands. Tell Mrs. Gooch what I say. There should be his portrait, and a dedication to Knighton, for he deserves it. Murray will jump at the proposal.

* This sketch is given by Dr. H. H. Southey in the "Lives of British Physicians."

Order for me, when you can find out where to do it ; a second day's newspaper; they are advertised sometimes at threepence, and will content me just as well as if they came a day earlier. The "Morning Herald" I should like best, the "M. Chronicle" worst, but not caring much which it might be. But one I must have, not for pleasure (God knows), but because it is necessary for me to know what is going on. And a stale daily paper is better than a fresh one of thrice a week.

I walk two dutiful hours whenever it is possible. "Seneca" is my pocket companion. I can read it at a good pedestrian pace; and when I have read enough at a spell, instead of lying down to ruminate, I pass into the four-mile-an-hour step, and so chew the cud and open the pores at the same time.

You will, I hope, be pleased both with my "Introduction" to John Jones's "Verses," and with my "Life of Bunyan." God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, March 3. 1830.

MY DEAR G.,

I too had been looking to hear from you, and too busy to ask why you were so long silent, knowing, indeed, that you are as busy as myself, though in another way. The first thing I have to say is, to entreat that you will lose no time in seeing my brother, and letting him do what he can towards putting you to rights. If he would order you for six weeks to Keswick you might have horse exercise without any apprehension of being run over, and boat exercise to the saving of your feet, and yet to the advantage of your whole body. He orders me two hours' daily walk, and I obey whenever the weather does not impossibilitate

obedience, which it does on certain states of snow, or of snow-slosh.

Now for the guitar: if the highest priced be so much better as to make the difference in price worth paying, let Edith have it; otherwise the middle one, if the master thinks it good enough. To one whose ways and means are so much like a gamester's as mine, the more or less in such things is a matter of, perhaps too little consideration. But so it is. What comes easily (that which is agreeably earned seems always to come so) is as easily parted with. So, with a broad-stone of economy to rest upon, I never trouble myself about small savings.

My sister Louisa's death is a grievous loss to one so thoroughly domestic in his habits as my brother H. I do not think any man was ever more happily mated or lost more in a wife. I lose a great deal in her, having known her from her infancy, and loving her dearly, as I did her mother. This will take away much of the little inclination I used to have for visiting London; and Gooch also is gone, who was one of the men in the world of whom I thought most highly, and in whose company I took most pleasure.

The Rev. E. Smedley is old Smedley's son, and author of that very clever poem, "Religio Clerici." Whether he is deaf or not I cannot tell, for I never saw him, but I have had some letters from him, and he is entitled to all good offices from old Westminster's, and from men of letters. Among his father's papers he found a holiday task of mine — "Lysias's Funeral Oration," which I translated in the sixth, and for which Vincent gave me your copy of "Lucan." He had the civility to offer it me if I wished to possess it, which of course I declined, but with a full sense of the gentlemanly feeling evinced in the offer.

I wish you were as much in intercourse with the Colonial Office as with the Treasury, for then you

might know of all my goings on, and whatabouts and whereabouts from Henry Taylor. He being my general franker, both to and fro, I have frequent occasion to insert a hasty note in my consignments to him.

You know that I am engaged for a volume of "Naval Biography" to Dionysius, Tyrant and Pedagogue, of Stinkomalee, and Cabinet-maker to Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. I have engaged, also, upon an understanding that they shall be available for my own after purposes, to supply him with the lives of Sir P. Sydney, Spenser, Davenant, Richardson, Fielding, and Chatterton. This, you may suppose, made Murray-le-magne jealous, I having made these bargains in consequence of his offering me 300 guineas for a vol. for his Family Library. He writes through his son to offer me FIVE now per vol. for six such volumes of biography, taking from the "Q. R." such lives already there as are suitable, and previously inserting in it as many as can so be introduced. My answer was a calculation of his volumes with the Cabinet Maker's, showing that where the Longmans paid 750*l.* (their price per vol.), his upon the same rate must be 600*l.*; and to this amended scheme he "with the greatest pleasure accedes." So my means are plain before me for four years to come, if I live and keep my faculties so long.

I have got a purchaser for the "Young Dragon," and at a rate which will make up by its increase about half what I lose for "Roprecht." It will now be worth my while to write more tales in verse, and therefore more will be written.

Have you seen my life in Galignani's edition of my poems. It is most circumstantial, and in every single circumstance either utterly false, or more or less inaccurate. It may give me a good opportunity of introducing my own biographical series, by speaking of the credit which may, and may not, be due to such compositions.

It may stand the Cardinal Infanta and his sister in some stead for you to know that nothing affords so much relief in hooping-cough as garlic. Dr. Hope of Edinburgh told me he had saved the life of his infant nephew by applying it to the soles of his feet, and that his breath was affected by it very shortly. We gave a strong infusion in vinegar, with sugar, and certainly found it very serviceable.

My love to Miss Page. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. I had nearly forgotten Edith's charge, to request that the book of instructions with the guitar may not be forgotten. The Smoker is requested to accept assurances of high consideration from all the royal Cattery of Cats Eden.

On the day when your letter was written I talked of you, and of David Swift, and David Strong,—at breakfast,—just when I supposed Wynn might be going into school with a leek in his button-hole, and his mouth extended to the utmost latitude of good-humour.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 6. 1830.

My dear Rickman,

St. Vincent* was a Celtiberian Spaniard, "qui sub Daciano impiissimo præside, carceres, famem, equuleum, distorsiones membrorum, laminas candentes, cratem ferream ignitam, aliaque tormentorum genera

* Mr. Rickman had asked for the history of St. Vincent, on occasion of the bridge which Mr. Telford was about to erect over the Avon at Bristol.

The reader will find a full account of St. Vincent, with the references to Prudentius and Augustine, in Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," p. 171. under January 22.

perpessus, ad martyrii præmium evolavit in cœlum. Cujus passionis nobilem triumphum Prudentius luculenter versibus exequitur; et B. Augustinus, ac Sanctus Leo Papa summis landibus commendant."

So says the Roman martyrology. He suffered at Valencia, in Diocletian's persecution. His body was always attended by crows: in its first exposure they protected it from dogs and birds of prey, and accompanied it in all its removals after the Moorish conquest; first to the Cape called after him, then to Lisbon, where the body now is in the Cathedral, and the crows (who are there said to have navigated the ship thither from the Cape), and whom I (unworthy that I am!) *have seen* there.

Now for his insignia, which I give you on the very best authority, that of a book entitled, *Pictor Christianus Eruditus.** "Pingitur Levita fortissimus Diaconi habitu — manu tenet cratem, illam ferream quâ ustulatus fuit imperio sævissimi præsidio, juxtaque adstat corvus."

There are other St. Vincents, but none of them have any more connection with Bristol Hot Wells than this; and this being a saint of the first order, is unquestionably our man. I can find no account of when and why the rocks were called after him; but our intercourse with Portugal beginning with the conquest of Lisbon itself from the Moors, it is likely that in the earliest trade between Lisbon and Bristol, a chapel might be erected there, and offering made there in gratitude by those who have accomplished a voyage, and in supplication by those who were beginning it. This bridge, if I live till its completion, will take me to Bristol. God bless you. R. S.

* The passage will be found in Lib. v. c. iii. § 7. p. 221. Ed. Salamanca, 1730. It is by Ayala, and as written in my copy, in an antiquated hand, "*Liber rarissimus.*"

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, March 14. 1830.

MY DEAR HARRY,

You have indeed had a severe trial; I do not wonder that you felt how much better such griefs are to be borne, when we do not see their effect upon others, for they are doubled by participation.

My house too is like an hospital. Edith May looks like a ghost, Kate is recovering from a bad cold, Bertha just attacked by it, and suffering frequently from her stomach; so that I call Dora Wordsworth, who is come over to keep up E. May's spirits, my BEGUINE.

I knew Gooch long before 1811, though I cannot remember where I saw him first. Was it at Edinburgh in October, 1805, when I dined at Fearon's lodgings? I walked from Streatham once to call upon him at Croydon, that must have been in 1811; but certainly I was in habits of some intimacy with him before he came here. Shall I look out his letters and send them to you, which can be done through Henry Taylor?

I am sorry that young * * * * has been uncivilly treated at the Athenæum; it has quite as probably proceeded from a spirit of aristocracy as from any dislike to the father.

The great Johannes and I understood one another very well, thanks to Dionysius, the Tyrant of Stinkomalee. Instead of coming to the ground between two stools, I have got a comfortable cushion upon both. Hearing of my negotiations with the Tyrant, John makes the young John write in great alarm and entreat that I would not "go over to the enemy entirely;" and he then renewed a proposal for a series of lives, which fell through, many years ago, because he and Longman could not be persuaded to agree in it. He then offered me 3000 guineas for six octavos, with the bonus that I

might insert as many of the lives as opportunity could be found for introducing in the "Q. R." The same sum he now offered with the same proviso, and the farther advantage that the volumes were to be for the "Family Library," which would reduce them about a fifth in their contents. My answer was, that when he offered me 300 guineas for a volume upon the York and Lancaster age, an end seemed put to any expectations I might have had of doing anything for his "Family Library." Letting that pass, I was willing to entertain his present proposal, but with this amendment, that the price must be at the same rate which Longman pays me, which, upon my calculation, would be 600*l.* per volume, instead of 525*l.* John kissed the rod, as he always does; thanked me for my kindness, and so I am engaged to him for work to the amount of 3600*l.*, and to Longman for about 1350*l.*; to which 750*l.* will be added, if I accede to the Tyrant's proposal (now before me) of including Foreign Admirals, and so making two volumes instead of one.

The result will be that I shall do no more for the "Review" than just to keep my hand upon it, after I have written two papers more, which had been promised. Thus I shall bring out, between the two houses, about three volumes in two years, which I can easily do by eight months' work, and thus have about 900*l.* a-year in-coming, and four months for my own undertakings. My ways and means, therefore, seem at present to be better provided for than they ever were before.

I have repeatedly pressed Bedford to come here, and will press him again. A hint from you to his brother might be the likeliest way of moving him. If you can come here yourself in the summer, nothing would do you so much good; and the very sight of you, and their faith when you felt their pulses, would go far towards

giving these poor girls a spell of better health, than is their lot at present. I walk very dutifully, and am in good condition myself, thank God.

Do not lose time in speaking to Murray about Gooch's papers. God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, April 29. 1830.

My dear Friend,

I am truly concerned for the news which your letter communicates. When a good man who was capable of enjoying what is enjoyable in this world, and of well sustaining his part in it, is removed to a better, reason as we may and ought concerning the gain which it is to him, we cannot but feel our own loss. But far better is death than life protracted in infirmity and suffering, and I believe your brother's disorder was of a kind which generally becomes a chronic grievance, or is likely often to recur. Complaints in those vessels seem as incident to men in the decline of life, as the cancerous diseases to the other sex.

But there is mercy in every dispensation — the sudden death, or the slow one — the former surprises us and spares all previous suffering, the latter makes our dissolution welcome.

Since I wrote to you I have agreed to take on these premises, from the expiration of my lease in November, for five years, with the power of then removing or continuing for five years more, at my own choice. Thus am I, in all probability, fixed here for the remainder of my life, and my literary engagements are now likely to last as long. They will also, when the "Peninsular War" is finished, remunerate me from thenceforth in a manner which, while my faculties last, will render my means

somewhat ampler and much more certain than ever they were before. In this way my reputation becomes productive, though not in the way that it ought; it brings me good profit, but not for those works on which I am most desirous of being employed, and for which I am peculiarly qualified.

We are in much dirt and confusion, making the alterations and repairs stipulated for by my new agreement. God bless you, my dear friend. Let me hear from you, when you have leisure, of your own concerns and your own health.

Yours most affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Whit-Sunday, 1830.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Thank you for the trouble you have taken, and thank Phillimore also. I am glad to find that the opinion which I had formed is thus confirmed, for it seemed to me impossible that if such an intention had been entertained there should have been no allusion to it in the papers which passed through my hands, more unreserved communications having, I verily believe, never been made to any person so employed.

The book of easy access which contains most information about the modern Jews, is "Buxtorf's Synagogue." Many years ago the "Universal History," among other references by which I have profited, directed me to the "Bibliotheca Rabbinica of Bertolacci," and I was lucky enough to get a copy at Milan, which did not altogether cost me half its catalogue price in England. The corruptions of Judaism have, as you say, found a most curious parallel with those of

Popery; and in both tradition has been set up above the written word. I have read a great deal upon the subject, and meant long ago to have written a paper concerning it in the "Q. R.," but there was some notion of D'Israeli's doing it, who had not then quarrelled with Murray, so I gave way very willingly to one who must have been much better acquainted with some parts of the subject than it could be possible for me to make myself.

I, too, would gladly have been in the House during those debates, if I could have spoken as I can express myself with my pen, that I might have replied to Mackintosh and M——.

I could neither blame them, with Inglis, for their conduct toward Bonaparte, nor defend them for it with you. The fact is that they are *Jews* everywhere, and as long as they are Jews, continue to be, however corrupted; a *peculiar* people, all whose observances are intended to keep them so. Both in Russia and Poland I believe they are a verminous population, preying upon others. The Polish novel which Murray has lately published is plainly a caricature, but you may form some estimate from it of what the original features must be.

Rich Jews, here and in Holland, are pretty generally of Mendelssohn's religion, or of Voltaire's, the difference between them is only in morals not in dogmas. D'Israeli, I know, has slipt out of the synagogue, but thinking it necessary that his children should belong to some community, he got Sharon Turner to take them some years ago to St. Andrew's, in Holborn, and there the present Bishop of Barbadoes christened them. I believe more Portuguese Jews have slipt into the Christian Church in this manner in England than ever were brought into it (I mean really made R. Catholics) in Spain and Portugal.

There is a little book called "Sophia de Lissau" which

is worth reading, because it is in the main (I have been assured) true.

The Society for converting the Jews has *wasted* more money than any other society in this country, which is saying a great deal. Norris published a most complete exposure of it. They knew nothing of what they were about, seeming to think that if they only raised money enough, the work would certainly be accomplished. I fell in, at Amsterdam, with one of their missionaries, an English clergyman and a great curiosity in all respects. It was Thelwall's eldest son, Algernon, who, at twelve years of age, was, I think, the finest boy I ever beheld. A paralytic stroke (probably caused by the cramming system) withered him a few years after, though it neither killed, nor left him a cripple. He graduated at Cambridge, and, having been carefully bred up in atheism, became a fanatic, by much such a process of reaction as has made M—— take precisely the counter-tack. The Jew Society then engaged him, and never did I see fanaticism so strongly impressed upon any human countenance as his, when I found him at Amsterdam in 1825. Yet he was even then convalescent,—had discovered how ignorant the Society were of everything which they ought to have known, and how unqualified he had been for his task when he entered upon it. And he was then more engaged in the controversy then raging between the Calvinists and the semi-Christian and whole Infidel, than in his own mission. I saw him again there in 1826; he was then much farther advanced toward a sane state of mind. Since then I have seen by the papers that he returned to England and married, and he is very likely to become a zealous and useful parish priest. His acquirements are no common ones, and, were I a bishop, I should mark him as a man whose knowledge and talent and disposition might render him eminently serviceable.

We are very much amused with * * * * text, and your brother's remark upon it. I have long desired to know why the Reformation was more complete in those countries than in any other part of Europe. That is, how it has come to pass that Popery was more completely rooted out there, and that no weeds and brambles sprung up in its place. I have set him upon the inquiry, and was glad to find that the Divinity Professor at Oxford had given him the same advice.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Looking over one of my note books for something else since the "Life of Bunyan" was published, I found a forgotten reference made long ago to Lucian's "Hermotinius," where there is the complete sketch of a Pilgrim's progress to a philosophical New Jerusalem. The conception is precisely the same, and the coincidence only shows how obvious the allegory is.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

May 1. 1830.

My dear Rickman,

Thank you for the Sierra Leone report. It is as favourable with regard to negro civilisation, in progress and possibility, as it is confirmatory of the fatal effects of that climate upon European constitutions. At any other cost than that of life, I should think the settlement worth retaining till the black settlers were sufficiently advanced to be employed in all offices.

I am well satisfied with the course which Government pursues concerning slavery in our own colonies. The Colonial Office acts, I think, with great discretion and moderation, and the Government wishes to abate existing evils; but I question whether both would not,

for the sake of that ease — which is as dear to all Ministers as it is to all other men — let the planters have everything their own way, if a stir were not now and then made by the abolitionists; in which opinion I have always been ready to forward a petition.

As for the Fitz-Romilly law-menders, makers, or marrers, I think of these as you do. Frankland's arguments were to me perfectly convincing.

Have you seen Sadler's book? It ought to make Malthus do justice upon himself with a rope. You always said that Malthus was wrong throughout his detail, and I knew him to be so in his foundation of his system. Sadler has now shown to demonstration that his facts are as false and his deductions consequently as fallacious, as the practical results to which he would lead us are abominable.

I have lately got the most remarkable book that has yet appeared concerning the French revolution. An account of what the author calls the conspiracy for equality, for which Babeuf was executed. The author, Buonarroti (of M. Angelo's family), was deeply engaged in it. It attracted my attention strongly at the time; and as soon as I can, I shall make it the subject of a paper in the "Quarterly Review." This old man justifies the whole scheme, and glories in it. They would have gone all lengths in blood, in order to go all lengths in levelling.

If Mr. Telford comes to lay out a better line of road in these northern parts to Carlisle, I would go some way for the sake of seeing him, and passing a few days in his company. There must be a new line when the mail travels by steam, and that I hope it will soon do.

Are they beginning in earnest to try what can be done in Ireland by coercion? It is somewhat late. The reign of Mutability is begun, and the progress is more likely to be accelerated than impeded after the

accession of William IV. Keswick is in great perturbation at the likelihood of that accession, most of the property here paying a year's rent upon the king's death. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, May 8. 1830.

My dear R.,

I am by no means unwilling to take the field, and could perhaps, without much inconvenience, come to you in June, when I shall have the fair plea — and too probably the real one — of seeking to escape the hay-asthma; or, to cut it short, by change of air and travelling.

With more convenience I could come to you at Portsmouth about the end of October, when I shall have a pretext for visiting London. It is true that I should not have the opportunities of London political society which would be open to me while Parliament is sitting; but I do not regard this much, because the persons from whom I might draw most are at all times ready to communicate with me by letters. And what indeed have I to learn more than you can put me in possession of, knowing what I already know, seeing what I see, and foreseeing the ruin towards which we are impelled!

It would make no difference as to time in bringing out the results, whether my journey were in June or October, because, in the latter case, I should prepare a good deal here. My intercourse with you would be less apparent at Portsmouth than Palace Yard, if that were of much import. But I am not sure whether I might not produce more effect by writing anonymously than by publishing with my name, which is always sure of drawing on hostility, but not always of obtaining

readers. For this, however, I care not, and would do the one or the other, as you might think best, and will speak any truths that ought to be spoken, and lay on lustily with a strong arm and a hearty good will.

I have long been wishing to do something towards opposing the stream of public opinion, and more than once have inclined towards attempting it in a series of letters in some newspaper, as the surest way of being read, and the likeliest of producing effect. I could have access, no doubt, either to the "Standard" or "Morning Journal," easily enough; perhaps I might find means for having it in the "Courier" or "Morning Post," if either of these were the preferable vehicle. Perhaps if such letters were so written as to make an impression, and afterwards collected with such alterations as might be required, this would be the most effective way.

Give this a thought; and if you think otherwise, I will come up either in June or October, as you think best. October would be best for me in all respects, except as concerns the hay-asthma.

Your expression of developing the *naked truth*, reminds me that an ancestor of mine, Bishop Croft, published a book with that title, calling himself the "Humble Moderator." It made some stir at the time, and there would be some fitness in my giving the book the same name. God bless you.

R. S.*

* Mr. Rickman writes under the date 23rd May, "My notion of title is,

MONARCHY, OR DEMOCRACY.
And the motto,
NE QUID DETRIMENTI RESPUBLICA CAPIAT."

To Charles Lamb, Esq.

Keswick, May 20. 1830.

My dear Lamb,

You used your discretion as well as the most wary person could desire.

I shall shake hands with Hone in the course of the present year, if no unforeseen ill should interfere with my present projects. Tell him that I received by the last carrier his little packet, and thank him for the books, both which are *very* acceptable. Tell him too (what will be interesting to you also) that the whole plan of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is sketched in one of Lucian's "Dialogues." Looking the other day for something else in one of my note books, I found a reference to it, made many years ago. It is in his "Hermotinius," vol. ii. of the old translation (1710) pp. 551—3. When "Bunyan's Life" is reprinted I shall introduce the passage. If the old tinker had been a scholar, no one could doubt that he had built upon this foundation.

I wish Major would publish a "Holy War," as a companion to the "P. Progress." It seems by the first edition that neither author nor publisher expected for it such a popular sale as its predecessor had found, successive editions of the "Progress" being all at the same shilling price (like R. B.'s books); but the "H. War," well printed on good paper, and priced, I should guess, half-a-crown.

I am writing a "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" for Longman's Cabinet Maker, the Tyrant of Stinkomalee. Having obtained, for the first time, his version of the Psalms (first printed seven years ago), I am very much pleased to find that he has made more experiments in metre, as to the structure of stanzas, than any other of our poets, Herbert, perhaps, excepted. His ear too, which one would not suppose from his hexameters, &c.,

appears to have been very good, much better than George Herbert's.

Our kindest love to your sister. God bless you.

R. S.

DEAR HONE,

I thought you would be pleased to see this letter. Pray, if you have time, call on Novello, No. 66. Great Queen Street. I am anxious to learn whether he received his album, which I sent on Friday by our nine o'clock morning stage. If not, beg him to inquire at the Bell, and at the Old Bell, Holborn.

CHARLES LAMB.

Southey will see in the "Times" all we proposed omitting is omitted.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, May 31. 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very glad to hear that you have commenced business, and that it is with the patronage of so judicious and efficient a friend as Mr. Rogers. You know I am under many engagements at this time, but the *very first thing* which I have at my own disposal shall certainly be offered to you; for I have often troubled you freely, and shall gladly take every opportunity of showing that you have not obliged an unthankful person. I will mention you to my brother, and wherever else my goodwill and word can be of any possible use. Reprints I will write about, or talk about, one day with you. To succeed they must either be very popular works, or of a religious character. A beautiful edition of Herbert's "Temple," with his "Priest to the Temple," (and Izaak Walton's life of him prefixed, and Barnabas Oley's preface to the prose work,) would need an editor,

and be likely to sell both among the "religious public," and the lovers of our best literature.*

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, June 2. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am more grieved by your letter than surprised at it, after the account which your former one contained. There can be no greater loss than thus to lose what is verily a part of ourself. But such a loss may take place under more grievous circumstances, as in the case of my poor dear friend Bilderdijk, who, in his seventy-fourth year, has been bereaved of a wife twenty years younger than himself, almost his only companion, almost the only earthly prop and stay of his old age.

I need not, however, hold out such considerations to you, who will seek and find the only sure and never failing consolation. May God support and comfort you in this and in all other afflictions, of which this world is full! Yet a little while and we shall enter upon a better state. He only knows how soon! Meantime that certainty is above all price.

Believe me, my dear old friend, yours always with the truest and most affectionate regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* A beautiful edition was printed in two vols. 8vo. by Pickering in 1846.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, June 8. 1830.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES.

Your Dean, the Bishop, is one of a committee of thirteen, who are to nominate 100 new members for the Athenæum Club. I have been asked by one for whom I have no little liking and respect, to use my influence in getting him upon that list; and if you should be in town, you will perhaps do me the kindness of mentioning him to the Bishop. His name is Quillinan; he has been in the army; Irish by family, Portuguese by birth (*i. e.* an Irish-Englishman born in Portugal), Roman Catholic by religion, an elegant poet, and a very agreeable and thoroughly amiable man. He married a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and was for several years Wordsworth's nearest neighbour, till he lost her by the dreadful circumstance of her clothes catching fire. All who know him are very much attached to him.

I have no longer to reproach myself on the score of John Jones's verses. The delay has now been for several weeks with the printers.

The compliments with which I am sometimes favoured by the post are not always fit to be shown, but I have received a letter to-day, which I am not called upon by modesty to conceal, and I think an accurate copy of it may amuse you. It is directed "Rev. Robert Southey, D.D. London," and is post-marked "Leeds."

SIR,

I seen a letter in the "Congregatyal Magisene" from you. I should have a thought a d d in the nintheth Sentery would a bean a shamd of it. thear you say in page 240 for May last, that the Desenters are half Englishman for what? becouse they donte conform to your popish Church, for so I must call it. you say we onley own one

part of you Church, I confess I do not own aney of it. and yet we aer as lyal subjects to the King and country as you aer, and our prayers aer as harty and as furvent as ever you Church can be, and that George the fourth well knoos, and much more exceptable to God then you foramal ones aer, wich come from such cold harts as yous. We as Desenters have no call to be a shamd for desenting from your corup Church, as I am shore half of it is popury. I am happy I left it by my own chice, seeing the crupsion thear is in it, and you cold farmal clarigy as no nothing of the Gospil, altho profes to say so when ordained, one half of them poor drunkerds. So I would have you keep to its forms and let disenters alone, as we are all ways able to answer for ourselves against such kings tools as Southey.

You aer call a poet to is Magestey. I am a shamd of such poets. I wish the king was —

a desenter.

To Robert Southey, D.D.

Do you know that the dissenting ministers in the country "generally make it known every month from the pulpit that there is a magazine to be had of Mr. So-and-So, or to be had in the vestry." This I learn from the last "Evangelical Magazine," where the practice is praised and recommended to all their pastors.

Both Church and State seem at this time to be in a hopeful condition. The heir expectant chooses I hear to be called Harry the Ninth, which I suppose is meant to denote his intention of effecting a farther reformation. That some serious measures with regard to the Church property were intended by the Duke of Wellington, if he had not greatly to his astonishment found himself so miserably weak, I do not doubt; and if Lord Holland is to be the new king's minister, or his secret adviser, we know what the Church has to expect. It will not fare better if Parliamentary Reform be carried; and that question will either be carried by storm, or conceded by cowardice, in the course of the next Parlia-

ment, unless the influential Whigs see their danger in time. In this country I have reason to think that some of them are heartily frightened at the progress of their own doctrines.

Meantime I am pursuing my own affairs as the people did in the time of Noah: not that I am regardless of the signs of the times, nor blind to the consequences of that general dissolution with which our fabric of society is threatened. I have taken a new lease of my house; am making improvements in it, getting my books more and more in order, adding continually to them, going on with old projects, forming new ones, and working while I can. The rivalry of the booksellers in these Family Libraries has turned to good account for me.

Cuthbert is going on as well as I could wish him: we go on with his archiepiscopal studies, as if Canterbury and Lambeth were as safe as Skiddaw. His sisters and his mother are in tolerable health. I see the progress of time in all around me, and feel it in myself; but I am well, thank God, always employed, and always cheerful.

Remember us to Dr. Hughes, and believe me always,

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, June 19. 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

On Tuesday, the 8th, I addressed a note to you, which I sent under cover of a frank to London. Thinking now that it has miscarried on its way to you I repeat its substance. It was to say that a novel called "Ivan Vejeeghan," and translated from the Russian, had been sent for my opinion concerning it by the translator (who

is no otherwise known to me), Mr. George Ross, of Aberdeen.

That being very much pleased and amused with the book (which has a great reputation in its own country, and has been translated into French), I proposed to him that it should be offered to you, giving him the same advice for preferring a young publisher to an old one, in the same words which Sir Walter Scott gave it to me some five or six and twenty years ago; to wit, that "He that would thrive, must rise at five; he that has thriven, may lie till seven;" and that in consequence of his taking this advice and desiring me to apply to you, I asked whether you would look at the novel, and consider the proposal of publishing it. I also wished that Mr. Rogers, as your friend, might be prevailed on to look at a few chapters, that you might have his opinion, which I did not doubt would bring after it his good word: and should you entertain the offer thus far, I proposed then to send you the MSS., and leave everything else to be settled between yourself and the translator. The translation is in four volumes; but I think would not fill more than three, according to the usual manner of printing such books. We pack closer in English, I suppose, than they do in Russian. It is a very clever book, exhibiting in a varied and interesting narration a very lively picture of Russian society.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter Copenhagen.

Keswick, July 28. 1830.

MY DEAR WARTER,

Thank you for the "Folkesagn,"—this part completes my set. It is a curious collection, and I wish

such a one had been made in England some fifty years ago, when so many of our own traditions which have now perished might have been preserved. The superstition concerning the Church-Lamb is a very remarkable one: it looks very much as if there had been a mingling of heathenish rites with Christianity, and a literal sacrifice of a lamb at the foundation of a church.*

I am glad Burton did not load you with more English books, because it is in a certain degree losing time to read them in a foreign country, where you have access to works which are not accessible at home. There is a recent "Life of Wicliffe" upon a larger scale than Lewis's (Vaughan the author's name), and so far better, but not in any other respect. Chaucer and Pier's Ploughman are the best introductions to "Wicliffe;" and the fullest and best account of ecclesiastical affairs during that and the subsequent age are in L'Enfant's "History of the Three Councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle."

A note in Nicholl's "Calvinism and Arminianism compared," or in his translation of "Arminius" (I forget which), intimates that much may be found concerning the establishment of the Reformation in Denmark and Sweden in the "Life of Hermingius." The brief accounts of him in Fuller's "Abel Redivivus," and in "Boyle," do not refer to any other life of him than that by Freher. Freher's work I never saw, and do not know upon what scale his lives are written.†

But your leisure will be best employed in inquiring into the present state of religion in Denmark, what hold it has upon the nation, and what sects exist there,

* See Part I. p. 136. *Kirkelammet.*

† The work referred to is Paul Freher's "Theatrum Virorum eruditione singulari clarorum," 1688. 2 vols. folio. I made large preparations for a History of the Reformation in these countries; but other avocations, on my return, compelled me to lay them by.

for I can no more suppose a nation to be without sects (where there is no R. Catholic way of preventing them by excision and the actual cautery) than a human being without liability to disease. Learn all that you can, by help of eyes and ears, about the country, and note down all you see and all you hear. Nothing is beneath one's notice in a foreign country.

Summer began on Sunday last (the 25th), the next day we were on Cawsey Pike, and the weather was in perfection for such an excursion. Yesterday the glass reached seventy-nine, it is now (one o'clock) at eighty. I am thankful that this weather did not come a week ago, when it might have made the scarlet fever a very formidable thing. Karl has now only his strength to recover, and thank God this he is doing as fast as we could expect.

Fynes Clinton drinks tea with us this evening, brought here by Mr. Craig, a Scottish Episcopalian Clergyman, whom I am much pleased with. I do not think there ever has prevailed in any country a more general opinion that some great political changes were at hand than may now be observed in England. I do not mean such changes as our fathers were used to, merely between *ins* and *outs*, but changes which affect the very fabric of society. One set of men, exulting with part success, are resolved to attack everything, in full expectation of bearing down all before them; another are disposed to make a merit of yielding what they have no courage to defend; a third will look on patiently and piously in the hope that Providence will educe good out of the evil which they foresee and have no hope of averting. Our prospects are worse than those of poor Denmark. That poor country wants something to invigorate industry, and then all might be well; but we are everywhere in a state of diseased activity, and it verily seems as if we were now to be punished by

being given over to our own devices. I verily believe that if the Duke had found himself as strong as he expected to be in Parliament, he would have meddled with the Church property this last session. It will be in imminent danger with the new Parliament. Then comes an equitable adjustment of the debt, and then let the landholders look to themselves.

Meantime some evils are working their own cure. Speechifying in Parliament must be cut short, because it has at last put an end to all public business, and so we have reached the *reductio ad absurdum* there. The abuse of petitioning will be remedied in the same way. And the Regency question (which *must* come on to provide against a more likely contingency than the *death* of the King) will form Parliament once more into something like decided parties.

Edward went yesterday to meet Lord Selkirk at Penrith—we expect him back on Friday. They are armed with hammers, because of which weapon and the dreadful manner in which he employed it, the said Edward is now called Thor. Look at Thrym's "Quida" in the first vol. of the "Edda" (p. 182.), and you will find a story of "Thor and his Hammer" which is well worth reading. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Sept. 15. 1830.

MY DEAR R.,

Adair has lent me some French newspapers for the last month. I have made some notes from them, clearly showing the root and branch intentions of that party whose instrument the new King is.

The Belgians always kick like Jeshurum when they have waxed fat. They were the most turbulent race in Europe from the first rise of their prosperity, till the Reformation opened a tremendous issue for all their morbid humours. After they settled under the Spanish yoke they were kept quiet, because the country was always the great arena for war. One age of tranquillity, and only one, they had under Maria Theresa, and during that age they grew so fat that they fell to kicking again under Joseph. I have just refreshed my knowledge upon that point by reading a very satisfactory account of those times by a Belgian.

Lockhart being, as you may suppose, not a little puzzled how to steer in these times, leans upon me for his foreign politics, and wants to take up that subject in his review, more especially with regard to the Netherlands. He says there are rife rumours of some strange approximation between Lord Grey, Brougham, and the Newcastles. This I hope to be impossible. Adair tells me the Duke has proposed to Lord Melbourne seats in the Cabinet for Palmerston, the two Grants, and anybody else *except* Huskisson. The overture was made as all the Duke's are — through a lady. A Wellesley-like way of proceeding, after the manner of the tempter in Eden.

It is curious enough that there is just as strong an objection to Huskisson on the Duke of Cumberland's part. This I know from one who would have the Tories coalesce with Huskisson, Grant, and Co., as the party least opposed to them in principle. But whoever takes Husky takes free-trade with all its unpopularity and all its absurd consequences. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Oct. 6. 1830.

My dear Wynn,

It is even longer than usual since there has been any communication between us; and in the meantime yours has been a house of mourning; mine, more than once, a house of sickness; and Europe is once more unsettled. I have often intended to write to you, and as often some interruption from visitors on the day, or some batch of letters on the morrow, has put the intention to flight.

I hope to be in town by the beginning of next month, and mean to attend some of the debates, for which you will let me (if it should be needful) ask your aid. My head-quarters will be with Rickman; where I shall be put in possession of that room which you and I remember when it was well furnished with books forty years ago. In those years we did not use to "consider the Exchequer!" in spite of poor Horace's pathetic exhortations. I wish I could as easily now put away all considerations relating to the State, both in that and its more vital departments.

To-day I have a letter from Holland. Mr. Halbertsma, the writer, is a Frieslander by birth, and by profession a Mannonite pastor, settled at Deventer. He will probably visit me next year, and as he comes upon some philological pursuits which will lead him to Oxford, I shall, with your leave, recommend him to your good offices, should you be in London during his short stay there. He is very learned in the northern languages; and Palgrave will be delighted with him. His account of the state of affairs in the old United Provinces is as bad as you would expect. He traces the evil to a combination between the priests and nobles, on the one part, seeking to regain the exclusive power

which they possessed under the Austrian government; and the liberals on the other, whose object is an incorporation with France. The ill-formed and ill-managed union between Belgium and Holland gave good opportunity to these parties for sowing disaffection, and Halbertsma wishes, as well he may! that those statesmen, to whom the settlement of Europe was confided after the overthrow of Buonaparte, had read certain parts of Machiavelli, who has marked in his chart the shallows upon which they ran. He lays great blame to the Government for items of its preceding measures, and to those who have so grossly mismanaged the military transactions. Among the consequences he mentions "the utmost debasement of the Royal authority, and that of the Chamber being forced by the mob to resolve upon a separation of Holland and Brabant. Figure to yourself" (I give you his English) "our situation! After bearing a burthen of excessive taxes, the Government cannot afford us the recompence of all taxes, viz. the safety of our persons and possessions against the insults of the mob. And moreover must we feel the public stocks, to which the existence of a thousand corporations and the possessions of the majority are trusted, on a sudden sinking from 132 to 80—that is 50 per cent. After all, the Allied Powers will settle our domestic dissensions by command, or by the sword, but always to accomplish the ruin of the seven provinces. Indeed our ruin, if intended to, could never be effectuated by a *meddle* more certain than this our union with Brabant." In his postscript he says, "the 2½ pr. stocks of the syndicate of amortization, redeemable Oct. 1. 1830, are not to be redeemed, Government confessing itself necessitated by the present troubles to break its promise. This has a fatal influence upon the confidence of the public."

Lockhart is disposed at this time to look to me for

his foreign politics, and I shall probably write for him a paper concerning Belgium. One thing which both he and Murray well know is that I shall never get their review into a scrape, which is more than they can be sure of with some other contributors. But what I can say must be rather historical than prospective. I can look back to causes and trace their operation. And I should know better how to speculate upon what might and ought to be done abroad, if we were less insecure at home. Alas! we are ourselves, not indeed, in a revolutionary, but in a transition state, which may very easily take the more malignant type, and is very likely to take it. For I have no confidence in any Minister or set of men; and could not wish worse to those whom I wished ill, than to wish them in office at this time. But without any ill wish to the Duke and Peel, I should be sorry to see them displaced. Not that I can either respect, or trust, or forgive them. They have broken the staff of their strength, and I suspect they have an evil eye upon the Church property. But those who might succeed them would be likely to drive faster down Revolution-hill.

My stay in town will be from four to six weeks, after which I must make a sweep westward on my way home. My spirits always sink at the prospect of a journey,—and indeed are never at their wonted pitch when I am out of my own place and my proper employments. But I shall not be the worse for a good shaking of the solids, and for being thrown abroad in society. Warter speaks in the warmest terms of the kindness shown him in your brother's family during his illness.

Among the persons of whom I expect to see something in town is Morrison, who comes in with Wellesley Pole for one of the Cornish boroughs, and who is a very remarkable man. He it is who has introduced that system of trade which will throw all retail trades into

the hands of great capitalists. He has made thus a great fortune for himself, and for that reason, and for his talents (which, though not showy, are of no ordinary standard), and for his readiness to part with his money for any purpose that he thinks may promote the general good, he is much courted by the Ultra-Whigs and Radicals. But I know that he has political misgivings; and his mind is ill at ease upon more momentous subjects, and he wishes to become more acquainted with me. I have more expectation of hearing something from him in his own department than of giving his mind a happier direction than it has taken; though there is hope for one who feels a growing uneasiness in his unbelief.

A summons has been sent to my brother's house for me to appear and explain upon what right I have been receiving *27l.* a year in addition to my salary as P. L. This is the commutation for the wine. My brother appeared for me, and whether I am to be deprived of this remains to be seen; very glad should I be to take the wine in kind.

Have you read Bp. Sandford's "Remains?" If you have not I think you will be much pleased with them. The best men are little known till after their departure, whereas the worst make themselves felt and talked of. There is some comfort in deducing from this that there is always more goodness in the world than there appears to be, and therefore that it is never quite so bad as it seems. God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Mrs. Southey.

Doncaster, Saturday evening, Oct. 30. 1830.

My dear Edith,

We had heavy rain all the way to Penrith, for which my portmanteau, having (as I afterwards disco-

vered) an outside place, was not the better. But there was nothing within which could take cold, and it is now dry enough. We found place in the York coach, called the "Express," but to which, because of the mountain of luggage it carried, we gave the name of "Pelion," Ossa having being piled upon it in the course of the journey. Indeed the coachman and guard rejected nothing which presented itself in the shape either of passengers or baggage, and the infinite compackability of travellers and trunks was never more perfectly exhibited than on the summit of our "Pelion." I called on Mr. Rumney, and am glad that I did so because it seemed very much to gratify him; the more so as by good-hap Mr. and Mrs. Pearson were there. We had a bad dinner at Greta Bridge, and reached York safely a little before eleven. The morning had been stormy, but the weather improved as we drew near Stainemoor, and the ground was dry enough then for us to walk up the longest hill. After a comfortable tea I got to bed and slept soundly till four o'clock, when the coaches began their movements.

There were no places for us in this morning's Pelion, and I did not rise at an unreasonable hour to run the poor chance of room in the mail. So after breakfast we walked about the city, went into the Minster to see Jonathan Martin's handiwork, and to two booksellers. While we were in one of the shops a countryman (for it was market-day) came in to ask for "Death and the Lady." The bookseller's people, as you may suppose, knew of no such work; and I have chided myself ever since for simply explaining to the man "that it was an old song which I was very well acquainted with," instead of singing him one or two verses, and asking him his name and address, that I might send a copy of it for his use whenever I could meet with it.

A small parcel of books, containing only eight volumes, will come by waggon from York. They are a folio of Bishop Hackett's "Sermons;" another folio by the Duchess of Newcastle; Costigan's "Sketches of Portugal," which I have long wanted; Dr. Burney's "Musical Travels," and two other books.

We posted the three stages to Doncaster, and arrived in time to walk as far as *the house* before tea. It has been completely rebuilt since the print was engraved, and is now connected with the Mansion House, as some sort of official establishment, having the name of R. Dennison on the door. You may imagine how my feelings were hurt by this change! A new church, called Christ Church, has been built here, and so beautiful that it is no disgrace to the town, where, as you may remember, the old church is one of the handsomest of its kind.

As we were on this walk, the people inside a shaving shop (Saturday evening) induced us to stop for a minute, and a portrait over the fire-place induced us farther to ask leave to walk in and look at it. It was an unfinished picture, and would probably have been a good one had it been completed. Upon inquiring whose it was the barber said "it had been in his possession many years before; he knew some friend had given it to him, because he saw his shop was the proper place for it, the gentleman looking by his dress as if he was just ready to be shaved, with an apron under his chin. One day, however, the portrait had attracted a passing stranger's notice, as it had done ours, and he recognised it (as I did upon hearing this) for a portrait of—GARRICK." * This odd story will do very well to relate in its proper place.

* This single paragraph is given in the Life and Correspondence, vol. vi. 121. For "The Picture" and "The Chimes," see THE DOCTOR, &c., pp. 71. 132. One vol. edit.

I shall now order some toasted cheese for my supper, and then to bed. This is an easy and not unpleasant way of travelling, when you have a companion. Love to all. Those very chimes, the sound of which *he* loved so well, are now going for nine o'clock, and you may imagine with what interest I hear them!* God bless you, my dear Edith.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

London, Palace Yard, Nov. 2. 1830.

MY DEAR THRYM,

I arrived here safe last night, between seven and eight o'clock, having travelled from Stamford (where we slept on Sunday night) with two good old Penrith ladies, now settled in London,—Mrs. Addison, mother of poor Mrs. John Monkhouse, and her sister. Here I found your note, which, though very neat to the eye, is written in a *sorrowfully* indistinct hand! No doubt this unintended resemblance has arisen from looking often and intently upon one handwriting; but Charlotte should not allow her own to be thus worsened!

I told your mother in my letter from Doncaster, that

* Speaking of the "*carillons*" of Ghent, in his "Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands, in 1815," Southey says: "I delight in chimes and quarter-boys; they are good-natured, cheerful, accommodating devices; proofs that neither poverty nor parsimony were prevailing when they were set up. When Christ-Church, Bristol, (in which I was christened,) was rebuilt, my father, who was churchwarden that year, used his utmost endeavours to preserve the quarter-boys, and offered to subscribe for their re-establishment. He had known them more than twenty years, and missed them, like old acquaintance. But the saving spirit prevailed, and they who have since been born in that parish have one recollection less to attach them to it." — MSS. p. 32.

the house had disappeared. It was in the High Street, adjoining the Mansion House. Upon returning to the spot by daylight, I ascertained that half its site had been rebuilt, and is employed as some sort of official appendage to the Mansion House, the name R. Dennison being upon the door; but the other half has not been rebuilt, a new road or street having just been opened there; and on the naked side wall of Mr. Dennison I observed more distinctly where the old Hall chimney had stood, and the outline of the old pointed roof, a notable circumstance, and you must keep this letter to serve me as a note of it. There is a new and very beautiful church (Christ Church), at the southern end of the town; an old gravel pit has been built up with vaults there; and on these as its foundation the church has been built. This is a vile custom; but the church looks well, even in sight of the old one. Some Mr. Jarratt gave 16,000*l.* or 17,000*l.* towards the building. We were at the *Old* Angel Inn, upon which name I shall have something to say; and there is a drawing there of a most fat and ugly pig; and the landlord's name is Belcher, which is an unclean name: and the Lion of Doncaster bears a flag in his mouth with the word Don upon it, which word I anticipate will hereafter be changed for another monosyllable beginning with the same letter. Here, with what I wrote to your mother about Garrick, are my memoranda concerning Doncaster. You have now only to imagine what my feelings must have been when having made up my mind to request permission to enter the house which I knew so well so many years ago, and going toward the door with the full intention of knocking there, I found that there was no door to knock at!

Breakfast is now ready, and I know not whether I shall have time to add anything when I return from my morning's round. Inglis was here yesterday to inquire

for me. My head is still whole, and seems likely to continue so.

The grammars are all together on a shelf above the dictionaries. There are three German ones; one being in French, and it matters not which you take. You would do some good also by reading the dialogues in the Danish grammars also, or whatever supplies the place of them there.

My love to all, not forgetting Erroll. I am glad to hear that Knurra-murra-purra is sensible of my absence, but I trust she will not pine for me. My best wishes to the whole Cattery: I shall not look upon their like during my absence.

God bless you, my dear Thrym.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray.

London, Dec. 6. 1830.

DEAR MADAM,

Both your obliging letters have found me here, and here also I have received both your novels. They are packed up in a chest which will be sent off to-morrow, and reach Keswick before I shall, for I have a wide circuit to make. You were kind enough to send me your "Protestant" some two years ago, and I was well enough pleased with it to know that I may expect *much pleasure* in perusing your Devonshire story. Here I have been too restless and too incessantly employed to have seen anything more of either tale than that the one relates to the story of Pedro and Iñez de Castro. You will perceive that my thoughts have travelled in the same direction as yours more than once, when I tell you that, many years ago, I planned a tragedy upon Pedro's revenge; and that in the first number of the "Foreign Review" I recommended to a

friend, very capable of such a work, to write one upon the history of Philip von Arteveld, who, I conclude, must be a prominent personage in your "White Hoods." I know only the title of that book, but I thank you for offering it: I shall have great pleasure in receiving it. When I reach home, which will be about four weeks hence, I will read "The Talba" and "Fitz of Fitzford," and write to you. Had time and the season permitted I would have thanked you in person; for I am now at this present bound "Westward Hoe!" But my absence from home has been unusually long, and I must not deviate from my appointed course, having a world of business before me, and longing to be once more at rest and at my own employments. Believe me, dear Madam, with much respect,

Your obliged and obedient servant,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edith May Southey.

London, Dec. 10. 1830.

MY DEAR EDITH,

Yesterday I saw a personage named Peterkin, whom Edith May will perhaps remember by that name. Harry took me to him about the medal. That *sans-culotte* Mercury* turns out somewhat better than we had

* A golden medal was voted to me
By a certain Royal Society:
'Twas not a thing at which to scoff,
For fifty guineas was the cost thereof:
On one side a head of the king you might see,
And on the other was Mercury!
But I was scant of worldly riches,
And moreover the Mercury had no breeches;
So thinking of honour and utility too,
And having modesty also in view,
I sold this medal, (why should I not?)
And with the money which for it I got,

expected; his worth cannot be exactly ascertained till the gold can be assayed, but it will not be worth less, they say, than 36*l.* I suppose a large and handsome coffee-pot will not exceed 20*l.* If the remainder will not purchase a cake basket, what will you have besides? A sugar basin? Let me have your directions by Wednesday morning, because that day is appointed for seeing Peterkin and the coffee-pots.

Both Rickman and I are in good spirits at the state of public affairs; we had both looked on to the evil and now look on to the remedy which it is bringing with it. My papers, as I read them in the proof sheets, seem as if they had been written for present use at this time. They will do me great credit now and hereafter.

Queen Phelps left his card here yesterday, and said he would call this morning; I am persecuted by all sorts of acquaintance. Now I must correct the last proofs, and, if I can find time, go on with my article.

My love to all, and with my love a charge to Cuthbert to attend to his lessons. I shall be most heartily glad to be at home again, and were it not for my Aunt Mary I would not go into the West.

God bless you, my dear Edith.

R. S.

I purchased this silver coffee-pot:
Which I trust my son will preserve with care,
To be handed down from heir to heir.
These verses are engraven here,
That the truth of the matter may appear,
And I hope the society will be so wise,
As in future to dress their Mercuries!

Southey used to declare in the fun of his heart, that, next to *common sense*, *nonsense* was the most valuable; and, under that impression, declared that the above doggrel should be inscribed on the coffee-pot. Luckily or *un*-luckily, as the reader may think, there was not room for it.

To Mrs. Southey.

London, Dec. 22. 1830.

We, the Bones of Robert Southey, P. L., inform you, our Governess, of our intended movements from this vile city, where, as usual, our flesh is to be left behind us. We go with Mr. Rickman to the neighbourhood of Chichester on Monday next, and to Portsmouth on the Wednesday following, in time to reach Miss Bowles either that evening or the next morning, by crossing to and from the Isle of Wight. We have written to Lightfoot, to our Aunt Mary, and to John May, announcing our intentions, and we shall write to-morrow to the place with the crooked name.

We are going, with our daughter Bertha, to dine with Allan Cunningham to-day, and with the Archbishop to-morrow.

We are in haste, and therefore can only add our love to all.

Written and signed by us,

The Bones.

P.S. Our daughter will be left in London. We have bespoken a frock coat to wear abroad when we shall again be clothed with flesh.

Be it however understood that we are as well as Bones can be; and move about briskly without rattling.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Buckland, Jan. 4. 1831.

My dear Rickman,

The best name, as being in Spanish keeping with *Montesinos*, and in strict etymological yet non-apparent relation with your own, would be *Manrique*, one well known in Spanish history, and more worthily still in

Spanish literature; the best poem of its kind, ancient or modern, in that language, being a moral string of Stanzas known by the name of "Coplas de D. Jorge Manrique."

I will begin earnestly as soon as I get home—perhaps sooner. A night or two in stage-coaching will shake some indigested notions into order,—and as a journey seems to be half over when packing and parting are done and you are fairly seated in the coach, so is the beginning of a book half the battle. I cannot work with your iron industry, indeed, nor with anything like your expedition, yet I will make good haste and no ill speed, and polish and inlay where it can be done with good effect, taking, however, care never to take away from the strength of a rough-hewn style. We shall make a new sort of Beaumont and Fletcher, to my great gratification, for I like to think of being held in intimate remembrance hereafter with those from an intimacy with whom I have derived most advantage and delight.

I have been making up a packet for Murray too heavy for your cover, so it goes to the Colonial Office. This and my other letters have cut deeply into the morning, so God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Crediton, Jan. 12. 1831.

My dear Rickman,

The letter which you forwarded from Lord Brougham and Vaux is to consult me upon the best means in which Government (as Government) can encourage literature. It has a good deal the air of offering me a sop, at which I shall neither bite, nor snarl and show my teeth, but answer him at leisure with sufficient care.

My lucubrations at sleepless times in bed, and in stage coaches, lead me to think that I may make an agreeable induction (Lord Buckhurst's good old word) by speaking of my visit to London, and what I saw there,—agreeing with Vigilantius that he should come to me as soon as I returned home,—giving an account of my roundabout journey back, to which localities and personalities may give some interest, but of which the main purport should be to note what indications of the times had fallen under my observation. The "Colloquies" then commence with our meeting at Keswick. This may be so managed as to agree very well with the garnish that I shall sum up with your substantials. I shall work as hard as you could wish me on my return, and so doing the first part may be got through in the course of February.

You will see that I have given the Laputans some hard hits in the "Q. R." and spoken some severe truths, in a way which, though not the way to make friends, is the sure one to obtain respect.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Feb. 26. 1831.

DEAR MADAM,

Here by my own fire-side, but not at leisure (for leisure is never again likely to be mine till I shall be incapable of enjoying it), I have had the pleasure of reading "Fitz-ford" and "The Talba." "De Foix" and the "White Hoods" are probably waiting at Longman's for an opportunity of transmission. When your last letter was written I was in Hampshire; I have since been so near you as Crediton, but it was in the middle of January, and I had a long line of engage-

ments as well as of road before me. You have been in the south of Europe, but not, I think, in Portugal. "Fitz-ford" has this advantage, therefore, over "The Talba," that in it you describe scenery with which you are well acquainted, and not only your sketches are taken upon the spot, but your colouring also. No one who has not lived in Portugal would discover that this was not the case with your Portuguese pictures, and I am not so unreasonable as to require from any author what is manifestly impossible. I have myself painted too much from books to censure you for doing the same, and in my own case have always felt how very different it is from painting from the life. Both stories are *abundantly interesting* as to *character, situations*, and *events*. You could not in either case avoid a tragical conclusion. Most writers, I think, prefer one, though most readers would rather see all parties made happy at last, that is, all who deserve it. Perhaps this may be because authors like to move tears, and readers do not like to be so moved, at least after a certain age. I will not go into Devonshire again without accepting your kind invitation. Mr. Lightfoot, the schoolmaster at Crediton, is one of my oldest friends. We were fellow-collegians, and whenever I go into the West of England his house, as long as he lives, will be one point of my journey. My next visit to him shall be at a better season of the year, and then I shall have much pleasure in introducing myself to you and Mr. Bray. If you would stoop from Fancy's realms to truth, I should like to see from you what English literature yet wants — a good specimen of local history; not the antiquities only, nor the natural history, nor both together (as in White's delightful book about Selbourne), nor the statistics, but *everything* about a parish that can be made interesting, — all of its history, traditions, and manners that can be saved from oblivion (for every

generation swoops away much); the changes that have been and that are in progress; everything in short that belongs to the pursuits either of historian, biographer, naturalist, philosopher, or poet, and not omitting some of those "short and simple annals" of domestic life which ought not to be forgotten. Such works in general have been undertaken by dull men, but there are few tasks upon which a lively, and feeling, and spiritual mind might be more agreeably or usefully employed. Present my compliments to Mr. Bray, whose discourse, as a fellow-labourer in the same cause, I shall have much pleasure in receiving, and believe me,

Dear Madam, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, March 3. 1831.

MY DEAR WYNN,

When you and I met last, the Lord Brougham and Vaux, to my great surprise, shook me by the hand. On my way home I received a letter from him consulting me whether literature would be benefited by some direct encouragement from Government; and if so, in what way that encouragement might best be bestowed. I neither bit at this, nor barked at it; and though there was some odour of humbug about the letter, I replied by telling him what I thought upon the subject, with a frankness which was not likely to be misunderstood. Strange things happen in strange times; and that he should write to me upon this subject is one of them.

You will not suppose that I was booby enough to expect anything could come of this, and this I let him know. Long will it be before the Government of this

country can be enough at its ease to think of such matters.

In the perplexities which surround us, the single wish I can form is that the present Administration may not be driven out, that they may stay in till they are engaged in war, and then that the sheep and the goats may be separated, and a union formed among all those who wish to preserve the kingdom and their own stakes in it. Do you know the proverb of having a wolf by the ears, whom you can neither hold with safety nor let go? This is their case with the question of Reform.

If you continue to represent the property of the nation and not its mere numbers, I should not care what alterations were made; for as soon as the machine was in use it would work in the same way. But base it upon numbers, make all elections popular, and nothing can avert a revolution in the fullest extent of the word. Such a want of moral courage has more than once within my memory been shown by men in high station, that I have no reliance upon them. I very much doubt whether any such sacrifices could be made for William IV. as were made for Charles II. and for James. But if proper attention were bestowed upon the Press, I believe that a very wholesome effect might be produced upon the public mind.

I have been very much pleased with Park's "Contre-Projet to the Humphreysian Code," and his two periodical letters to Sir R. Peel. Nothing can be better than the spirit in which he writes. In the first letter there is an admirable exposure of Jeremy Bentham.

The "Life of Oberlin" in the last "Review" is mine, and that upon Dymond's book (as well as the last paper) in the number preceding. I am now engaged upon Buonarrotti's "History of Babœuf's Conspiracy," which is a very well-timed subject. Then I shall take up the question of the effects of popular education, and the

means of averting the destruction which its mismanagement may otherwise bring on.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, March 14. 1831.

My dear Madam,

"De Foix" and the "White Hoods" arrived on Saturday, and the next morning (yesterday) I received your letter of the 10th. I am very glad that my suggestion has pleased you. What you do willingly, you are sure to do well; and with the singular advantage of such a helpmate as Mr. Bray, and his previous collections and knowledge of the recondite parts of the subject, you will find it equally agreeable and easy. The epistolary form is, at the same time, pleasing and convenient; it allows of as much miscellaneous matter as you like to introduce; and transitions are made in it, from one subject to another, with less difficulty and more grace than in any other mode of composition. Of course, I cannot but feel gratified at your proposal of addressing them to me; and I may as well take this opportunity of saying that letters of any weight will reach me, if they are sent *under cover* to Henry Taylor, Esq., and *under an outer cover* to "The Under Secretary of State, &c. &c. &c., Colonial Office, London." So you see I may receive the letters as Letters, and return them through the same channel, with any comments, should any occur, which may seem useful.

Your Mary Colling is an extraordinary person. I meant to have said something, in the introduction to John Jones's verses, upon the good effects which might arise from encouraging any intellectual habits and pursuits, and more especially the love of poetry, in

persons of humble life, when these things are not connected with ambition and the desire of advancing themselves in life, but pursued for their own sake. But in the desire of giving to the subscribers of that volume something which might prevent those who had little feeling, from grumbling at having subscribed for verses in which they saw nothing to their liking, I was led on so far that no room was left for this.

Murray, without consulting me, has advertised what is intended as a mere Introduction, and, indeed, appears as such, as if it were a deliberate work to which the poor man's verses are merely appended. On two accounts I am sorry for this; first (which is of little consequence), because at first it should seem to make me, who have only written an Introduction, responsible for a separate work, and liable to be censured for having done it incompletely, instead of being thanked for what was supererogatory, as well as gratuitous; and secondly (which vexes me), because poor Jones may possibly feel hurt himself at being thus put behind my chair, which, on this occasion, certainly is not his proper place. Murray gives him his subscribers' copies, for which I gave my labour; and if there be any eventual profit upon the book, Murray promises him a share of it. Without looking to the contingency, I hope he will get about 100*l.* by his copies: and this will be some help in declining life. If you find reason to think that something might be secured by printing a little volume of this poor girl's, I will very willingly subscribe, and endeavour to obtain a few names, though there are but few that I can look for. Let me know your address in London, that I may desire Murray to send you there a volume which ought to accompany the "Book of the Church." I will desire Longman, also, to send you the "Life of Wesley," if there be a copy of it left, and the "Tale of Paraguay,"—a poem which pleases those only

whom I am desirous of pleasing. You are very kind in pressing me to a pleasant visit; but the prospect is not a near one; and when it shall be realised, my tarriance cannot be long. No lawyer is busier at his desk than I am; moreover, I have a son to educate; and a wife and three daughters who like me to be absent as little as I like being absent from them. The very cats miss me when I am from home. With kind regards to Mr. Bray, believe me,

My dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, March 19. 1831.

DEAR SIR,

When I sent you the Preface to the "Select Poems," I had not examined the book further than to look at the biographical notices. I am now greatly surprised, and not less greatly vexed, both on my own account and yours, at discovering that among Chaucer's poems there are some inserted which most certainly I did not, and could not, have marked for publication, because of their indecency. For upon this point I was so scrupulous, that in one of the poems which I did mark (the "Man of Lawe's Tale"), I very well remember striking out the single stanza which might have been deemed exceptionable.

If I were to edit the works of Chaucer, I should not think it right to castrate them, because whoever buys Chaucer knows what he has to expect. But in making selections, it was my duty to be careful that nothing should be admitted which might deter a parent from putting the volume into the hands of his children. This I owed both to myself and to you.

How it has happened that the most offensive of Chaucer's poems should thus have been inserted, it is in vain for me to guess. But I know that I did not mark them for insertion; and I am sure also that it will be less loss for you to cancel them, than to let the volume be liable to the reproach which they will bring upon it.

All that I have to blame myself for, is for not having discovered this sooner; but I am very much occupied; and upon accidentally looking into the book, it has come upon me like a thunder-clap.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, April 23. 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

An American lady, who will have sailed for her own country before you receive this note, has left in my hands a poem for publication, at her own risk. It was put into Mr. Murray's hands, with high commendations by Mr. Washington Irving. Mr. Murray, however, declined venturing upon it, and an application of mine to Messrs. Longman was not more successful. The authoress, however, is bent upon publishing, cares nothing for profit, and will now hazard the loss. If profit should accrue, so much the better; if not, she will not be disappointed, so the poem obtains notice, which it is likely to do. Under these circumstances I presume you will like to publish it. In that case I wish it to be printed by Mr. Pople, in Chancery-lane, who should always have printed for me if I could always have chosen my printer. The size should be foolscap octavo. The poem, which is in four-lined

stanzas, would extend (reckoning six stanzas to the page) to nine sheets — the notes to about five sheets more.

If you like to be the publisher, have the goodness to communicate with Mr. Pople, and let me have an estimate of the expenses. In the course of a fortnight I may probably have an opportunity of sending up the MSS. by a private hand.* The proofs I must correct myself. This will be some trouble; but I would take more for the sake of gratifying the authoress in a matter which she has so much at heart. The poem is wild, passionate, and in a high degree original. It was mostly written in the Island of Cuba; and the authoress calls herself, in the title-page, Maria del Occidente. Of course I would not venture upon a larger edition than 500, though I think that it has a good chance of success. Remember me most kindly to Charles Lamb and his sister when you have an opportunity, and believe me, always,

Yours with sincere good will,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, April 26. 1831.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

I ought to have *made* time for answering your last very interesting communication sooner. But I was called from home to take, as Poet Laureate, the declaration which has been substituted for the test, and that brought on a visit, and then came more business, and some of those unexpected interruptions from which I am never at any season secure.

* This MS. is now in my hands.

Your Mary Colling is so remarkable a person herself, and in everything relating to her, that there can be no doubt of attracting sufficient notice to a volume of her verses. I will take care (but this must not be spoken of) that her story shall be told in the "Quarterly Review" as soon as the book is published, and, meantime, will get as many names as I can for the subscription-list. As a matter of mere curiosity, I will also endeavour to find out whether anything of her grandmother's early history can be discovered in the part of the country from whence she came. There is a channel through which I think I can make the inquiry with some possibility of success.

The malignity and injustice of the "Monthly Review" will cease to be unaccountable when you know that that journal was then (and probably is now) in the hands of the *Roman Catholics*. In all its changes it has been, from the beginning, hostile to the Church of England. The Dissenters began it; it went as near infidelity as the cause of its own interest would permit it at the beginning of the French Revolution, recommending, as I well remember, Godwin's book in the strongest terms. This, however, was going too far for the times, and too fast, so it got back to dissent, and, gradually sinking in credit and in sale, was laid hold of at last by the Roman Catholics, not as one of their avowed publications, but for the purpose of covertly insinuating their doctrines and promoting their cause by every insidious means.

Thus it is that dissent and infidelity have been preparing the way for that abominable Church in all ways. And now we have a Prime Minister who lets us know that he is ready to sacrifice the Protestant Church in Ireland if such a measure should be found expedient. We are in the hands of Providence, and we know that our cause is good; and, therefore, even with such a

ministry, and with such a king, I am at this crisis in good heart and hope. Believe me, dear Mrs. Bray,

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. I must not forget to request that you will thank Mary Colling for the lines which she has addressed to me. On the whole it is better that her portrait should not be published till she is known. Her advantage will be best consulted by giving the first notice of her in the "Quarterly Review" just as the book is ready.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, May 15. 1831.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am glad that this endemic madness has not thrown you out for your own county, which I feared it might have done, the spirit of Reform having already operated in most parts of the kingdom so far as to destroy all old territorial and family influence. B——, whom they have returned for this county, a nephew of old C——'s, is literally a cattle jobber, and to the acquaintance which he has made among the yeomanry in his dealings with them, he owes his election. It is very much doubted whether his estate would qualify him, and as a dealer he is said to be hardly solvent at this time, so that if he does not get something in the way of office by going into Parliament, his friends say he must be ruined by it. The strength of the Lowthers, however, is not to be estimated by their defeat, they did not begin till the opposite party had been a fortnight at work canvassing in all directions before the dissolution.

I saw Lord . . . . . yesterday looking care-worn, ill,

and twenty years older than when I met him at dinner in December last. He said, "We were going to wreck;" and when I replied in a more hopeful tone, he shook his head and said, "The evil was deeply rooted." This, indeed, is so manifest that I neither see or hear from any person who does not absolutely despond.

Some one asked Cobbett, "If he were satisfied with the Reform Bill?" His answer was, "Satisfied? More than satisfied. But if you ask me what I think of the Ministers, I can only say of them—Father forgive them! for they know not what they do!" This came to me on direct authority.

Graham alluded on the hustings to the Cambridge election, and said, "That if the Clergy persisted thus to oppose the spirit of the age, he was sorry to say of the Established Church that its days were numbered." Yet I think it has less to fear from its open enemies than from its false friends. I heard Shadwell say at Mrs. Lawrence's table, two years ago, "That he expected to see the Church of England only one of many tolerated sects;" and it was sufficiently apparent that he would not trouble himself to prevent what he expected to see. He has now brought that good old lady round to the direction of the times, and both his members for Ripon have turned with the stream. Lord Grantham, I hear, is thoroughly alarmed; . . . . . may possibly one day destroy himself in a paroxysm of miserable remorse.

When . . . . . was made Chancellor I thought of the first sentence in the "Prayer Book," and held it not improbable that he might find it his interest and inclination to support what he had so long been endeavouring to subvert. But I have no longer any such charitable hope. You know, I suppose, of that letter of his to old . . . . , which is in existence, asking a subscription for the London University. . . . . .

You will ask what I am about. More Colloquies, but with a flesh and blood, and moreover a veritable Collocutor, (no man of straw,) the main topic being those popular errors which affect the public weal, and these discussions relieved with lighter matter, discursive or descriptive. I am going on with the "Peninsular War." I am reprinting my "Political Papers," which, if I wanted to render myself unpopular, would be excellently well-timed; they will go forth with a dedication to Sir Robert Inglis. I have a paper in hand upon the S. Simonians for the "Q. R." You will probably have perceived that the account of Buonarrotti's book in the last number was mine, and the "Life of Oberlin" in the preceding one. My "Naval History," too, is in hand for Dionysius, Tyrant of Stinkomalee. But I am growing old, and feel it in the consciousness that I begin to want ardour as well as to want time.

It is likely that in the autumn I may convoy my daughter Edith to Cruck Meole*, in which case I shall find my way to Llangedwin, if you should then be there.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, May 25. 1831.

My dear Warter,

Thank you for "Oehlenschläger's Life," of which Edith and I take small doses every night after supper.

I have been reading the translation of Müller's "Dorians," and find in it the same faults as in Niebuhr's

* The old Saxon homestead of my forefathers, and the ultimate settlement of those who migrated southwards from the hamlet of Warter in Yorkshire, after the introduction of Norman blood into their veins.

"Roman History." The writers of that school consider history as fable, or fable as history, just as it may suit their present purpose, and thus they make dangerous use of their great learning. They have also the grievous fault of introducing into their text what ought to be thrown into notes, or appended in dissertations,—writing history with as little method or regard to proportion as if they were writing reviews. There is, however, much information in Müller, for which I am thankful.

Often have I pleased myself with thinking that my "History of Portugal" would, because of the variety and beauty of its materials, be a more attractive work than any of its kind that yet exists. It has now begun to be rather an object of melancholy concern to me than of hope, lest I should delay it too long, considering how many other things there are which must be done, and how late in the day it now is. I have, however, resolved, as far as any performance can depend upon myself, to begin printing it as soon as the "Peninsular War" shall be concluded, which war, God willing, I shall have done with before the winter.

It is more easy to fear than to foresee the course which political affairs may take in this country. No country has ever before had so large a proportion of its inhabitants in so dangerous a state; and this country has never before been under such rash ministers, nor (since Henry VI.) so weak a King. I still hope, and will hope, that Providence will save us from that destruction, which, as far as effects can be foreseen from causes, their measures must inevitably draw on unless prevented by God's mercy. At the best there must be some great change; and though I see many changes which might be made with great probability of good, if gradually and experimentally attempted, I see nothing on the part of those who are to conduct the measure

but extreme folly and incapacity in some, and in others a desire to revolutionise these kingdoms. We have often been in danger heretofore, but hitherto we have always had a Conservative Government, and a Conservative party, which comprised by far the greater body of the nation. But now all the knaves and fools who belonged to that party have forsaken it, and you may suppose how greatly it is diminished by their desertion.

I am accustomed to look at things hopefully, but this is the first time that (with regard to public affairs) I ever found my hopes rested solely upon God's mercy, and had no human foundation to rest on.

When my "Essays" reach you you will find in them some sad forebodings upon this subject, and others connected with it. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, June 6. 1831.

My dear Wynn,

My temper is constitutionally so cheerful that if not less alarmed than my friends at this time, I am less cast down than any of them seem to be. My best human hope rests upon a clear perception that the ultimate struggle must be between property and the levelling system; that this becomes more evident every day to those who look at the levelling journals and the signs of the times, and that, if this can be made generally known, those who have property will come to their senses, and then the country will be saved.

I have heard of one person whom my account of Babœuf's conspiracy has frightened into *conviction* on this point, "but such is Whig folly and ill principle, *not into moderation.*" The reign of Terror has so far begun among us that very many persons are acting at

this time with the Reformers against their own better mind,—confessing their fears in private, and at the same time increasing the danger by their public conduct. I *know* instances of this kind here in Cumberland.

Henry Coleridge's is, indeed, a very good pamphlet, and in this way he has done good service. The "Life of Swing" was his. You know there is a society for printing such things, but it is ill supported, and at this time greatly in arrears. Peel has subscribed to it so sparingly that I almost wonder any other person has subscribed to it at all, seeing how little he is disposed to do for a cause in which he is so mightily concerned. All that I hear of him lessens the little hope I entertained of his becoming the leader of a Conservative party. He makes himself disliked as well as distrusted. There would be a formidable minority if it had but a leader of weight of talent too, as well as of character, is on the right side. The *Condottieri*, as Vyvyan well called them, have forfeited character, and the others, in proportion as they are tried, are found wanting. Looking, however, at all things, I see that nothing but God's mercy can save us, and on that mercy I have so full and calm a reliance that I continue to sleep in peace.

I have not seen Walsh's book, nor heard of its contents till by your letter.

I am going about the end of this week to Cheltenham upon an unpleasant business, to see my poor old friend Dr. Bell for the last time, and determine whether in common prudence I can take upon my myself the charge of being one of his executors; my present persuasion is that it will be impossible. He leaves his works to be published by Wordsworth and myself, and 1000*l.* to each of us. But I have reason to apprehend that upon the upshot there is likely to be more law than legacy. He has irrevocably given 120,000*l.* to the University of

St. Andrew's, and all the remainder of his property (a few trifling legacies excepted, of which I believe ours constitute the largest part,) is ultimately to go there also, in a way to produce the least possible good.

I can ill afford time for this journey, which will take me from twelve days to a fortnight, as I cannot avoid one or two day-visits on the way back.

The incendiaries are beginning their operations again, and no doubt we shall have a renewal of the last winter's work. You are quite right in declining to make yourself prominent in any plan of reform: but I wish you would turn your mind to the question of emigration, and of home colonies upon waste land,—measures of great importance, and by which, at little cost of obloquy, much good report may be attained.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Cheltenham, June 18. 1831.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your letter followed me to this place whither I was summoned on a melancholy task by my poor old friend Dr. Bell, who has lost his speech, but is not otherwise affected in his faculties, and wishes me to become one of his executors and trustees, an office impossible for me to undertake. I arrived here on Wednesday, and depart on Monday morning, hoping to reach home on Saturday next.

Sidney Smith's is a true report. I thought I had told you of the Lord Brougham and Vaux's letter, holding out something like a bait to me at which I neither bit nor barked, but treated it both soberly and playfully in

a way which he would understand as well as I understood him.

God's mercy may save us yet; and I should say, without fear, *would* save us if we had one vigorous man to put himself at the head of the Conservative party. Like you I tremble for the standing corn; from fields it will spread to houses, and I cannot now look at my books without wishing that they were in Spain or Portugal again, and I with them, under the protection of Ferdinand or Miguel. As soon as burning became a *system*, the H. Corpus ought to have been suspended, and, for not suspending it, the Ministers ought to have been suspended themselves—from their offices at least. More than once they had persons in custody against whom there was no legal evidence, but there could be no possible doubt of their guilt. Some of those persons would have revealed all they knew rather than have remained in indefinite imprisonment. But I see reason for hope in the extent and character of the danger, when it shall be clearly seen that all property is threatened, they who have ten pounds to lose will take the side of order, not till great mischief has been done, perhaps not till it may be too late for you and me, but surely at last.

There is a way by which the power of the great newspapers, and the sort of monopoly which they now possess, may be broken up. I have full and complete information upon that subject; and intend to bring it forward in some new "Colloquies," the first sheets of which Murray can show you. They are veritably the conferences of two persons, and will contain so much important matter of fact as well as of opinion, that I much wish my whole time could be devoted to them. But all I can give to such compositions must be in holiday hours.

I expect here the proofs of a paper upon the S. Simonists, a sort of sequel to that upon Buonarotti's

book, and to be followed by one upon the levelling doctrine, treating it historically, then as it appears in political romance, and lastly in a practical and philosophical point of view. Oh! I have much to say, and would gladly preach to the people from the press, in a way which might reach some of them, if I were not so incessantly and inevitably engaged. This indeed comes in the way of business. But I want to write letters to the people, and will do it, if *they*, and the course of nature, let me live long enough. I think we shall see Peel minister. Be where he will he will always be distrusted.* As for the present Ministry, the *condottieri* can carry with them no strength to any party that they may join. I would rather have them all against us than with us, except Brougham. *He might do wonders if he would set his life upon the die for the right party instead of the wrong one.*

Wordsworth has invested all the money he could command in the American funds. I am staked down by my books and my employments; but if I were free I would take my family to Denmark or Sweden, as the likeliest places for safety. Yet there is the cholera in the Baltic, and not improbably on its way here, perhaps as a dispensation of mercy. It is well that I have no time for musing upon these subjects, but they come to me now in my sleep, and I awake at morning with a sense of insecurity. God be merciful to us!

R. S.

* I do not feel justified in expunging this sentence. In my ignorance, perhaps, I did not agree with Sir R. Peel, especially upon the Roman Catholic question, though I well recollect how honourably he spoke of me. (See Life and Correspondence, vi. 255.) But as a record for after times, Southey's opinions must be given. His own sense of great gratitude to Sir R. Peel is expressed elsewhere. *Ana*, like these, will hereafter be called up for the *substance* of History.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, June 28. 1831.

MY DEAR WYNN,

My information respecting newspapers is from a paper which was put into Goulburn's hands at the latter end of last year. All particulars respecting the expenses and profits of a newspaper are there given, and it is shown in what manner those profits have been enormously increased by enlarging the size of the paper and evading the half-stamp duty which used to be paid for a supplementary sheet.* Among the plans proposed for breaking up the most pernicious monopoly which the morning papers now possess, one is that the duty should be in proportion to the size of the paper. I have not time now to extract the details, nor can I spare the rough draft of the paper which was entrusted to me when the fair copy was given to Goulburn, but if you are acquainted with him I dare say he will show it you; and you will at once perceive that it has been drawn up by a person thoroughly acquainted with the subject. There is a great deal of curious information in it, and this notable anecdote, that when the present proprietor of the "M. Chronicle" purchased that paper, he endeavoured to purchase the "Courier" also, that he might carry on an opposition paper in the morning, and a ministerial one in the evening, and so make the same main expense bring in returns from both sides.

By lowering the stamp duty and making it half the price of the paper, be that what it may, the setting up new papers of more commodious size and price would be facilitated, and the diminution more than covered by disallowing the discount and charging a penny for post-

* This is all in anticipation of what has come to pass in 1855.

age. A very useful and efficient bill might be framed from the information in this paper.

Denmark, I think, is safer from the cholera than England. The nearness of the danger will render the Government vigilant, and should it reach a sea port it is not likely to spread far when there is so little interior communication. But what a condition would England be in should it be imported here, as I cannot but feel that it is likely to be! There is much more occasion for a Form of Prayer than there was in the winter; and if I were in London I would speak to the Archbishop upon the fitness of giving this proof, that the belief in an overruling Providence is not dismissed by the Government of the country, whatever may be the opinion of certain of its members.

Do you know that there exists a letter of * * * * * to old * * * * *, of F., soliciting from him a subscription for the London University, upon the ground that religion was excluded from the course of studies to be pursued there, and the consequent effect to be expected from such an University in injury of the established religion? * * * * * was an amateur infidel, and is believed to have assisted Carlile with money. The letter came into the hands of the executors. I know one person who has seen it, and have heard of another. * * * * *, no doubt, would say that he wished to get a subscription, and therefore addressed himself to an old miser's weak side. God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. The Anti-Slavery Society have sent me some papers wishing me to stir the question in this neighbourhood. I got a petition for them on one or two former occasions; but will lend them no assistance now, when Government stands less in need of the spur than of the curb.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, July 14. 1831.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Your third letter has reached me through the Colonial Office, and would be returned now, if that channel were open to me at this time. But Henry Taylor is absent from it, and I am afraid that there will be no means of returning it, till he comes here on his way back to London, in about a fortnight hence. I have no means of franking through any other public office, now that the Whigs (whom God confound!) are in power.

I am the last person from whom anything like captious or minute criticism is to be apprehended. The only part of your letter which seems unfitting is, where you speak of my kindness to Mary Colling, because, in plain truth, I have not shown her any that deserves such an acknowledgment. Some real service, I hope, it may be in my power to do by reviewing the book as soon as it is ready, and I shall have the more pleasure in doing it, because it will give me an opportunity, which could not otherwise have been found, of showing a proper sense of respect and good will toward Mary Colling's benefactress.

One caution I am led to give by what you say of Mary's health. Nervous as she is, and easily made ill, it will be most desirable to avoid anything that might be likely to excite a nervous disposition; and there is great danger of doing this, if an expectation is held out in your letters, of her becoming a proficient in the *art* of poetry. That sweet American girl, Lucretia Davidson, was, beyond all doubt, killed by excitement of this kind. If she can be provided with books and a wholesome portion of leisure, there is no fear of her failing to make good use of both. But I earnestly hope that she

will continue to exercise her gifts for the pure pleasure which she has hitherto taken in exercising them, and not with any view of obtaining celebrity. If that comes, be it welcome! but to seek it would be to make herself a prey to hopes, and fears, and anxieties, which, if they did not injure her constitution, would destroy her health of mind. You will not misunderstand me. To possess our souls in peace, is the greatest blessing we can attain in this world; and we lose that, if we render ourselves dependent for happiness upon the opinion of the public. I believe that nothing is so wholesome for the heart as to express its feelings in verse (the only way in which we *dare* express its best feelings), if this be done from its own free and pure impulse, but when the desire of applause becomes the prime motive, few things tend more surely to injure the moral character. That result, indeed, is not to be apprehended in her case; but I am afraid of the physical effects which over-excitement and too much intellectual exercitation may produce, especially if accompanied by any anxious desire of manifesting improvement.

I write this in consequence of what I have observed in others, not of anything experienced in myself, who am the least sensitive, as to praise or censure, of all writers. You will say that this is, because I have been so much used to both, and in some degree, no doubt, it is, but in a much greater to a very comfortable temper, and a thorough conviction that they who seek anxiously the applause of their own age, must be contented with it, for they will never have that of any succeeding one.

Your account of Mr. Hughes is exceedingly lively and amusing. I shall very much like to see him. If your weather is like ours, I trust you are daily enjoying it, and profiting by it. The joint-stock history I expect to be a good specimen of what local history *ought to be*, showing what subjects of endless interest are to be started

in any situation by those who know how to look for them. But do not you devote yourself to the desk too soon. Your first business is, to seek all the health that can be gained by exercise. I practise as I preach; and, as soon as this letter is despatched, am about to start with my son for a two hours' walk and a bathe in the Greta.

Thank Mary for her verses. Present my kind regards to Mr. Bray, and believe me, always,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, July 20. 1831.

MY DEAR WARTER,

We have little news to send you from Keswick. Our fine weather, after a long and delightful continuance, departed last week, when St. Swithin played as usual the part of Aquarius, and now we have showery days, and the streams are beginning to fill.

You will see enough of the Reform Bill in the newspapers and the reviews. It is possible that the extreme absurdity of its details, the endless difficulties to which they lead, and the impudent partiality which they manifest, and which must be exposed in the committee, will open the eyes of some and disgust others; and that before it gets to the Lords, the public will be sick of the subject. Half the House of Commons have *La Grippe* at this time, for it seems the prevailing influenza is an old acquaintance of mine, known by that name in the year 1803. The cholera, if it comes, which God in His mercy forbid! will be a more effectual ally in aid of the Constitution. I am, however, in good spirits and in good hope; not that any good can arise

from the Bill, but that the evil may be less than there is cause to apprehend, and then overruling Wisdom will shape the ends which are now rough-hewn with such reckless clumsiness.

I have just lost in Duppa one whom I had known eight-and-thirty years, and who, though less to me than a friend, was more than an acquaintance. I saw him in December last, after an interval of two or three years, and was then startled at seeing how very much he was altered during that interval; his face having become aged, and his flesh fallen away. It seems to have been a case of climacteric disease, as described by Sir Henry Halford. He was not conscious of being ill. Indeed, Sharon Turner describes him as being "happy and well as usual," when he saw him on the Thursday. Monday night he complained of some fatigue from walking and from the heat. On Thursday morning his laundress went to one of his friends to say that he had not been well during the two preceding days, but would not let any one be sent for till that morning. The friend went immediately, found him alarmingly weak and in bed, went for a physician, and that physician at first sight pronounced him to be in a hopeless state. Brandy failed to rouse him: he was sensible, but did not speak, and breathed his last that afternoon. No doubt his life might have been prolonged, if he had not been a bachelor living in chambers. I hardly know why I have written to you about one whose name perhaps you will not recognise, except as having belonged to a bishop. That bishop was of his family and of mine also.

Some passages in "Espriella's Letters" are of Duppa's writing. He was a clever, singular, lively, and most agreeable man. One mistake in life he made, which lowered him in my esteem, though it was entirely forgiven by the person whom it most concerned; if he had

not made that mistake he might probably have been living at this time. As it is, death is best for him, for every year would now have diminished his enjoyment of society, and his powers of entertaining those in whose society he lived. This was a sort of life which he preferred, upon calculation, to a domestic one; and it is well for him that he has not lived to feel more bitterly, than he has sometimes felt, that he had miscalculated. I liked him, and lose in him one of the few remaining links that connected me with my youth.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, July 14. 1831.

WHETHER the Exchequer has broke, or you have robbed it, and made your escape to America, I cannot tell; or whether you have forgotten that there is such a person as myself in the world; or, if you have any memory left, whether you have any conscience, that you let me remain, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, without tale or tidings of you. Perhaps you are waiting to tell me that a decree has gone forth against the poor old Checquers, and they are to be pulled down about your ears. Well, Grosvenor, they will not come down alone, if there be any consolation in that thought.

July 21. 1831.

Many things, dear Grosvenor, fall out between the beginning of a letter and the close of it. I began this a week ago, and since that time I have read of poor Duppa's death in the newspaper, and received an account of it from Sharon Turner. Calling to mind his altered appearance when I saw him in December last, I was more grieved than surprised at it. It seems to

have been a case of that climacterical disease which Sir H. Halford has well described; and it seems also that if he had not been a bachelor, living in chambers, his life might very probably have been prolonged.

Since I first heard of his death (on Monday), he has been much in my thoughts. It is eight-and-thirty years since you and I became acquainted with him at Oxford, and from that time, though not exactly a friend in the higher meaning of that word, he has been much more than an acquaintance; — a link connecting me with days that are past, with persons who are departed, and with scenes which I shall never see again.

Though he had lost ground in my esteem, still I liked him. I dare say he lost ground in his own at the same time. The longer he had lived, the more he must have felt that he had made an erroneous estimate, and attached too much value to the pleasure of what is called good society. Bitterly he would have felt this when he became incapable of administering to its amusements; and that time must have come, and could not have been far distant. For himself, therefore, it is better that he has been removed before the burden of age came upon him, and by so easy a decay.

You will miss him in your thoughts, for deafness must make you live much with the absent, as I do because of my retirement. Probably you would be less in my mind were I to see you daily, than you are now, when something or other continually leads me to recollections of which you form a part. Indeed I have now attained an age, and, what is better, a state of mind, which makes me think of the absent and the dead with the same sort of feeling, the same complacency, the same affection, only with more tenderness of the dead.

Let me know that you are among the living.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

[Keswick, Aug. 13. 1831.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

At length I return your letter, which will now find its way through the Colonial Office. With it I expected to have sent Sir Walter Scott's name as a subscriber, but the letter in which I asked him for it has not yet been answered. Whatever the newspapers may say, his health and his spirits are broken. He sent me a message the other day, saying, that if I did not come and see him soon, it would be too late; and I know that he speaks in this tone before his family, as if with the intent of familiarising them to the thoughts of an event which he himself believes to be not far distant. The danger is from more paralytic strokes; and these are the more to be apprehended, because he still employs himself in writing during eight hours in the day.

Your last brought sad accounts of the influenza. I hope it will not visit your circle farther, and that it may not prevent you from gathering strength during this beautiful season, which in these parts is the finest that any persons can remember. The disorder has been about us, and with as much severity as you ascribe to it; my house, thank God, hitherto has escaped it, and we hope that a complaint of the same kind which laid us all up in the early part of last year may serve as a preventative now.

Yesterday completed my fifty-seventh year. In many respects I am a young man of my years; in others as much beyond them, which is owing to having begun life very early, for I commenced author in 1794, and married in 1795. Here I have resided eight-and-twenty years. Of course I have outlived the greater part of

those who inhabited this place when I came to sojourn here, and most of those with whom I was familiar in early life. Melancholy feelings age must of necessity bring with it; but the most painful is in the thought that I have much to do, and little time to do it in, even if my life should be extended to the utmost limits of useful existence. This is not so much owing to my fault in aiming at too much, as to the necessity which continually calls me off from "enterprises of great pith and moment," and leaves only such hours for them as can be gained from employments, which, if they were not necessary, I should think unworthy.

As for the political world, chaos is come again. In former times we could always perceive what was likely to happen, when governments acted upon settled views of policy, and when we knew what were the principles of our own, and had moreover a Constitution, which, if the people did not understand, they were wise enough to regard with reverence and strong attachment, because they prospered under it. At present, we are at sea without chart or compass. The foreign policy of the ministers is as incredibly absurd as its domestic management; and both together will bring about a reaction ere long, which must send them out of place, though who is to go in, Heaven only knows.

Heaven preserve us from the cholera! and with God's mercy we shall work our way through all other dangers, and set matters to right at last by another battle of Waterloo. With my best wishes to Mr. Bray, believe me, always,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, August 17. 1831.

MY DEAR WARTER,

At this season of the year I am so robbed of my time by others, that it is but seldom I can steal a little of it for my own gratification; especially as I have resolution enough to keep to the two good wholesome customs of taking sufficient exercise, and a comfortable nap between dinner and tea. That sleep is the soundest and more refreshing than what I get at night; possibly because after falling asleep there is not time to fall a dreaming, and consequently I wake from a deep sleep, not from a busy slumber.

William Westall has been here, and has made sketches for the new "Colloquies." He will engrave them himself, in aquatint, on steel, and I dare say he will make very fine things of them. One view is from the mountain beyond Watenlath, taking in that little lake, Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. Another is from the top of the pass, under Castle Crag (a horse-road from the Grange to Seatoller). It looks down upon the gorge of Borrodale and the river, then comes the lake, and Skiddaw fills up the picture. This is, perhaps, the finest scene in the whole country.

The "Colloquies" are proceeding as well as many interruptions will let them. I have dwelt in them upon the cruelty of the manufacturing system as it relates to children; and I have more to say upon the other evils of the system, for which full means of information are at hand. James White, who walked up the Dod with us, is in Keswick at present with some friends. When he has taken his rounds with them, I shall embargo him on their departure. An additional week's holiday will be salutary for one who is worked so hard as he is, and I shall take the opportunity of profiting by his know-

ledge of Manchester. Poor fellow! his flock may better be likened to wolves, dogs, and swine, than to sheep.*

I have just been correcting two sheets of the "Peninsular War." This volume would soon be off my hands if I had "a lodge in some vast wilderness," and nothing else to do there but to finish it. However, the end is in view.

The prospect of affairs seems brightening. I am in great hopes that the ministers will contrive, by their incomparable doltishness, their manifold blunders, and bad faith, to disgust the people, about the same time, with their Bill, and with them; that they will be hooted out of office, and that their successors, whoever may be their head, will find it absolutely necessary to take effectual measures for facilitating emigration, and bettering the condition of the poor; which, if they do, will render the question of Parliamentary Reform as stale a subject as it was before the "three days." The excitement is wearing itself out; and I believe the worst mischief which it does at this time is, that it interrupts the action of business; not knowing how soon war may become inevitable, nor what course affairs may take at home, men of business are almost at a standstill, hesitating what to do.

No trade feels the ill effects of this one monopolising subject more than the booksellers. Croker, however, has just published an edition of Boswell's "Johnson," which is as well executed as it was sensibly planned.†

* Most certainly his diocesans did not deserve the name of chief pastors, or they never would have worked the willing horse to death. We hope to see great changes in the episcopate and more justice!

† This edition contained many errata, which were afterwards corrected. It was reviewed in the "Edinburgh," and remembered in the "Quarterly Review," when Macaulay's History was taken in hand.

He has incorporated in it, with great skill, everything worth incorporating from all the other books about Johnson, and thus made a book, to which there is no parallel in any other language, as complete as it can be. The only other new book which has reached us, is Collier's "Annals of the Stage;" and I have not had time to look at it yet. He once wrote a life of me in a magazine — never having seen me, nor knowing anything of me, but what he could pick up by asking questions from as many of my acquaintances as he could meet with, and the result was about as accurate as you might suppose it to be; but upon this precious authority the account in Galignani's edition of my poems is founded, and also a memoir of me prefixed to the French translation of "Roderick."

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Aug. 20. 1831.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I am glad you have put some knowledge into Montesinos's mouth. Unluckily I cannot find a note specifying the number of new plants which had been introduced into the country within a few years from the commencement of the present century. It may turn up in time for the notes, for which I have some curious facts in physiology; among others, the mode of fastening loose teeth in a cow's head, by cutting a notch in her tail where certain joints of the bones are at the same time softened, and applying tar and salt there; the bone then hardens, and the teeth fix.* The fact I learnt

* This remedy has come under my own notice since I became a resident in Sussex. Old Tusser's words are: —

from George Taylor; but Tusser knew it, and in his time the application was soot and garlic. I have collected many odd things in the way of notes.

Do you know that kittens have no evacuations till they are able to walk about? I cannot call to mind any fact in which the purpose is more apparent, and I should like to know in what other animals there is the same provision for necessary cleanliness. Is it so with puppies?

The Bill and the Ministry seem likely to go to pieces together. The Duke said of the Belgians last year, "If they could not beat the Dutch, whom the devil could they beat?" So we may say of Talleyrand, "If he could not outwit the present Cabinet, whom the devil could he outwit." The old fox may well chuckle when he has such geese to deal with!

God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, Oct. 18. 1831.

My dear E. May,

I enclose a letter for Mr. Rowlands, which I hope will gratify him, as I have been able to make out all he wanted to discover concerning the painted window. I am very glad thus to show him that I am not unmindful of his obliging attentions.

To-day we are all to dine at the Island, which will

"Poor bullock with browsing, and naughtily fed,
Scarce feedeth, her teeth be so loose in her head;
Then slice ye the tail, when ye feel it so soft,
With soot and with garlic, bound to it aloft."

January's Husbandry, c. xxxiii.

be deserted on Monday next. Thursday I dine at Mr. Stanger's, where Neville White is quartered; the cattle go in the evening; and I suppose a dinner at the Bay will be my last evil of this kind for the year. Bertha and Kate slept there last night.

I have no news for you, good, bad, or indifferent. But I may tell you that I was very much pleased with James White's friend, the Manchester poet, Mr. Swain, who is now a bookseller, having been bred up a dyer. I have never seen a person who pleased me more at first sight, and I did not like him the worse upon hearing that his mother was a Dutch*woman*, and the uncle, to whom he owes everything, a Dutch*man*, zealous for the honour, and fond of the literature of his country. It was a mortification that I could not see this uncle, and comfort the cockles of his heart, as I should have done by talking to him of Dutch books.

The print of Mary Colling is arrived; she is very pretty, which you will readily believe when I add that she is very like me!

Remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Warter, and to Mr. Henry Warter, if, as I believe, he is still with you. I shall write to Copenhagen to-morrow.

God bless you.

Your affectionate father,

ABU-THRYM.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, Oct. 19. 1831.

MY DEAR WARTER,

I left Edith at Cruck Mede on Monday the 10th, and returned by way of Manchester. James White thought it prudent to keep me *in a cog* (as the present representative of Justice Shallow says he travels) while I was there; to take my place in his own name,

and send me off on the morning of the meeting to be taken up by the coach at Bolton. This I call my *hegira* from Manchester; and having been in no danger, or fear of danger, have been not a little amused at it.

Your brother Henry and I became good friends presently. I took a great liking to his friend Charles Peters and to Mr. Rowland, who obligingly showed me many of his own curiosities, and as many of the antiquities of Shewsbury as time and the weather permitted me to see. He took us also to Dr. Butler, who asked me to dine with him that day. They are repairing in your town an old painted window, from Ludlow, containing the history of St. Lawrence; and since my return I have made out for Mr. Rowland the subject of two compartments, the only ones concerning which he was at a loss. Mr. Senhouse tells me that he became acquainted with him many years ago at Barmouth, and was much pleased with him.

"My tarriance at Cruck Meole was but of four days, and I carried some employment with me, though I could execute but little of it. I saw, however, something of your localities, the bower where your boyish treasures are buried for the perplexity of future antiquaries, and the stream which once made so formidable an inundation. I saw also the fish-pond on the hill, and ate of its carp with great satisfaction, being one of the most ichthyophagous of Protestants. I went to Ponstesbury Church, but Edward walked with me one day to Hanwood and showed me your family graves.

Edith is very happy there, as well she may be. We have a letter from her to-day, in which she says that she has left off her headaches and acquired a good appetite. To abate this happiness there is some fear of the cholera, and some of the diabolical spirit which the Press and the Government have combined to raise. As regards the latter I am in good heart. There is evidently a

great reaction taking place, which has been shown in all the late elections, and of which I had proof in my journey, only one of all the persons, with whom I conversed in stage-coaches or inns, professing himself a Reformer, and that one was a Londoner. But the others did not declare their opinions till they had heard me broadly deliver mine.

What I have heard concerning the cholera leads me to believe that it is conveyed by the atmosphere as well as communicated by contagion; and that it has reached this country, though, as yet, it has not spread in it. Two cases I have heard of in which the patients were saved. God have mercy upon us! for I verily believe this visitation is at hand, and in the present state of this nation it may be regarded as a visitation both of justice and of mercy!

In the present posture of political affairs the only thing which can certainly be predicted is that the Whigs will stick to office like *ticks;* I won't say leeches, because that word would be more respectable. The worst mischief that they can do is in the Church. Of their two bishops, one is not suspected of being orthodox, and another, who is addicted to subtle disputations, is said to have a note in one of his books worded in Sabellian terms. It is even not unlikely that Sydney Smith may be raised to the bench; for, after the intention to make O'Connell Attorney-General of Ireland, nothing can be thought too shameless for such an Administration. The ferment which public affairs have produced has affected the book trade so much that Murray says that the grass is growing in his shop. People have talked of nothing else, and thought of nothing else, except the consequences that were to be apprehended from this union of the Government with a revolutionary faction. That apprehension has made them curtail their expenses, as if preparing for the worst; and the effect has been, that though Parliament

never sate so long before within our remembrance, so little money was never before spent among those tradesmen with whom the higher classes have their dealings.

The booksellers suffer because, of all luxuries, books are the first which are dispensed with by that class of customers on whom the publishing trade depends.

Wednesday, Oct. 26.

I was prevented from finishing this letter for last week's post; my interruptions are now, however, nearly at an end. The Islanders departed yesterday. Neville White will leave me on Friday, and then I hope to carry on my work regularly, morning and evening, through the winter, if all continue well. The winter will carry me through the new "Colloquies" and the "Peninsular War," and then, if it please God, I shall hope to put the "History of Portugal" to the press. The volume of selections from my poems will soon be published, and as they may be an acceptable present to any of your friends who are learning English, three copies shall be sent for you to the Foreign Office.

Karl and I got on very well with the "Swedish Bible" and the "Folkesagn." We are reading also "De Geusen" of "Ouno Van Haren," in the *rifacimento*, by Feith and Bilderdijk, which I compare with the second edition of the original, a book of great rarity. Montgomery thought he had found a new path in poetry when he chose a lyrical form of narration for his "Wanderer of Switzerland;" but the younger Van Haren had anticipated him in this poem, which is a very spirited one, and would have been deservedly celebrated had it not been in a language which is so unjustly depreciated. A "History of Sweden" and a "History of Holland" are two subjects on which a great reputation might surely be raised in England. The first is the most romantic of histories, "Portugueze" alone excepted; the second

that which of all others is most connected with the great struggle for civil and religious rights. I hope you keep a minute journal in all your excursions, and that you make full notes of all that you see and learn.

All here desire their loves. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Oct. 25. 1831.

MY DEAR WYNN,

That I should have been twice within such easy reach of Llangedwin since the beginning of June, and not have seen you is, indeed, vexatious. How much could I have said in conversation, which the fear of not knowing when to end prevents me from beginning to write!

What is to save us against this monstrous union of the Government with the Revolutionists, God only knows; but with common sense in one head, and common honesty in two or three of those who direct that one, we might be safe enough. The Borough Reeve of Manchester said, a few days ago, to a friend of mine, "that if he could get rid of about thirty fellows, who were known to be the movers of all mischief there, that town would be as quiet and as well disposed as any place in England." If one hundredth part of the pains were taken to intimidate the revolutionists, which is taken to alarm and, in fact, actually to endanger those who oppose their designs, all might be well. A little time would make the reaction general which is now obviously taking place; and a Government that would seriously make it its main business to better the condition of the lower orders, would put an end *instanter* to all dangerous disaffection. But if Parliament is to

be employed upon Beer bills, and Reform bills, and experiments on Political Economy, to the neglect of everything else, what but destruction is to be looked for, and what better does such a Government deserve!

I wish I could agree with you concerning the cholera. I have no doubt that it is in the country and has been here for several weeks. My notion is, that it is carried by the atmosphere, as well as propagated by contagion, and that the atmosphere has in fact brought it. We have the skirts of the storm, but of the storm which in its whole body is on its way to us, and which nothing but God's special mercy can turn aside. I suspect that the cases hitherto have been less generally fatal here than on the Continent, because the disease may become more malignant from contagion, its force being then as it were doubled or condensed. This cannot long be doubtful. An early winter may check its progress here, and freeze it up in the Elbe, but with the spring it will take the field again, and even so long a respite is not probable.

If I had been in London I would have spoken to the Archbishop about putting out a prayer upon this occasion, the danger being one of which it becomes the Church as much as the State to take cognizance. But though I know him well enough to have spoken to him upon such a subject, I take care never to obtrude myself upon persons in high stations.

All with whom I communicate are less apprehensive of this danger than myself, and more alarmed at the political prospect. When those who have anything to lose find that the security of private property is seriously endangered, then we may look for safety, and the mob seem very well disposed for giving them this lesson. Both at Carlisle and at Kendal they have threatened Lowther Castle; and mischief of this sort, as Swift says of treason, always *begins in talk*. I should be in fear for my library if I lived near Carlisle.

The selection from Wordsworth's poems has answered so well that the same experiment is about to be tried with mine. It cannot hurt the sale of the separate works, for the French edition has nearly destroyed it, and possibly it may tempt some readers to inquire for one or other of them. If this succeeds it will be followed by a similar volume of "Selections in Prose." Most of my poems have been carefully collected for posthumous publication, and by withholding all such corrections (which I have done for the last twenty years) they become considerable enough in accumulation and importance to constitute a new date of copyright, so far at least as to put all former editions in disrepute. Whoever may edite this collective edition will find materials enough for curious prolegomena among my note books, if I should not have time to arrange them myself. But I shall endeavour to do this, and leave full directions respecting the arrangement of the volumes, wishing in this respect to set my house in order! There will be nine octavo volumes, if I should write no more in verse, and they will be dedicated to you, as a last memorial of grateful affection. God bless you.

R. S.

To Edith May Southey.

Keswick, Nov. 8. 1831.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

Can you tell me where to find a certain letter, which, if I mistake not, was written to you, and contained certain notices for use of what I observed when passing through Doncaster with Henry Taylor last year? I am not however quite sure whether it was written to you or not; but I should be glad to lay my hands on it at this time.

Mrs. Bray, for the love of the Dedication to the

"Tale of Paraguay," has desired to present you with a copy of Mary Colling's poem when the book appears, as it soon will do. The said Mary's print is very like me,—must she not therefore be pretty?—with a little look of Sir Humphry Davy also.

The scribes below will have told you all our news; and when I tell you that I am going to write a chapter which is to include the story of the "Three Bears," you will have all mine. The effect can be given by printing in type of different sizes, and it will be a noble chapter for which the author will be blest by all who love to tell stories to their children.

Two sheets will finish the "Selections;" would you like to have a copy or two sent to you? About the Essays or Colloquies I can tell nothing, Murray being incommunicable, and both at a stand with him. He promised Lockhart three weeks ago to send me money, which he has not sent: and he told Inglis last week that the Catholic papers should be printed in the "Essays," but as yet no proof has arrived; these papers are all that remain to be printed.

You do not mention Mr. Rowland among your Shrewsbury acquaintance. He and I, if we are neighbours, should soon be friends.

My kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Warter.

Your mother is preparing for the cholera, from which I think all lonely places are safe, and so would most of the towns were it not for the tramps, who are the great carriers of infectious diseases. The only efficient measure of police that I can think of would be that of rigorously sending all vagabonds to the House of Correction, and suffering none to prowl about as long as the disease rages. God have mercy on us! You know I have long looked on to this, and you may be glad to know that I am in good health. In the present state of things this may be a visitation of mercy, and be one

means of awakening the nation to a sense of its madness and its wickedness!

God bless you, my dear Thrym.

Yo EL PA.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Nov. 24. 1831.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

First I have to thank you for considering, what so few seem ever to consider, that I am verily one of those persons who have more to do than time can conveniently be found for doing; and that silence therefore on my part is not to be imputed to neglectfulness. Your "Warleigh" opens well. When I come to see you I will take an opportunity of visiting the scene which it describes. A lady, whose father was an old friend of mine, and for whose brother I have a great regard, has married a young clergyman some year and a half ago (Farwell by name), and settled in that neighbourhood, just at the edge of Cornwall, on the coast; and I must not go into that county without seeing her. You have led me to expect more beauty in the parts of Devonshire which I have not seen, than there is in those (with few exceptions) which I have visited.

The case of your poor amanuensis is indeed remarkable. He could not have written better if his hand had not been mutilated, and probably might not have written so well; for nothing but strong desire could have enabled him to attempt what it seemed scarcely possible that he should succeed in. It will be a case to mention in your book concerning Tavistock.

Next I have to thank you, in my daughter Edith's name, for the copy of Mary Colling's "Fables:" a very beautiful and pleasing volume it is. That said daughter of mine is a much older person than my dedication

would lead you to suppose, the verses having been written in 1814, though they were not published till 1825; so many years had the "Tale of Paraguay" slept, or slowly proceeded, while I brooded over it in the intervals of other employments. I shall now without delay prepare an account of your book for the "Q. R."

For the first time in my life I am taking part in local affairs, and am on the committee of a Board of Health for this little, unclean, ill-conditioned town. My reason for doing this is to make the people conclude that a matter must be serious which induces me to come forward in it, and God knows it is fitting that they should think seriously of their danger, and desirable also that they should have something else to think of than Black Lists and Reform Bills. The natural progress of the cholera from Sunderland is to Newcastle, and thence to Carlisle. Will this pestilence, when its fearful virulence can no longer be concealed, strike the people with wholesome awe, and a sense of their own sinfulness and helplessness; or will it, in such places as Manchester and Carlisle, make the mob desperate, so that they will break loose and dare death in any shape? This fearful question is one which suggests itself, because this last dreadful effect has been produced in such times!* And as no country ever deserved heavier chastisement than England at this time, so, most certainly, never had any country such hordes of savages of its own breeding, ready to rise and commit any excesses.

* The classical reader naturally calls to mind that most painful chapter in Thucydides. Πρῶτόν τε ἤρξε καὶ ἐς τἆλλα τῇ πόλει ἐπὶ πλέον ἀνομίας τὸ νόσημα· κ.τ.λ. lib. ii. c. 53. And not only has this been the case in ancient times, as recorded by Josephus and Procopius, but under the Christian Dispensation also, as may be seen in Froissart and Boccaccio, in their accounts of the plague at Paris and Florence. See Commentators *in loc.*

We should be in as little danger here as any place could be, were it not for beggars, but with these vermin we are overrun. Small as the town is, there are three lodging houses for them, dens of filth and iniquity. These houses are the best customers to the spirit dealers of any in the whole neighbourhood. By vagrants it is that small pox, measles, and other infectious diseases are imported from place to place: they are in fact the common carriers of such maladies; and when the cholera comes near us, these people will bring it here, unless the laws against them can be vigilantly enforced. This I am endeavouring to impress upon the people. The house which I inhabit stands alone, upon a hill; and might be considered as being very safely situated, if it had not unluckily the character of being a good house of call for vagrants.

God preserve us from this and from all other dangers! The Ministers are heartily frightened; Lord Grey, to the serious injury of his health, and even to the worsening of his temper, which it was thought nothing could have worsened. Whether any of them will have grace to turn away from the wickedness that they have committed, remains to be seen.

Present my kind respects to Mr. Bray and good Mr. Hughes, and my best wishes to Mary Colling, and believe me always, my dear Mrs. Bray,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Nov. 30. 1831.

THANK you, my dear R., for your invitation, which there would be temptation enough to accept, were it a matter of choice; but this it is not. Nothing must

take me from this desk till the "Peninsular War" is finished, and upon that there is from four to six weeks' work before me. You may suppose that I am working well and willingly, when so nearly within sight of the end.

That done, my course as to the trading part of my employments is plain enough. I have inquired, through the best channel, whether the stability of the Row has been shaken like that of Albemarle Street, and am assured, in reply, on the best apparent ground, that *Patres nostri* stand firm. Having, therefore, engagements with them at the old "Quarterly" price, I have only to take up the first of those engagements as soon as the "War" is done with, and live upon the "War" for some half year. Had things proceeded in their usual course, I should have laid by the sum which will be due to me for this volume. There will be no great harm done in consuming it; for if the country escapes a general overthrow (which I trust and *believe* it will), the post-obit provision to which I look forward for my family will be sufficient, and it would be more than folly in me to be anxious concerning anything more. * * * *, indeed, may possibly stop payment, and so I may lose this sum. That evil I shall not meet half way by anticipating it, and, if it comes, I must meet it as well as I can. My spirits, thank God! never fail me; and depending, as I can do, upon myself for all needful exertions, I may safely depend upon Providence for everything else. All will be well with me once again by Midsummer — that is, as regards worldly affairs; and if the cholera, or aught else, takes me before that time, all will be well too. Though I would willingly live as long as God may please to keep me in possession of my faculties, for there is much work which I wish to do, because I am thoroughly prepared for it, and it ought to be done.

The news from Lyons brings farther proof that the course of events is establishing the necessity of stronger governments than modern Europe has been accustomed to. We shall get more Utopian in having less liberty and more order. When the *Bellum Servile* in France and in England shall be suppressed, means must be taken for preventing, as far as foresight and wise regulations can prevent, the lower classes from being the Yahoos that they now are. The burnings and the burking must make every one see the necessity of this. Our kindest remembrances to your fireside.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 8. 1831.

My dear R.,

You will have perceived that my reasons for not moving are incontestable ones. By remaining at my desk, I shall work through all difficulties. Among other things, I have learnt from you to make exertions keep pace with the necessity that calls for them.

There is no fear of getting into any ill-humour with Murray. With all his faults, the better qualities predominate in him. My last letter must I think draw from him a specific answer about the "Colloquies," and as it was written in a tone to show that I was not out of humour with him, though I felt myself ill-used, it will go some way to put him upon better terms with himself.

I hear there is good reason for supposing the Bristol insurrection was part of a plan for a simultaneous rising at Birmingham, Nottingham, Manchester, Merthyr, Tydvil, and elsewhere, and that it has been ascertained that communications have been carried on by carrier pigeons.

Murray has sent me the last proofs of the reprinted essays, but without a line to accompany them, and he had let them accumulate till there were no less than twelve sheets; such is his want of method. Sir Philip Warwick says that, "Improsperity is always in confusion;" but there was a good deal of this about him in his most prosperous times, and Gifford was not likely to cure him of it. God bless you.

R. S.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 10. 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Forster has sent me the circular address concerning Mr. Leigh Hunt. As your name is affixed to it, I reply rather to you than to him; not in any disrespect to that gentleman, but because I can explain myself with more satisfaction to you than to a stranger. They who are acquainted with me know that I am neither resentful nor intolerant. I bear no ill will towards Mr. Leigh Hunt. I think highly of his powers — none of his friends more highly — and I am sorry for his distressed circumstances; but this address dwells upon his labours as a public writer, his suffering in consequence, his disposition to discover all that is good and hopeful, and his habit of inculcating it. To a paper which advances any claims for Mr. Leigh Hunt upon these grounds, I cannot let my name appear. If it be desirable that the peace and order of society should be maintained; if Christian morals are the best security for both, and if Christianity be (as I know it to be) the only sure foundation for individual happiness, and for the general weal, then assuredly during those twenty years of his public life, for which he is commended in this circular, Mr. Leigh Hunt has not been meritoriously employed, for he has been actively labouring to subvert them all. It would not be difficult for his

friends to draw up an address, in which, without compromising any of his opinions, or touching upon them (whatever they may now be), the appeal might be made solely upon the score of his literary merits, placing him thus, as it were, within the sacred territory which ought always to be considered and respected as neutral ground. They who admire him upon all accounts would not be the less willing to subscribe if this prudential course were followed; and it would enable others to do so who, while they admire his genius, and regard his errors with as much compassion as his misfortunes, must, for their own sakes, refuse to sanction any approval, expressed or implied, of what they believe to have been erroneous and mischievous. I shall be glad if this advice be taken, given as it is in goodwill. I wish Mr. Leigh Hunt all the good that he desires for himself, and, it may be feared, much more; for I wish him not only health, prosperity, and deliverance from all temporal cares, but also that God's mercy, acting upon his better mind, may prepare it for that divine philosophy without which no one, however prosperous, can be happy, and with which no one, however afflicted, can be without consolation and hope. Believe me, my dear sir, Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 30. 1832.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for your statement of progress. Progress indeed you have made since the commencement of your labours, in making the real state of the kingdom known, and this specification which you have now got at will lead to many curious inferences, and one I got sight of at a glance, that we shall be able to see what propor-

tion of the persons employed in trade deserve employment from the expenditure in superfluities; and it is very desirable that this should be made evident to all persons.

What could have induced the Ministers to pay Russia this money*, knowing as we do that they must needs wish to save money, and that as for the national honour they care as much for that as old Nol did for King Charles. There must have been some motive that has not been avowed. Was it to keep Nicholas from interfering so as to bring on a general war? He no doubt would gladly have supplied his present wants, thus waiting at the present time for a more convenient season when the affairs in Poland should be settled; something base and underhand is to be performed; and this, in subservience to the policy of France, would be both.

M—— seems to stick in the mud of his own heaping together. I have heard no more from him, but shall answer him when his letter comes, in close conformity to yours. He now neglects everything. I learn to-day from H. Taylor, that he has not sent out the copies of the "Essays," according to the list which he had long ago. You ought to have had them some weeks back. What a different place will Palace Yard appear to me when you are no longer domiciliated there, and when the Exchequer shall be pulled down. God bless you.

R. S.

* The two following extracts are from "Raikes' Journal:"—"Lord Palmerston, after finding so much opposition to his views at this meeting," (at the Foreign Office,) "then proceeded to say, that he had pledged himself *further* than bound by the original treaty to this loan, in order to detach Russia from favouring the plan, proposed by Talleyrand at the Conferences, of partitioning Belgium between Holland, France, and Prussia, which it was so much the interest of this country to prevent."—Vol. i. *58.*

"It might be as well for our Government to recollect the expression of Napoleon about the Emperor Alexander: 'Il m'a trompé comme un Grec du bas empire.'"—*Ibid.* p. 73.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, Jan. 31. 1832.

MY DEAR WARTER,

I often wish you were here, that we might talk over the past, the present, and the future, in our walks or by the fireside. The present would be the least agreeable subject; and yet there are points of hope enough upon which to take one's stand. "Serve God and be cheerful," was Bishop Hacket's motto, "Trust in Him and be hopeful" might be mine.

The Ministers were in great danger last week upon their payment of the three millions to Russia. They only saved themselves by *argumenta ad misericordiam* addressed to some of their allies, and by threats of going out to others. Why they made the payment I have not learned; no one can suspect them of having done so from any notion that the national honour was concerned, because they care as little for that as for the national religion; and in the state of the finances, and as a popular act of saving what would also have enabled them to cast some slur upon the prodigality of their predecessors, they must have been desirous of withholding. I suspect some base underhand subservience to France; and that Russia has received it as a sop which keeps her from taking a decisive part in favour of Holland for awhile, till it has settled its affairs in Poland. They are in a pitiable condition. Every one is sick of the Reform Bill; and every one sees that it goes much too far except those who mean that it should go much farther.

If Peel had sufficient magnanimity to confess that he had committed a great error in abandoning his old Protestant ground, he would feel like Samson when his hair had grown, and might shake down the Philistines from their seats.

I call them the Peer-mongering faction. Miserable men! they can neither advance with safety nor retreat;

to stand still is impossible, and every step must add to their difficulties and their danger.

Ireland is in a fever of Protestantism; that spirit never was so strongly excited before. In fact by yielding to the R. Catholics the point about the "Bible" in the National Schools, the Ministers have in fact conceded to them all they want upon that subject. Things are tending rapidly to a religious war in that country, a direction which I have long foreseen, foreseeing too that the longer the crisis was delayed the more dangerous it would prove. The great danger will now be at home; for the great Romanists count upon insurrections in their favour here from their countrymen, and from the political unions.

So much for public affairs.

Bowring's "Batavian Anthology" appeared to me, upon a very slight inspection of it, to have been selected with very little knowledge, and upon a bad principle. He seemed to have looked for pieces which accorded with his own political feelings, instead of selecting such as were most characteristic of their author.

The Slavonic tongues no doubt have taken from the Teutonic more than they have given to them; but they must have given something; and perhaps more to the Scandinavian.

I found the other day the same word radically for *father*, in two languages most remote from each other; *heit* in the Frieseland tongue *, and *aita* in the Basque. To what family the Basque belongs has, I believe, not yet been discovered. The Friese seems to be the ugliest in appearance of all our own near relations; yet every mother tongue is dear to its children, and has, doubtless, to them beauties of its own. I am thankful that there have not been more of them cultivated.

* The reader whom it concerns may like to know that R. Rask published a "Frisisk Sproglære" in 1825. Copenhagen.

This same packet ought to bring you the "Essays," which Murray has at length sent forth.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Will you bring for me, when you come to England, or rather send for me with your own books, the third volume of the "Edda." I have the two first, but despair now of obtaining the third from Hamlet the Dane, who should have sent it me.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Feb. 6. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Your letter, which would have been one of the pleasantest imaginable if it had brought a better account of your own health, arrived in good time, when certain proof sheets were lying on my desk to be returned by that day's post. My reviewal of your book was too late for insertion in the last "Quarterly." Lockhart tells me that it is to lead the way in the next, and I have transferred to it two passages from your letter, the one stating Mary's wise contentment with her present station, and the other that beautiful one, which I thank Mr. Bray for desiring you to send me, though I dare say you could not and would not have omitted to send it. Whenever I go to Tavistock it will make me visit the rock on Whitechurch Down, and I am much mistaken if it should not make many persons read "Fitz of Fitz-ford."

Mary's history is given as much as possible in your own words. There are then some remarks upon the uneducated poets (as they are called) of the present day, tending to show that in fact they have had great facilities for educating themselves in the art of verse,

which was not John Jones's fortune, nor had it hitherto been Mary's. Then follows something which will divert you, concerning some true doggrelizers, and the conclusion relates to that improvement of the lower classes which might be looked for if more intellectual and moral means of enjoyment were brought, as they easily might be, within their reach. Your good Mr. Hughes, whom you have made me know so well that I long to become acquainted with him, will cordially agree with me in my opinion upon that subject. You need not make any secret of my being the writer, for I never think of concealing such things.

The Duke of Bedford has done just what he ought, like a good man as he is; and I am very glad to hear this of him, having, for my uncle's sake, a kindly feeling towards him, which the baleful politics of his house have not extinguished, and which, on more than one occasion, has withheld my pen, when, had it not been for that consideration, it might have been dipped in the very gall of bitterness.

You remember a man in one of Foote's farces, who had been "talking prose all his life without knowing it." The reason why so many persons write ill is because they think it necessary to write a style — something different from the common speech; and Mary is likely to write good prose, because she will write as she speaks, that is, she will express what she has to say in the readiest words that present themselves, and those words in their natural order. I suspect that I formerly heard your Devonshire story of Sir Francis Drake, and inserted it in a paper upon Lope de Vega's works (for the "Q. R."), from which, if I recollect rightly, Gifford thought proper to strike it out. Editors exercise this authority sometimes for the sake of curtailing your paper in order to allow elbow room for another, and sometimes just to show that they do something in virtue

of their office, for one or other of which worthy reasons I have undergone much and grievous mutilation at different times. I cannot call to mind the tradition now, but there was something in it about a great stone with which the Devil had some concern, and something about his pushing a boy overboard, because the boy, being as expert in cosmography as himself, knew when they were precisely at the antipodes, under London Bridge.* Gather up all the traditions you can, and even the nursery songs; no one can tell of what value they may prove to an antiquary. The Danes have a collection of such traditions in two volumes — every local story, wise or silly, that could be collected, and a very curious book it is; my son and I are just coming to the end of it in our lessons. There is matter enough in such things for fancy and for reflection to point a moral or work up into a poem, and not unfrequently to elucidate something in the history of former time. Mary may be a very useful helpmate. You must have the history of her canary bird, and how she taught it to speak.

* The traditions of Drake will be found in Letter xxvii. of "The Tamar and the Tavy." The one here alluded to is as follows: "The story says that whilst he was once sailing on foreign seas, he had on board the vessel a boy of uncommonly quick parts. In order to put them to the proof, Sir Francis questioned the youth, and bade him tell what might be their antipodes at that moment. The boy without hesitation told him Barton Place (for so Buckland Abbey was then called), the Admiral's own mansion in his native county. After the ship had made some further progress, Sir Francis repeated his question, and the answer he received was, that they were then at the antipodes of London Bridge. Drake, surprised at the accuracy of the boy's knowledge, exclaimed, 'Hast thou, too, a devil? If I let thee live, there will be one a greater man than I am in the world,' and so saying, he threw the lad overboard into the sea, where he perished." — Vol. ii. p. 173.

Southey seems to have comprised two traditions. The great stone was one the devil helped him to move "whilst he was repairing certain parts of Buckland Abbey."

When I shall travel southward is very uncertain, except that it will not be soon. I am closely employed in bringing the "Peninsular War" to its close, and this I trust the next fortnight will accomplish. But my neck will be no sooner out of that collar than it must be put into another. Mine is noble business, from which I shall never retire upon the fortune which has been made in it. But I should have just as little leisure if I wrote for mere inclination and not in the exercise of an honest calling for support; the only difference would be that I should in the former case probably write more, because I should never be employed upon any subject that did not thoroughly interest me.

You speak of Cornaro's diet; it has probably killed quite as many as it has cured. Take care that you do not weaken yourself by too strict a regimen. And do not let your mind wear out its frame. My method of self-management in this point is very simple; I never confine myself to one subject of composition, because, if I did, it would disturb my rest, so I have always two or three things in hand, very seldom employ myself upon the same at morning and in the evening, and take half an hour of some goodly grave old book after supper as a *quieter* for the night. With kind regards to Mr. Bray, believe me always,

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, March 7. 1832.

MY DEAR WARTER,

Karl thanks you for his book, which arrived a few days ago: upon looking into it I am surprised to see that Ossian passes for authority with the author,

and that Macpherson's inventions are thus presented among the genuine fables of the North.

The progress of the cholera hitherto has been just as if the Almighty were visiting us in mercy, and giving us warning and time for repentance. It has not as yet excited any popular alarm in London; but I am told that many families who are not necessarily bound to that place are leaving it; and no doubt the effect of the pestilence will add considerably to the financial difficulties of Government, which already press upon them. The Ministers are certainly the most incapable set that ever has governed a great nation. My greatest fear is that they will, for the sake of mob popularity, as their last and worst card for retaining it, make a desperate attack upon the Church property, sell the tithes whereby they could relieve their present embarrassments, and take the payment of the clergy into their own hands, with a secret intention of withdrawing all payment at no distant time, and leaving them to depend, like the dissenting ministers, upon their flocks. If our clergy do not perceive that their fate depends upon the question of the Irish tithes they must be blind indeed; but if they act wisely, and devise some means of commuting the tithes for a rent-charge, they may remove what is a cause of vexation to themselves and to others,—mostly to themselves. The difficulty is how to adjust this charge to the perpetual changes in value, and to prevent fraud, which would constantly be practised, if it were to be determined by the nominal rent.

The S. Simonist missionaries in England have written to me, and sent me a packet of their pamphlets, which came with Karl's book, and which I have not as yet had time to look at. The day after there came a new book of Turner's, which he calls the "Sacred History of the World from the Creation to the Deluge;" and yesterday being a day of indisposition and castor-oil, I read it through, mostly upon the sofa. The book

is a work of true Turnerian industry, but it is not what the title leads one to expect, and is therefore ill planned. There is a prodigious collection of facts in natural history brought together in a grand synopsis of all that is yet known in most of its branches, a religious feeling is breathed through the whole, and the main interest is to show that, as our human knowledge has increased, it becomes more and more consistent with what is known certainly by Revelation. On the whole I was much interested throughout the volume, though there was much that I should like to see remoddeled, and some things, on which if he and I had talked together, he would perhaps have been led to take farther views, and modify some of his assertions; but his mind has been at work throughout, and of course it has struck out some original views, and opened some *vistas* into futurity. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, March 13. 1832.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for the various reports. When I write to Sir Robert I will thank him also. The "Times" expressed its wonder at the object of calling for such a paper. If the editor really did not perceive it, I will help him to understand it ere long.

The return about the Jesuits, &c. shows the futility of our pretended regulations concerning them. It gives only two friars in England, and those belonging to one order, while the Jesuits have a college in Lancashire. When the present Archbishop of Canterbury was here about ten years ago I showed him a Catholic magazine, and he gave a start at the size and pretensions of the structure.

I hope your emancipation will not be delayed longer than the time you expected, that you may have nothing to keep you in town, if the progress of the cholera should make it desirable to remove into the country. But it is a disease which seems not to be influenced by weather; at least one hopes so. Thus far it looks rather like a warning than a judicial visitation.

This week I trust will deliver me of a huge quarto, which has grown nearly 100 pages beyond what I estimated at Christmas. To-night I shall finish the "Battle of Toulouse," and then there remains only the sortie from Bayonne, Ferdinand's return and kicking down the Constitution, and the "Conclusion," which brings all down to the Duke taking his seat in the House of Lords.

Henry Taylor's father is in town to be employed about the poor. Henry Taylor is very intimate with Hyde Villiers; and the said descendant of the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Clarendon, has brought this about with Lord Howick. George Taylor is a wise man and a good one, and, if no twist of political economy comes in the way to make knowledge useless, knows a good deal about the labouring classes, having been one of the best farmers in the north of England. These ministers are *forced* to take questions seriously in hand which their predecessors always put off to a more convenient season, and which they would stave off in like manner if they could.

Has Murray sent you the "Essays?" He is a person of such incoherent transactions that one is never sure of his doing as he is instructed to do.

God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. D'Israeli has made a very entertaining book of his "Commentaries on the Life of Charles I."

"There is a man," said Rogers of him, "with only half an intellect; and yet he makes books that can't help living." He has put forth a good defence of it against Lord Nugent, and gives Nugent some home strokes in return.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, March 14. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

If you were not the most reasonable of correspondents, as well as of women, I should generally have to begin my letters with an apology, and especially now when your MS. has been some ten days in my hands. It did not remain a single hour unread. We have all been *greatly pleased with it*, and without doubt you will make it a very *attractive book*, and set in it a very good and meritorious example. You have given me a great desire to see Dartmoor, which I only know by having skirted it from Moreton to Ashburton on foot, with a knapsack across my shoulders and Coleridge for my companion, on Thursday, Sept. 12, 1799. We had slept the preceding night at that inn where Mr. Bray's father was detained by the snow. I had not then industry or patience enough to make minute journals when travelling, and trusted too much to a vivid memory; and this I have often had occasion to regret. But in turning to the short notes which were made that day, I find mention of Bovey and Manniton, Becky Fall, Lustleigh Cleeve, and Heiter Cliffs.*

Your salting story exceeds any that I ever met with for its combination of the shocking and the comical. I had inserted more specimens of Mary's poetry than are

* These notes will be found in the fourth series of Southey's Common Place Books, p. 522.

found in the "Review," but in these things you know an editor uses his own discretion. I miss also a more ludicrous specimen of doggrel verses than either of those which are there presented. Every one from whom I hear of it is delighted with the book, and with you, and with Mary Colling, and with Mary Colling's sweet face, which I can assure you has been greatly admired at Copenhagen.

You ask me about the Bishop of Exeter. . . . . Henceforth I shall always regard him with good-will because he has given my old friend Lightfoot a small living with a good parsonage, just at the time when a comfortable residence was what he wanted, that he might retire from his school, and rest from labours which were becoming too great for him. The Bishop did this without solicitation from any one, solely because he thought Lightfoot a deserving man, and that this parsonage was just the place for him. If he had rendered me a personal service I could hardly have felt more obliged to him.

My reason for not giving more direct praise to Mary Colling was, that direct praise would not have been likely to serve her book so well, and would have had more the appearance of coming from one whose immediate object was to serve her. It was better therefore to let the story recommend itself, and the extracts speak in their own praise, and to show (against a very prevalent opinion) that intellectual pursuits by persons in humble life ought to be encouraged for the general good. Upon this subject I have more to say in due time.

Give my good wishes to her and my compliments to her master (who well deserves a compliment), and my kind regards to Mr. Bray, and believe me always

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, March 31. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

When your letter arrived I was from home, which is a very unusual thing for me; but having put the last hand to the "Peninsular War," I went over to Wordsworth's for the double purpose of leaving my daughter Bertha at his house, where she would have change of air, and better medical advice than this place affords at present, and of having some wholesome talk with him, and two or three days' stirring exercise as well for body as mind. Yesterday I returned, and found your welcome epistle among the other dispatches that awaited me.

I am very much obliged both to you and to Dr. Hughes for the very friendly interest you take in my concerns. If you were Queen of England I should be in a fair way of having all the good fortune that it is in the power of a Queen to bestow, only indeed that in that case you would know as little, and care as little, about me as Queen Adelaide does. The Bishop of Durham's letter is just what it became such a man to write; no doubt every bishop has more just claims upon him for promotion than his patronage can satisfy, and a bishop who acts under a proper sense of duty will attend to no others till those just ones are discharged. Far better would it be for the interests of the Church, if the bishops had more in their power and the Lord Chancellor less, provided the bishops themselves were always appointed for their deserts. Exemplary clergymen of his own diocese have the first claim upon a bishop; his own friends have so strong a one (supposing them to be in other respects worthy of preferment) that it must be no ordinary desert which ought to take place of them, and something must be allowed for that learning (in strangers) for the encouragement of which the Church endowments

was in part assigned. Now —— stands in neither of these relations at present; but that he will one day have strong claims, both on the score of his attainments and the use he makes of them, and on that of the sense which he entertains of his clerical duties, and the manner in which he performs them, I am very sure, if life and opportunity be granted him. Meantime, we know what happens while the grass is growing, but this is the lot of life. His, however, is far from an unfavourable one, for where there are prudent habits, wise and proper views of life, and a sure though what must be deemed a small competence in view (supposing everything is not swept away), the deferment of hope is not of that kind which maketh the heart sick.

You have done wonders in your parish; and this, I have no doubt, is the only way by which the agricultural poor can be immediately and surely relieved; do this generally, and hold out constant encouragement for emigration, and all will be done that can be effected by political measures. But how the dreadful population of the manufacturing towns and neighbourhoods is to be relieved I do not yet see; in their case I know what correction and remedial measures might be applied, but not how to provide them with employment, or in any way enable them to help themselves. These are subjects to which, now that the "Peninsular War" is off my hands, I must soon apply myself again. The "Essays" are excerpts from the "Edinburgh Annual Registers" (1808 to 10) and reprints from the "Q. Review," with restorations of that Gifford struck out, and some things which seemed worthy of preservation inlaid. With these I have reprinted my letter to William Smith, and the two letters concerning Lord Byron. There is much melancholy foresight in this volume, they contain all that I have written upon political subjects down to the date of the last "Essay,"—that is all that

directly and expressly related to passing circumstances, and that could not be more properly arranged under some different title. My other papers, historical, ecclesiastical, &c., &c., would fill ten more such volumes.

The cholera seems as if it were sent rather to give us an awful warning than to punish us. This good it will do, that it will make known the extreme misery of the lower classes, which exists in a greater degree than those who have not had opportunities of looking into it are willing to believe or perhaps able to imagine. The fast day produced a good effect here; profligate as this little town is, the church has never been better attended, seldom indeed so well, as it was at both services on that day. And this I understand was the case in most parts of this country. But there is a fierce and dreadful spirit of irreligion abroad; and it is now insolent enough to show itself in Parliament, where you have not only a party of Papists but a party of Infidels. Still there is so much true religion and undefiled in this nation, so much right-mindedness, so much righteousness, that notwithstanding the certainty and imminence of our danger, I regard it with an unshaken confidence that Providence will bring about our preservation, though I can discern no human means by which it is likely to be wrought.

Have you heard of my recent honours? The Derwentwater estates are to be sold (I have a strong suspicion of a *job* in the business), and in the advertisement, which is a master-piece of its kind, Mr. George Robins calls me his "favourite bard." Once, and only once have I received any mark of honour comparable to this, and that one was when I saw myself described in a playbill of one of the Surrey theatres, as decidedly one of the most *moral* characters of the age!

Talking of honours, I may tell you that indirect overtures have been made me to undertake the Professorship

of History at the New Durham College. This on my part must be considered wholly as a question of prudence, which is all that I have said in reply. Inclination and comfort would induce me at once to decline it, and in all likelihood I shall not be called upon to make the sacrifice of these; for I do not think the College can in common prudence offer what I could in common prudence accept. The matter rests till July, when they hold their next chapter, but I have so little expectation of its leading to anything that it will not enter into my thoughts in the meantime, still less must it interfere with any of my designs. The considerations must be weighty which could render any change of life prudent in one who is on the threshold of three score.

With our kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes, believe me always

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, April 18. 1832.

MY DEAR WARTER,

The "History of the Culdees" is so worthless a book, that while it was going through the press Ballantyne, the publisher, cut down the impression from 500 to 250 copies, for the sake of lessening the loss upon the paper. He sent me the book, and, when in thanking him for it, I observed that "it was nothing better than a dull presbyterian pamphlet against episcopacy," he told me this in reply: "I seldom have been more disappointed in any work, thinking that no one would come forward with a quarto volume concerning the Culdees unless he had some information to produce."

My ailments have been nothing more than the dry

colic, to which, for the last two or three years, I have been very frequently subject. By my brother's advice I now attack it with castor oil, and hitherto this has speedily removed it. But you may conclude that I am in good condition when you hear that I walked yesterday into Borrodale, and, after walking about there and dining, walked back, without the slightest sign of fatigue.

The "Records of Greenland" will be very interesting. I hardly know any subject upon which a more interesting little volume could be concocted than the history of that country. Had I proceeded with the poetical schemes of my youth, Greenland is one of the countries which I should have chosen for the scene of a mythological poem; all the circumstances belonging to it are so singularly picturesque.

The Bishop of —— is not to be reckoned in the last litter of rats who have enabled Lord Grey to carry the second reading. I happen to know that no reliance has ever been placed in him by some of those persons who are most to be relied on themselves. Dr. Wordsworth for example, who has had long opportunities of observing him, and the Bishop of Durham, who, take him for all in all, is, perhaps, the best of our present prelates. ——'s speech is spoken of in the highest terms. Both for matter and manner, they tell me, few such have been heard; but —— is believed to be a worldly man, and, therefore, the opinion which is entertained of him counteracts, in a great degree, the effect of his argument, and especially of all which have any reference to religious feeling. That he believes what he says I fully believe; for my opinion of him from the time I first saw him was that his understanding was in perfect agreement with his interest, and that coincidence made him a sincere man. When he came round to the emancipators I thought the weakest had gone to the

wall. He is now right again, but his opinions have no deeper root than in his understanding.

I can tell you nothing more about the last "Quarterly" than that I suppose Lockhart thought it a matter of prudence to serve up some light articles in compliance with the public taste. Basil Hall is supposed to have reviewed * * * * *'s book. Of the said * * * * * I have heard something from Mr. Hamilton (the author of "Cyril Thornton," which I have never read); he met with her in America. Her book, Hamilton says, is true in all that it relates, but false, because it relates only what is unfavourable.*

The paper about Melton Mowbray, Wordsworth tells me, may very likely have been written by Mr. O'Callaghan (brother of Lord somebody), whom I have met at Lowther, an exceedingly agreeable person. That article would not lead you to suppose that his favourite reading at Lowther is in the old English divines.

I wish I could put an end to that cramming system in the Universities, what I verily believe to be equally injurious to body and mind. The declaration which Lord Tenterden made, and the Archbishop confirmed, about the worthlessness of University honours as anything to be relied on, ought to have some effect in checking this mischievous spirit of emulation. Edward, I hope, will recruit himself in Shropshire; but no course of medicine, and no change of air, would contribute so much to his recovery as a determination to be contented with simply taking his degree,—an injunction which I shall lay upon Karl.

The fast-day has done good. It has certainly shown that there is much more devotion in the nation than, all things considered, was to have been expected.

God bless you.

R. S.

* My much lamented friend, Henry Wheaton, the American Minister at Copenhagen, told me exactly the same.

To the Rev. James White.

Keswick, April 24. 1832.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Among the many persons upon whose patience my frequent and long inattention may seem to presume, there is none against whom I am more conscious of offending in this manner than yourself. Long ago I ought to have thanked you for executing my commission for the lamp and the bottle of essence; to have thanked you also for the printed calicoes, and reproved you a little for your over kindness in sending the two plain pieces.

Two pamphlets from Manchester have reached me in a parcel from Murray's. One from — Dr. Kay is his name? — (for James Stanger has them both at present), for which, if you know the author, pray, when you may chance to see him, thank him, in my name, as it seems he intended it for me. The pictures of the state of your Yahoos agree with all that you have told me; but he is not sufficiently alive to the hard-heartedness of the manufacturing system, and evidently wishes to apologise for it. The other is the "Manifesto" of your capitalists, who have about as much *feeling* for the children in their cotton-mills as the old Spaniards had for the Indians whom they employed to dig in the mines. I can well understand that their machinery is so constructed, and their establishments so arranged, that any diminution of these little wretches' work must seriously derange the concern; but to have any bowels of compassion for them upon that account would be to have none for the children; for if they have made arrangements upon a calculated system of inhumanity, they deserve any loss that may be incurred in abating that inhumanity. I have much more commiseration for the West India planters; slavery, indeed, as it

exists among them, is enormously wicked in its origin, and often in its consequences, but the present race have neither originated nor extended it: they have (to their misfortune) inherited it; and, evil as the system is, it is, nevertheless, one under which great happiness and great good may by possibility be produced. If you and I were Jamaica planters, and upon large plantations, do you believe that any English parish of an equal extent would exhibit so much happiness as we should produce there, when, having the will to benefit the people, we should also have full power to do it? I can imagine a plantation which should be as happy as a patriarchal family; but I cannot conceive of a great cotton manufactory as anything but an abomination both to God and man. How to make it otherwise is indeed a most difficult, as well as momentous question; how to advance the interests of all classes without injustice to any; how this is to be effected is what no political economist has ever obtained a glimpse of, nor can I perceive any other possible way than by teaching men — if it were possible so to do — their duty towards God and their neighbour. There, James, we have the panacea for all moral and political evils — the true and only catholicon — but there is no persuading those who need it most to take it.

As for the Reform Bill, I have ceased to think about it, and almost to take any interest in what is passing; not from that weariness of the subject which it is now very plain that the multitude feel, but because public affairs are so entirely thrown out of their old course that there is no foreseeing what is or is not likely to happen. There is a sort of folly which acts so unaccountably, that it becomes impossible to speculate upon its actions; so, as I believe that we are in the hands of Providence, I regard the course of events with perfect composure.

You would be glad to hear that I was delivered of my third volume, and would take it for granted that I was doing as well as could be expected after it. Of the "Essays," in the success of which (that is, the sale,) I am more immediately concerned, I have but a bad account. Murray says they will probably pay their expenses; and I am not without some reason for suspecting that it has been his wish they should do nothing more; for booksellers, like other men, sometimes take erroneous views of their own interest. I am sorry for this, because it was very much my wish to have revised the whole of my "Essays," and published them, in different series, in the same form. However, it is well that this has been done with those which, in one point of view, were most important,—important I mean to myself. For any one who wants to inquire out my political opinions may find them there; and then those persons who abuse me may, if they think proper, see what they are abusing.

My dear James,
Yours affectionately,
R. S.

To the Rev. James White.

Keswick, May 13. 1832.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I left Bertha and Kate at Netherhall; they return to us on Saturday, whether or not the better for sea breezes remains to be seen, but home they are coming. Summer is come, the leaves are out, the fine weather I hope is not departing, and as soon as your friend Mr. Swain may find it convenient, I shall be very glad to receive him. I write to you instead of saying this to himself, because it would cost me some time to find his direction, and because I owe you a letter. Tell him

that if he is a good walker, and wishes to approach this country in the best manner, he should stop at Lancaster, and proceed by the stage coach which crosses the sands to Ulverstone; walk from that place up the Lake of Coniston, where there are decent quarters at the head of the Lake; and from thence to the Ferry House on Windermere, which is opposite Bowness. At Bowness he will be in the line of the stage to Keswick. But this route must of course depend partly on his time and partly upon weather: if he has but little time to be absent, there will be enough to occupy it *here*. My kindest regards to him with this advice, and let him give me a line to say when we may look for him. And N. B. be pleased I pray you to let me know by him what I am indebted to you for the commissions which you executed.

We were all exceedingly pleased at seeing that your parishioners had shown so proper a sense of your more than ministerial services. I wish those who have more power, and ought to understand your deserts as well, would discharge their duty towards you in the same spirit, but with more effect. There is one consolation in these times, that some good must eventually arise out of all the evil which is going on; and that whether the overthrow of the Church can be averted, or it will be to be re-edified after its demolition (as at the Restoration), some abuses must be lessened, if they cannot be got rid of, and some improvements introduced. Any ecclesiastical reforms would aim at this: that no clergyman should have too *much* to do, or too *little* for living on with comfort as a married man. The object of any political one would be that labour of every kind should be well paid, and means of emigration always systematically afforded, to those who could not find employment at home. I have yet to say much upon these topics and others connected with them, and hope yet with God's blessing to cast more seed upon the waters.

The late struggle for power has not worsened our position, though it originated in a successful stratagem of Lord Grey's. He had promised more peerages than the most impudent exercise of the prerogative could have confirmed, and he wanted to get out of the difficulty in which the nonperformance of these promises placed him. He wanted also an accession of mob popularity for enabling him to carry the Irish Reform Bill against the reluctance of the great Absentees, who cannot but see that one of its consequences will be the confiscation of their estates. In both these objects he has succeeded; and this further advantage he has gained, that something like a fresh schism has been produced among the Conservatives, some condemning the Duke for his readiness to accept office and carry a bill of reform, others equally condemning Peel for an opposite determination. This I think will easily be healed, there being so fair a case on either side. What we have gained is the important manifestation that the king is no longer the tool of the Revolutionists, but a poor creature whom they have taken in their snare, and use like a bondsman. He was weak enough to be vain of his popularity; this they flattered him with possessing: he sees now what such popularity is worth; and having been threatened with the fate of Louis XVI. his confidence in his ministers is at this time much upon a par with their loyalty to him. Out of all these dangers God will deliver us, by means which we cannot foresee, in his own good time.

The forthcoming "Q. R." will have a paper of mine on Lord Nugent's "Life of Hampden." I have brought into notice the remarkable fact that only one of Hampden's speeches has been preserved: that in that speech he twice makes the most solemn and explicit profession of passive obedience, and this at the very time when his 6,000 friends and neighbours were arraying them-

selves to march to London, and offer their services to the Parliament! I have thus proved him to have been a hypocrite and a liar. The Whigs will not like me the better for this.

God bless you, my dear James. All here desire their kindest remembrance; I hope we shall see you in the course of the summer. Such a vacation you know is absolutely required for your health's sake both of body and mind, and you can go nowhere where you would be more heartily welcomed. Remember me to Mr. Cubitt, and believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, June 11. 1832.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

The newspaper has failed me to-day, so that I know not whether King Louis Philippe reigns in Paris, or King Mob. Though curious, of course, to know, it is one of those affairs on which I do not feel disposed to waste a wish on either side, having long since come to the comfortable conclusion that nothing worse than their deserts can possibly happen to either party, and that in the one event a wholesome lesson will be given to such Kings, and in the other to such a populace.

King Leopold, I hear, is exceedingly alarmed at the course of affairs in England, where he feels not only his near family connections in danger, but also that comfortable pension which he hoped would be something to retire upon, if at any time his fool's crown should be taken from his head. His marriage, however, I hope will take place, and then, if King father-in-law and King son-in-law meet in England as exiles, there

will be something more "to point a moral and adorn a tale." All guesses must be at random in these times, when we have to speculate, not upon the conduct of statesmen, and upon known systems of policy, but upon the actions of fools and madmen. Guessing, therefore, upon no better ground than such agents afford, I think the Republicans are likely to succeed in France, because, aided by the Bonapartists, they are far the strongest party. I mean the strongest *active* party (the great majority being always passive), and Louis Philippe is probably weaker than either of these, even separately. If that party succeeds they can have no breathing time at home without engaging in foreign war, and a general war will presently ensue.

I do not enclose this, lest your business should be by this settled, and your Empire of the Franks at an end. I wish it may be so, and that you may have the rare fortune of not being ill used at your emancipation, —of all bad masters the public being, in these days, the worst. When you are free pray turn your thoughts and steps hitherward. Anne and Franco would enjoy the mountains, and you and I could colloquise to great advantage.

The hospital estates here have been sold for about two thirds of their estimated worth. So much for the interests of the charity! You have an able man in the House of Commons, * * * * *, who does not look to his own interest here, just like an Irish absentee, and never returns an answer to any application for a subscription towards any charitable or local purpose. At present we hear of none but Radicals as likely to be returned from these parts; but no county has been more poisoned by provincial newspapers; and half the yeomanry have been bred up under a radical schoolmaster,—a liberalised Quaker, who has kept a large

seminary of disaffection for more than thirty years. You may suppose what mischief such a man must have done. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, June 12. 1832.

My dear Mrs. Bray,

Your packet followed me to the coast, where I had taken two of my daughters to a friend's house, for the sake of sea air. There I left them, and they have now again rejoined me — the one better than when she went, the other better than when she returned. I hope your nephew may belong to a covey of Cantabs whom I hear of as having taken lodgings at Keswick. I shall not only be glad to see him, but to give him the very few introductions that this place affords; so let him make himself known to me as soon as he comes. My cousin, Herbert Hill, who is just now taking his degree at New College, will be with me during the long vacation. Your nephew will find him a pleasant acquaintance, for he is a good scion of a good stock.

Your Pixies are pleasant creatures; I knew them of old by Coleridge's poem about them, which was written before he and I met in 1794*; but your stories were new to me, and have amused my fireside greatly. We have no playful superstitions here, or if there are any they have not come to my knowledge; but I suspect that the popular superstitions of the mountainous coun-

* Writing to Belford under this date, Southey tells how he and Coleridge were obliged to sleep together in a garret at Cheddar. "Coleridge is a vile bed-fellow, and I slept but ill. In the morning I rose, and, lo! we were fastened in. They certainly took us for footpads, and had bolted the door on the outside for fear we should rob the house." — *August 1st*, 1794.

tries are generally of a sterner character than such as belong to milder regions. The Welsh, late as they possessed this country, have left few vestiges here, the Danes many. Boggles and Barguests are the only supernatural beings we hear of in these parts; to what class they belong I cannot tell you, but the Barguests, which I believe generally appear in the shape of some quadruped, may possibly, in its origin, have simply been a mountain spirit. Large towns, and large manufactories in the country, destroy all superstitions of this kind.

Your country abounds in Druidical remains more than any other part of the island, but I was ignorant of this till you informed me of it, and, indeed, the honour of having established this curious fact belongs to Mr. Bray. Perhaps the Western Britons were less disturbed by wars than any other people in the island during the whole time of the Heptarchy. They bordered only upon Wessex, which was generally the best governed of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, was strong enough to make them, for the most part, quiet neighbours, and was too much occupied on other sides to think anything of molesting them. Exeter continued long to be a half Welsh town, just as Friburg in Switzerland is still divided between two languages. During such a state of things the bards had leisure to keep up the old religion in all its forms, and make their last stand against Christianity.

Poor Smith's is a very affecting story; and there are too many such tragedies in real life, which it is more easy to compassionate than to prevent, or even to relieve. I have a strong feeling of dislike and contempt for that sort of support which the Literary Fund bestows upon men of letters, relieving them like paupers, and waiting till they become paupers before any relief is bestowed. By subscribing to this fund, becoming

president, &c., and stewards at its annual dinners, men of rank and fortune think themselves discharged of all that duty and real patronage which persons of their station formerly acknowledged, and not unfrequently performed. In old times the man of learning had sometimes a home with his patron, sometimes a pension from him; now when distress comes upon him, these persons put him upon the charity list of the Literary Fund, and deal him out a paltry relief, which is neither bestowed with kindness, nor received with gratitude.

I am glad that the Duke of Wellington could not form a ministry upon the condition of carrying the Reform Bill. By what I am told it seems a good case can be made as respects his own views and conduct, but it is well that Peel stood firm, and recovered some of the ground in public opinion which he lost upon the Catholic question. It is also well that the bill has been carried by means which are flagrantly unconstitutional. Whether the Church and the Monarchy can be saved, the result of the next general election will show. Now that we have the King with us we may be saved by a Conservative majority, however small. The course of foreign affairs is in our favour. The revolutionary press must be curbed on the Continent, and there will be no security till it is curbed here also, which it will be without a war in the metropolis, whenever an honest Government attempts it seriously. You see I am a good *hoper*.

Do not exert yourself too much in any way, and, above all, consider yourself as belonging to a Temperance Society, instituted for the purpose of opposing the evil habit of indulging a mental excitement. Mr. Bray, I am sure, will approve of your becoming a member. Next to possessing the soul in patience we may reckon the blessing of possessing our minds in quiet. This

may be wholesome advice for Mary Colling as well as for you; and I am entitled to give it, for I practise what I preach. God bless you.

Yours very truly,

R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, June 26. 1832.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

I have ordered with the other books to Warwick, two volumes of Selections from my own writings, for two reasons, but for which they would not have been worth sending; first, that they may serve to amuse your children, and secondly, that they contain three poems which you have not in any other form,—a "Funeral Song upon the Princess Charlotte," and two odes under the common title of "The Warning Voice."

I meant to alter that word *impugning*, because you objected to it; but not finding another word which could supply it without offending my own ear, more than that offends the eye (the ear, too, being of most consequence in composition as well as in an *auto-sacramental*), I referred to "Johnson's Dictionary," that I might see what authorities there were for the word. They proved to be South, Spencer, Shakespeare, and Cranmer. So I reverently allowed it to remain. We have the word, not from the French, but from the Normans, who, by the change which they produced in our language, overpaid this country for all the evils which they brought upon it by the conquest. A word of Norman extraction must not be expelled under the Alien Act.

The "Essays" contain everything that I have ever written directly upon political subjects, down to the date of the last paper. I say *directly*, because as there are many other papers imbued with the same feelings

and opinions, they might more properly be arranged under some other title. If these had sold so as to hold out any encouragement, my wish was to have collected and revised the whole, under the various heads of Historical, Ecclesiastical, Biographical, Literary, and Miscellaneous, — the whole would amount to about ten more volumes. But this is more likely to be done by my representatives, than by me; and of course it will not be so well done, as no one but myself can tell how to inlay and correct them. However, I am glad that the political papers exist now in a substantious shape.

Your apparition here seems like a dream, — but like a pleasant one, and one that is distinctly remembered. It is a comfort to have something on which to look back with gratification, when there can be so little in looking forward.

Poor Scott! When he arrived in London he was incapable of recognising any one; but, on the following day, his senses so far recovered that he knew Lockhart and his daughter. The case is utterly hopeless, and, very possibly, may by this time be over. Mackintosh is said to have died, believing and hoping: his mind had for many months taken that turn. The last time I saw him was in November, 1830, before the change of ministry. The affairs of France were talked of, and I said to him, "You and I, Sir James, are a little too old now to sing our *Nunc dimittis* for a second French Revolution." He assented to what I said, with a sad smile and a sigh. Poor man! he was the slave of his improvidence, of his former faults, and of his party, and during the latter part of his life spoke and acted in direct opposition to his own real and recorded opinions.

His brain was the largest that has ever been examined. Yet a deal more has come out of other heads, though probably there are very few in this generation in which so much has been stored.

Cuthbert thanks you for his seal, and looks with hope to seeing Arnold with you here three years hence.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, July 13. 1832.

My dear Neville,

Yesterday on returning from my daily walk, I found your parcel. The girls thank you for their dresses, with which they are all highly pleased, as they ought to be; and I thank you for the book. The binding is indeed in beautiful condition, which is the more remarkable considering the popular nature of the work, rendering it likely to be much used. Whoever the former owners may have been, I dare say this volume has never been placed in more congenial company before; for it is now in the same room with the "Acta Sanctorum," Wadding's "Annales Minorum," Mabillon's "Annales of the Benedictine Order," &c., &c., &c. It will be useful to me, not merely for compendious references (which is a great use), but also because the acts do not extend beyond the middle of October, and therefore I have to hunt in other quarters for any saint whose station in the calendar is after that time.

The cholera is closing round us. It has reached Whitehaven, is raging at Carlisle, and beginning to rage at Kendal, so that it may daily be expected here. Indeed nothing but a special Providence can save this place. We are as well situated as possible, are provided with all things needful, and shall take all human precautions, putting our trust in God. The want of skilful practitioners I think little of, considering the mysterious nature of the disease; but in a small town there is the evil that the danger must be near you, and that you

cannot but be fully aware of it. In London and in large cities you scarcely know what happens at the next door; here everything that occurs in the place must be known; and this, I doubt not, is one reason why the mortality will be comparatively greater in the provinces than in the capital. But we are in God's hands.

This subject reminds me of James's last letter, and as he is with you by this time, I will send here an anecdote which he may possibly think fit to introduce in his hospital sermon. I met with it accidentally in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, 1804, where, at p. 380, the death of Madame Deleau is recorded. She was the Superior of the Sœurs de la Charité, to which order she had belonged fifty-seven years. "By Robespierre's orders she was dragged from the side of the sick beds to a dungeon in the Conciergerie, where she was confined as a fanatic. Under the Consular Government in 1802, she was permitted to collect the scattered members of her order, and to resume her former occupation; and before her death, 250 hospitals were served gratuitously by the sisters of charity. Her death (at the age of 76) was hastened by seeing, during her painful task in the abodes of misery, within the last two months, six of the *ci-devant* nobility of France, who destitute of homes or resources, ended their lives in the public hospitals; and whom she had formerly known as liberal benefactors to those charitable institutions which were then become their last and only refuge." So striking a fact could, I think, never be brought forward on a better occasion, nor at a fitter time, and it needs no application. Only let the word revolution be introduced, "without note or comment," in relating it, and every hearer will make the application for himself. I like James's notion of his sermon well. He may show that diseases never failed to call forth the compassion of our Lord; that charity so bestowed is sure to be well bestowed; and

that the improvements in the healing art which cannot be expected without such opportunities of constant observation as Infirmaries afford, are of the utmost importance to all classes.

"I have to thank you for your exertions in finding unwilling purchasers for the "Essays." Indeed you have done wonders; that proportion in all towns would constitute a very considerable call. But if you had been a prince, Neville, I have often said that I should be a rich man; and if I were a prince, you should be a bishop; and you should have the richest bishopric, because you would set an example of the way in which wealth and Church patronage ought to be employed. This brings Durham into my mind. You must know (and this is between ourselves at present, for I have mentioned it only to the very few persons with whom I am most intimate), that I have been *sounded* concerning a Professorship of History in their new University, and that a regular proposal upon the matter will probably be made to me after the meeting of the chapter, in the present month. My opinion is that they cannot *prudently* make me such an offer as I could *prudently* accept. However, it would not have been prudent to have thrown cold water upon their intention; and they have been apprised that my time bears a high price in the market. Of course nothing would induce me to leave this place, at least nothing that they could possibly give me; the question is whether they can remunerate me for half my time, and for a removal to Durham during such time as the delivery of the lectures would require. If they can, it is very possible that I might make their views square not inconveniently with my own. This will soon be determined; if it ends in nothing I shall be neither disappointed, nor, to say the truth, displeased. But should it lead to anything, why then I will make the best of it.

Charles Swain we expect to-morrow; and on Monday, if the weather be fair, I purpose trying his legs and his wind by ascending Skiddaw. It is now walking time, so I must put on my shoes, take my pocket companion, and sally forth. With the repeated thanks and kindest regards of my whole womankind, remember me to all yours, especially to your excellent mother, and to Mrs. Neville, and believe me always, my dear Neville,

Yours, most affectionately,

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, July 14. 1832.

My dear Mrs. Bray,

There is no reason why I should detain your letters after my womankind have enjoyed them; packets of this bulk will occasion no inquiry, and to avoid all pretext for any, I will direct them in future to Mr. Bray, that the Colonial Office may not be scandalised by carrying on a correspondence with a lady. These extracts from Mr. Bray's journal will certainly have the effect of bringing many curious travellers to Dartmoor.

It will be long before my "Colloquies" are finished, though my friend William Westall has engraved six beautiful views for them. Murray is the chief cause of this delay, by a strange mode of proceeding with regard to the printing, which it would require more time to explain than the explanation is worth. It was his fault also that the "Essays" did not appear much sooner. He has been urged to let me collect them for more than seven years. They went to the press in November, 1830, and might have been out in the ensuing spring; but as soon as the letters to Lord Byron were introduced he delayed them in the press, upon a pretext that the papers on the Catholic question would ruin the sale of the volumes. And when that objection was over-

come and the book ready, he kept it back from publication about three months for no possible reason (being the very best months for publication), except that he apprehended it might produce some effect in checking the sale of his complete edition of Lord Byron's works, — filth, blasphemy, and all.

Your account of the Tavistock Radicals is an edifying example of what the Whigs may expect at their hands. Our humane hopes must now mainly rest upon the effect that such lessons may produce. The repentant Whig, and those who not having magnanimity enough to say they have gone too far, have yet wisdom enough to say they will go no farther, may yet save us. There seems reason to expect that there will be many of these.

Your drawings excellently illustrate the journal. Mr. Bray's reasoning about the artificial formation of the basins is conclusive. Of those which mountain streams form, no doubt there are abundant examples in your neighbourhood. We have in our Museums here stones which have been made perfectly round by the process of forming them. If such of your Tors as these drawings represent have not been formed simply by taking away parts of them (as within living memory was done in this immediate neighbourhood to make the Bowder Stone appear wonderful), I think the stones are more likely to have been raised by mechanical means, than by the rude process of aggeration. The largest stone at Stonehenge might have been raised by a three inch cable; and we know that the mischievous lieutenant who threw down the rocking stone at the Land's End succeeded in raising it again. The Druids themselves may not have possessed either the skill or the means necessary for such operations; but the Phœnicians, with whom they traded, might have helped them, and both Dartmoor and Salisbury Plain are within easy reach of a seaport.

I shall like very much to visit these monuments when circumstances will allow; and still more to have an opportunity of seeing my Tavistock friends. Meantime continue, I pray you, to use the best means of recovering strength, which will be found in taking care not to exhaust it by any fatigue either of mind or body. Be as idle as you can, and remember that you ought no more to indulge in composition beyond the limits of wholesome employment than to eat or drink what you know would be injurious. I practise the mental temperance that I preach.

The cholera is closing round us. It is raging at Carlisle; there are dismal accounts from Kendal, and it has established itself at Whitehaven. This place, therefore, cannot escape without the special mercy of Providence, and, in fact, I expect every day to hear that the disease has shown itself here. But our house stands by itself, at sufficient distance from the town to give a reasonable hope that by using all human precautions we may, with God's blessing, be preserved.

Some such visitation I have looked for as likely, long before that expectation was stated in the "Colloquies." And I used to think it might be one of the means by which Providence would put an end to our impious speculations about over population, and save us, by a visitation of its own, from the consequences which the manufacturing system must otherwise inevitably produce.

God bless you. Make my kind regards to Mr. Bray and Mary, who wins all hearts here, and believe me, always,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Honourable C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, July 17. 1832.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have this moment read in the newspapers of your loss. May God comfort you. I know but too well what such afflictions are, and have the apprehension of them at heart too deeply at all times, and now with too much cause. The cholera is in all the neighbouring towns, and has closed round us, and nothing but a special mercy can save this place from it. The danger is proportionally greater in a small place, because it must be near, and because the moral influence which prepares the system for taking the disease, cannot but prevail in full force where every case is known, and every funeral in our sight. My fears are for others; were it not for them I should, as regards myself, be ready and willing to depart. But God's will be done! His will is best.

In thinking of you the greatest comfort is to know that you have the best of all comforts, and that the worst is past.

God be with you, and bring us both in His own good time into His kingdom, there to meet with those whom we have lost.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, July 18. 1832.

MY DEAR WARTER,

I have been breakfasting this morning at Mr. Stanger's, to meet Bennett, who went out with Tyerman as Visitor of the Missions in the South Seas, and elsewhere,—a lively communicative man, very zealously

engaged in a very good cause. This has kept me later than is convenient for sending you a dispatch by this day's post. But Edith wishes me to give you some account of a great architectural work which Glover has finished under her direction and superintendence. This is nothing less than the erection of a carved chimney-piece in Paul. There was some old carving for the pedestals, for one side piece, and for the cross piece; so that which was to be supplied, for which the materials afforded no pattern, was the centre piece, the two upper corners, the mantel-piece, and a sort of finish below, which gave the appearance of an arch to the upper works. And here, though the works were to be new, you will allow that the materials were sufficiently old, when I tell you that they consisted of oak from the old chapel in Borrodale, which was built 600 or 700 years ago.

Edith designed the corner pieces, a grotesque figure on each, which we took from the engraved title-page to my copy of the Decretals. When Glover brought them home, he entered with a joyful exclamation, "Well, Miss Suthey,*, I have done my Devils!" He wronged them, however, in giving them that designation: they are only monsters, grotesque and not hideous. For the centre piece there is a witch blowing her fire, which has a pot boiling on it; and her purveyor, a griffin, is in the act of alighting, with a hare in one of his fore-paws. I do not know where the witch came from; but the griffin and the hare we found in a Bavarian coat of arms.

I must now tell you that the whole is the admiration of all who have seen it, and Glover is so proud of it,

* The Cumberland pronunciation of the name. Glover's name was introduced in the unpublished "Colloquies," in connection with Watenlath.

that he says, "Miss Suthey, I think the next thing you and I must do must be to build Solomon's temple!"

Glover, you must know, has been employed by us some five-and-twenty years, ever since he was a 'prentice-boy. Nature qualified him for a gentleman of the best kind, but fortune made him a poor carpenter: not the best of workmen, except in fancy work, in which he is very clever; comprehending in a moment what you wish him to understand: and so honest and so throughly good-humoured, that it is impossible ever to be angry with him.

The "Edda" is arrived in Harley Street, and will arrive here about the time this reaches Copenhagen. I am sorry you are prevented from your journey into Sweden *, very sorry, because the opportunity is not likely to be recovered.

God bless you — my next shall be soon, — more I trust at leisure and at length.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Aug. 9. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

I look every day fearfully in the newspaper to see if Tavistock appears in the list of infected places, as you may be looking in the same sad list for Keswick. Hitherto we have been spared, but we are in hourly danger, as being in constant communication with Whitehaven, Workington, Carlisle, and Kendal. Yesterday

* The hindrance was overcome, and from my journey through Sweden and much of Norway, I derived stores of information, and was greatly impressed with the kindness and hospitality I received from all ranks. The day spent with the lamented bishop and poet, TEGNER, was a memorable one; his disposition was as sweet as his poetry.

brought certain intelligence that the disease had appeared at Cockermouth, which is our nearest town; this, however, adds little, if anything, to our danger, Workington, where its ravages have been greatest, being only eight miles farther off in the same direction, and the communication the same. Keswick is filled with refugees from all these places, and great as the improbability of our escape certainly is, every day that passes without bringing the pestilence here renders it less improbable that we may, by God's mercy, be spared.

Here I have opportunity enough of seeing that, as in Portugal, in the year 1800, serious fear of a near pestilence seems to be felt by those only who have reached a serious age; others simply acknowledge the danger, and think no more of it. We have succeeded in preventing the races (the lowest of their kind), which were to have taken place this week; and this measure, evidently required as it was, was fiercely opposed by the brewer and some of the publicans! The head innkeeper too complained most outrageously against the Board of Health for stating in a handbill, which it put forth, that the cholera had now approached near Keswick!

Hitherto there has been no diminution in the number of Lakers; those who are in the pursuit either of business or pleasure seem totally to disregard the existence of the disease, and move about as if they were secure against all infection. Indeed, this is the reason why I have not sooner returned your packet, "The Philistines are upon me," that is to say, the Lakers, and they have about as much mercy (most of them) upon my all-too-precious time, as the flies and gnats have upon my flesh and blood.

Send me, I pray you, the damaged epistle! Could you suppose that I should regard such damage more than the stains of water, or of damp in all old books,

the discolouration which bad ink produces there, or the more wicked traces of the book worm? Among my books there are some which have gone through dangers by "fire and flood," and bear the marks of them. One which was sent to me from Boston came to hand thoroughly soaked with sea water: the bearer had just escaped drowning in crossing the sands from Lancaster to Ulverston, and his portmanteau, with the book in it, was under water, while he kept himself above it on the top of the coach, till succour came for him. I cut the threads of the book, and dried it sheet by sheet, like a wet newspaper, so carefully that if I do not fulfil my intention of recording its adventures on a blank leaf there, no one would ever suspect that it had suffered such a mishap.

I should like dearly to show you my books,—they form, I verily believe, the richest library that ever was possessed by a poor man. And I should like you to see a picture of my three daughters, such as they were soon after the verses to which you have alluded were written. Kate and Bertha are here to be compared with it; but that poor resemblance is all that remains on earth of the younger. She was the most radiant creature I ever beheld, or shall behold till I see her again, which, that I shall do, is one of the anticipations that will sweeten death. But these are things of which I never speak, and seldom dare to touch upon.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Aug. 16. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

Twining the second is gone this morning to Watenlath and Borrodale, a circuit which I shall never

take again as happily as on that day with you and Dr. Hughes. To-morrow he goes on a two days' excursion to Wastwater, and he and his companion, if they return in time, are to pass Saturday evening with me. He seems a pleasant young man, with prepossessing manners; so did Twining the first, of whom I should have seen more, if his stay had not been short, and if he had not come when visitors were crowding upon us.

Poor Sir Walter seems already to be considered as dead, and yet many of those who so consider him *may*, and some no doubt will, overtake him on the way to the grave; life, always uncertain as it is, being rendered now so much more so by this wide-wasting disease. Hitherto Keswick has been spared, but we are in daily danger, being in constant communication with so many infected points. It has just begun at Cockermouth, at Maryport it has spent itself, and is abating at Workington, where it has raged dreadfully. It is not yet at the worst either at Whitehaven or Kendal; at Penrith there was one case, which has not spread, and I believe the same thing occurred at Wigton. Here we have succeeded, against the opposition of the brewer, the publicans, and the sinners, in preventing the races, which being the very worst of the kind, would have brought all the loose rabble from the surrounding towns, and have prepared our own rascalry, by drunkenness, for the contagion which the others were likely to bring.

It is not to be expected that this place should escape; but every day that passes without the appearance of the disease, renders it less unlikely, and, if it comes, we are well situated, and must quietly trust in God's mercy.

I have heard nothing further from Durham. Perhaps they delay their proposal because the opening of their college must, as they now see, be delayed much beyond the time which they originally appointed; or perhaps, upon further consideration, they may have concluded

that they cannot make me any offer which, consistently with common prudence, I could accept.

But to return to our poor friend Sir Walter: his case, I apprehend, is more painful to others than to himself; it is one of those humiliating spectacles which ought to make us understand feelingly what poor creatures we are. Life must be to him an uneasy dream, or a delirium in the interval of broken sleep, rather than any conscious suffering either of body or mind, — most distressing to those about him, but less so to himself than if he knew what they were suffering. I hear that about 16,000*l.* of debt are remaining. His letters and his life will diminish this considerably. Probably there will not remain much to be collected besides his correspondence, but there may be much of that, and fortune will not forsake even his bier.

He is about four years my elder. I completed my fifty-eighth year on Sunday last, and on Wednesday next I shall, to a day, have passed half my life in this habitation. I have not been a rolling stone, though I have gathered no moss.

Your success with the labourers is very encouraging. Lovelace Wither (my uncle's marriage nephew) has tried the same experiment upon his father's estate in Hampshire, with the same success, and has published an account of it in a pamphlet. The "Times" extolls the pamphlet and the experiment, which it would not have done if the editor had known that the seed which springs up there was some of that which I had scattered upon the waters. A well-regulated system of emigration ought to keep pace with this real improvement of the labouring class. That improvement, indeed, will create employment for those who otherwise would want it, because in proportion as the condition of the labourers is bettered do they become purchasers. And as for over population, though it must ever be a prime object

of policy to send abroad all who cannot be profitably and happily employed at home, we have just now too much reason to fear that our numbers will be cut down by the visitation of Providence. The cholera is not a passing evil. It is denizened among us; year after year it will, in all likelihood, take its rounds. I well remember having said, long ago, that some such visitation might not improbably be apprehended, as the means appointed by Providence for preventing that destruction which the uninterrupted growth of the manufacturing populace must otherwise bring upon the whole fabric of our society.

Sept. 16. One whole month this letter, as you see, has lain unfinished in my desk, partly because it waited till I could write under the same cover to the franker, and that was delayed because the strange appearance of his name in the "Gazette" perplexed me about him. I have not yet heard any other explanation than that it is merely an honorary appointment, which, indeed, is proved by the non-vacation of his seat; but that seems an odd sort of honour, which he himself would rather have dispensed with, and which would have made those who lose him uneasy, if they had not known him too well not to be perfectly sure that he would do nothing to degrade himself. It was talked of at Lowther Castle, where I was last week; nobody understood the affair, but every one had come to this conclusion.

Our own affairs are just in the same state as when this letter was begun. But every post makes me fear the arrival of a black seal from some place where the cholera is prevailing. To-day I have a letter from Lockhart, dated the 14th; there had then been mortification for eight days, "broad and deepening hourly, that no doubt was to be the end; every night was expected to be the last, and yet he lingers on." What an awful thought it is that before he reaches his wished for

end, near as it now must be, hundreds, who are at this moment in fearless health, will be cut down by the pestilence. God preserve us from this and from all other evils!

Of course I do not lay, as I have been wont to do in ordinary times, an easy head upon my pillow. But my spirits are not affected as I could have supposed they would have been. The proper state should neither partake of alarm nor of undue security. I am afraid I have too much of the latter feeling at present, and may have too much of the former when the hour comes, if come it should, and that it will come there is certainly great reason to expect.

I hope Dr. Hughes continues better. Our kindest remembrances to him. Forgive my long silence, and believe me always,

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Sept. 8. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

This packet should have been returned sooner if I had not been a few days absent from home on a visit at Lowther Castle, where my visits are so few and far between that I could not, without incivility, decline an invitation to meet Lord Mahon. I went thither on this day week, remained there Sunday and Monday, and walked home on Tuesday; which, as by the shortest road it is two-and-twenty miles distant, may serve to show that I am still a good walker.

To my no little surprise, I once came upon this sentence in the notes to an Italian poem by Pananti: "*Si*

avrebbe potuto nominare il famoso poeta Southey, gran viaggiatore a piedi." How I deserved to be thus immortalised I do not know, the praise being far above my merits. Having to go through the world on foot, my feet were compelled to perform their duty as well as my head; but I never dreamt of being put in a book for it.

Lord Mahon wished to be introduced to me. He seems to have the talents of his family, and some of its eccentricity. The course which he has taken in politics has been upright and manly; and he is a person from whose way of thinking and principles of action much good may be hoped, if his life should be spared.

There is no appearance of illness about him; but his friends, I am told, are apprehensive of a consumptive taint in his constitution, and that thought makes me tremble for any one. He comes to Keswick next week, chiefly to look at my Spanish books and papers, and I have promised, if the weather continues fair, to go up Skiddaw with him.

Your stories of the cholera are, indeed, most striking ones. God grant that Tavistock may not supply you with more. Every day that we are spared is a day of mercy and of hope. Last week a gentleman, whose name I have not heard, left this place on his tour, with two carriages and two nursemaids, so that probably the most part of his family were with him. They went to Cockermouth, Maryport, Allonby, and Carlisle. When he took the infection I know not, perhaps before he came to Keswick, but he was indisposed when he reached Carlisle, and died there in the course of a few hours. This is the nearest danger that we have as yet heard of; but being in daily and constant communication with so many infected points, it is wonderful that we should have escaped so long.

The "History of Brazil" is not out of print. The

first volume was, and a second edition of that volume only was printed, just in sufficient numbers to make up sets for the copies that remained of the second and third. Take care that you have that second edition, because I took that opportunity of adding from materials which I had not before possessed, about a hundred pages to the volume.

Our weather is beautiful, and the harvest, both hay and corn, as good as has ever been known here. To look around, no one would think that the vials of wrath are pouring out upon this sinful country.

I am told that in many individual cases fear has produced a salutary effect, but we are far enough from anything like national repentance! God bless you, my dear Mrs. Bray. With my kindest regards to Mr. Bray, and a kind remembrance always to Mary Colling.

Believe me ever,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Sept. 14. 1832.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I am glad to hear from Bedford that you are in the Isle of Wight, which seems at present to be less in the way of the pestilence than Llangedwin is. Here we have been so long spared, that people seem to fancy themselves secure, though the imminent danger was in every one's mouth when they first heard that the disease had reached Cockermouth. Spottiswoode, the printer (whom I take to have been Longman's son-in-law), died of it about ten days ago at Carlisle. He came

here on his way from the south, and whether he brought the infection with him, or met with it on his circuitous course through Cockermouth and Maryport, cannot be known; either being equally probable. But that in our constant intercourse with so many infected places we should have hitherto escaped, seems wonderful.

The question of slavery I shall take up, upon your suggestion, if Lockhart and Murray will trust it in my hands: of this I am not quite sure; for there, as in "Blackwood" and "John Bull," there is a strong prepossession on the planters' side; and though public opinion preponderates so heavily on the other side, that I should consider the planters are at this time the party whose interests require support, it is very possible that the even course which I should endeavour to hold may be objected to. In that, as in all other reforms, we are going too fast and too far. The end will be, that the planters will appeal to the United States for protection; and while we are under such an administration as Earl Grey's, any foreign power may insult or injure England with impunity.

The subject upon which I am immediately engaged for the "Review" is Polignac's *Considérations Politiques sur l'Epoque actuelle, &c.*, sent to me, curiously enough, with the hope that I would undertake it, by Bauba Daira, who takes a great personal interest in Polignac's behalf. Is it not amusing to find him, at King Leopold's court, requesting *me* to write upon this subject! But it is not the first extraordinary negotiation in which he has been engaged.

I met Bauba the only time I was ever at Woburn, with my uncle in 1813, and never saw him again till the summer of 1830, when he was here in lodgings with a foreign woman (no doubt the same who was spoken of not long ago in the papers). They always conversed in French, and, as his appearance was very

much that of a foreigner, the report here was that he was—Polignac himself, for it was just after the "Three Days." I had no recollection of his person, but he accosted me in one of my walks, and, during the remainder of his stay, used to send me the French papers, with which he was regularly supplied. This is the whole of my acquaintance with him.

Last week I was at Lowther, having been invited thither to meet Lord Mahon. I knew him before only by some of his publications, and by the little intercourse to which they had given occasion when he sent them me. Common pursuits in literature bring men together even more readily than common opinions, and as the house was full of company we had almost as much opportunity for separate conversation as if we had been by ourselves. I was much pleased with him. Colonel Howard has just now written, wishing me to meet him again at Levens, but I must decline this invitation, because I really cannot just now afford the time. Lord Mahon will come to Keswick before he moves southward. He has some thoughts of writing the lives of Philip III. and IV., for which I can supply him with some materials that he could not easily meet with elsewhere.

We pick up acquaintances readily as we go through the world, but friendship seldom grows well when it is grafted on an old stock; for the root has no longer its original strength, and the sap moves feebly. Except in one instance, I have made nothing approaching to an intimacy with any person for the last twenty years. Disparity of age is perhaps as weighty a consideration in friendship as in marriage, and less easily surmounted on the elder side. The recollections of our youth lose their melancholy character when we are conversing with those who partake them, and they only who have known us as we have been can know us thoroughly as

we are. No circumstances could ever have made the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn to his Majesty's poet-laureate what young Wynn was to me at Westminster, and has been ever since. God bless you.

R. S.

September 16th.

P. S. Caroline Bowles asks me in a letter just received if I have seen a volume entitled "Recreations of a Clergyman," published anonymously at Newport. The author's name is Sewell; and she tells me the poems are some of the sweetest, purest, and holiest strains she ever met with. I can so entirely rely upon her judgment that I think it worth while to tell you of the book.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Oct. 3. 1832.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your note from Abbotsford may best be acknowledged to Lockhart, who was to set out for London, as soon as the funeral was over. His address is Sussex Place, Regent's Park, and his *prænomina*, in case you do not know them, are John Gibson.

I am glad to see that you think less despairingly of public affairs. Croker writes thus in a note which I received from him the other day. "As to the French Revolution: I have no spirits for it; I am too painfully engrossed by the portentous march of our own. I cannot describe to you the *certainty* and the horror with which I see the *approaching* ruin. We are now in that dark and heavy calm which precedes the earthquake, and which fools fancy to be security and quiet."*

* "No words," says Mr. Raikes in his 'Journal,' "can describe

I should feel as he does if I had less faith in Providence. Looking at the prospect with no such reference, there would be little to hope. Our best chance would be from the repentant Whigs, who may discover their folly in time; but these are not likely to be so numerous as the miserables who will forsake what they suppose to be a ruined cause. The press is as active and as treasonable as ever; and when the elections approach, no doubt we shall see the same system of agitation renewed, and contests excited, even if there be no likelihood of success, for the sake of mischief and of bringing expense upon the other party. I wish some of those persons, who now think themselves secure of their re-election, may not find the ground undermined, a train laid, and everything ready for an explosion when the day comes.

Rheumatic complaints, and especially when compounded with gout, are so little understood, that it is no wonder so little progress should have been made among them. Colchicum is often successful, but more often fails. The same may be said of Acupunctuation, and of a homelier remedy,—gin and sulphur; the bottle half-filled with brimstone; and when the spirit is thoroughly imbued with it, a wine glass taken at going to bed. This has been known to cure inveterate rheumatism, and has this advantage, that it may be tried without any risk of doing harm.

I am reading Louis XVIII. "Memoirs." Talleyrand is said to credit their authenticity, I doubt it; and if they are authentic, should think somewhat worse of the author than I did before. Probably I may review the book, and there is one statement which

the desponding hopeless view which he takes of all public matters: national ruin and bankruptcy with him are inevitable."—Vol. i. 87.

perhaps you may enable me to contradict with certainty, or rather with authority, for I am certain enough upon the subject, that Puisaye meant to take Bretagne as a Duchy for himself; that the English Government agreed to this; and that after the Restoration Louis intimated to him that if he set foot in France, he should be brought to trial for this treason.

There is another assertion, which no one who had lived so long in England as Louis XVIII. could have been so ignorant of English politics as to make. That the English ministers and the *Prince of Wales at their head,* encouraged the Duke of Orleans in his intrigues, and aided his partisans to overthrow the monarchy. Notwithstanding the amazing ignorance of the French concerning this country, I cannot think it possible that Louis could have written this.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. James White.

Keswick, Nov. 2. 1832.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I am glad to hear from you, though your letter contains the ugly intelligence that you are laid up with a cold, and that the rascals have made a successful invasion upon your school territory. Your account also of poor Charles Swain is far from satisfactory. Upon the first intimation which he gave me of his partner's unaccountable absence, I suspected the cause, and what you now say makes me fear the consequences have been very serious. Nevertheless I have a strong persuasion that he will make his way through all trials and adversities.

Your Manchester story of Lord Nugent's visit to me must be of Manchester manufacture. He has

published a letter to Murray upon the subject of that reviewal, attacking me by name as the writer, and with the most insolent personality. Having answered all such assailants once for all in the letter to William Smith, I pass over this with proper contempt; but, as the reviewer, I am preparing a letter to Murray in reply, which I am sure will do your heart as much good, as it will do harm to his Lordship's appetite when it comes into his hands at Corfu. He lies through thick and thin to excuse Hampden and himself; and to say nothing of the provocation, the case is so bad as to justify any severity that I may think proper to use.

In this last number the last paper is mine. That upon the "Greek Poets" is by Henry Coleridge (Sara's husband). That upon the "Fashionable Novels," which is the best in the number, is by my friend Henry Taylor. And thus you have all I know of the authorship in that number. Mr. Crossley's name is new to me, but his paper pleased me greatly; and I shall be very glad to give him any information, if I happen to have it, which he wants.

I have partaken this year in two pieces of good fortune relating to Church preferment, — Neville's, and my old fellow-collegian, Lightfoot's, to whom Bishop Philpotts has given, solely on the score of humble but great desert, a small living with a comfortable parsonage, which was all he wanted, and what he wanted greatly, when he was about to give up his school, and had to seek a place to retire to. Blessed were they who have preferment to bestow, if they would always bestow it as well as in these two cases. In Neville's case you could hardly have been more rejoiced than I was. I shall certainly make him a visit when next I go to London.

Manchester will do well if it returns one good member, and with him the least bad of the other four candidates. These counties will do very badly: one Conservative for the western half, and one (Matthias Attwood), possibly, for Whitehaven, are all we can look for; and in the latter case it will be a hard-run contest. Lord Mahon writes me word that the elections in the South are looking well; he is a party concerned, a very judicious man, and by no means sanguine; so that his opinion is worth something. He has been at Keswick, but I do not think his name could be mistaken for Nugent. Some of my friends think there is certainly a reaction among the well-meaning part of the Reformers, but I am afraid this cannot be to an extent that might counterbalance the defection of those old things-as-they-were men who are governed by their present interest and new fears. One of the most distinguished men in the House of Commons on the right side, and one of the most intrepid too, looks for the "near and certain horrors of a revolution." For myself, hoping the best, and yet thinking the worst most likely to occur, I put my trust in God, and am not cast down. Whatever may be the process good will ultimately be the result; and in that faith, when my hour comes, I shall go to rest,—come when and how it may.

This place has hitherto been mercifully spared from the cholera, though in constant communication with many infected points. It has been very fatal on the coast, and having nearly ceased in the towns is now raging in the villages adjacent, which escaped when the towns were suffering. The people here seem to have lost all apprehension of danger. And yet our turn must be expected to come; but delay in this case is mercy, and we may always hope that some successful mode of treatment may be discovered. My brother

tells me that if he were seized with it, he should "clear out well and drink lots of sodawater."

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Nov. 4. 1832.

MY DEAR WYNN,

It was not till just before your letter arrived that, by mere chance, I heard of your recent loss, from the fragment of a "St. James's Chronicle." No doubt the desire to depart becomes, as you observe, under certain circumstances, a *human* feeling; but it is by such feelings that Providence brings about in us those changes that fit us for the great change. It is these losses which make us desire death as the passage to eternal life; among the ancients the desire was to be at rest, and where that desire is not counteracted by religious persuasion, I believe that the love of life is little more general, not more natural, and hardly so strong.

If your rheumatic affection proceeds from the stomach, there is better reason for expecting that you may be permanently cured. No doubt the long and sore anxiety which you have undergone has been the primary cause, and that being removed a hale constitution like yours which has no arrears of old intemperance to pay, is likely to recover its tone. Mineral waters are of all things most likely to assist in this. I wish Buxton lay more in this direction, that you might be tempted to come for a few days here; in London there is little chance of our ever meeting, so as to have anything more than mere town intercourse.

Mrs. Charles Warren, who was here some weeks ago, told me that Mrs. Heber talked of coming to England

to publish a book about the Ionian Isles, an intention which all her connections in this country discouraged as much as they could. From some other quarter (I forget what), I heard that Richard Heber had some mortal disease. God have mercy upon him.

Dr. Burney paid me a visit in the summer, and reminded me of our supping together at your chambers with his father and poor Elmsley and John Kemble. I had another memento of this kind from * * * * * * * widow, and his sister, * * * *, who seems to be a very good-natured amiable woman. By what I have heard indirectly it seems that the very reverend was much the better for the restraints of his profession; the cassock served as a sort of moral strait waistcoat for him, and, being a good-natured man, I believe his only fault towards his family was a want of due prudence in his worldly affairs. His old enemy, Sir Henry Strachey, I see, figures as a reformer in Somersetshire, where he has Jonas Burdett for his very near neighbour.

I was sorry to hear so pitiable an account of Westminster from the young Lowthers. The Under School is almost empty. This no doubt is a natural consequence of the preparatory schools and the forcing system. But from other quarters I hear that the school is ill-managed, and sinking most rapidly in character, so that it will soon mainly be sustained by the College. A good master might do much towards restoring it; but I think boys will never again go there as early as they used to do, and this is a change for the better. The Stinkomalee and King's College Schools must very much affect Westminster, especially as to its day boys. At present I believe they are both better schools.

I am not sure that the "Q. R." will trust me with the slave question. I am nevertheless preparing for it, and have a pile of papers from the Colonial Office. Henry Taylor is at the head of the W. Indian Depart-

ment, and he is the only person of a generation later than our own with whom I am thoroughly intimate. He was there several years with Lord Bathurst, and I believe liked him the best of his principals, and Lord Howick of his seconds in command,—I mean as men who applied themselves with most assiduity to the business of the office. His views accord entirely with yours and mine as to the necessity of endeavouring to make the planters concede more, and the emancipators demand less. There is little hope of succeeding with either, and yet, unless this can be effected, Jamaica must become another St. Domingo, and the Mauritius will again be the Isle of France. Oh, what a humiliation is preparing for this poor country unless God in His mercy should restore the Government and the people to their senses!

You will not be surprised when you hear that I am writing "A letter to John Murray, Esq., *touchiny* Lord Nugent," not in my own name, but as the Q. Reviewer of his book. His personalities I set aside as irrelevant, but they are properly considered in the amount of punishment. Yet be assured that I keep my temper perfectly, and take no pleasure in allowing myself to feel even the degree of anger which is required for making me set about such a task.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Dec. 1. 1832.

My dear Wynn,

My letter to Murray had lain untouched for the last fortnight, when yours of yesterday arrived; I then

looked over what was written, and drew out some of the stings. Yet I have not been angry; not even angry enough to make me feel any satisfaction in having an insolent assailant completely at my mercy.

Of course I have not replied to the letter in my own name, but as the reviewer of his book. His personalities are briefly disposed of, as they deserve; and then I examine the matter of fact on which he has stated his character against mine.

The prevarication about the body is so glaring that I have taken some pains to get at the truth, and have got at *quite enough.* There is no reason to believe that the body upon which they operated was Hampden's. The other coffins, which were inspected, had all dates or inscriptions; this had none, and therefore they opened it, because it *might* be his; the others certainly were not. Probably it was not Hampden's body, for it was that of a "lusty man." About the wound which might have identified it, nothing appeared, for the right arm had mouldered off, owing to a chink in the coffin on that side, the body being in other respects entire.

The first account which appeared of this exhumation, I strongly suspect to have been a legend of Lilie's, written as a puff preliminary for the "Memoirs of Hampden." The only important fact in itself (that of the ghastly work which was going on upon the scalp) is not confirmed by my inquiries, and not disproved by them. I only know that one of the party did not see this; but he may have seen enough before to have turned away—sickened at the scene. The fact that was of importance to Lord Nugent was that of the hand—this was decidedly an invention of the legendist. It was contradicted positively upon the authority of another of the party, in a subsequent number of the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and after that contradiction Lord Nugent

wished the whole affair to be forgotten. Having been disappointed in his object, he became ashamed of the means he had employed. Of all this I knew nothing when I reviewed the book; and it was merely because of the physical circumstances, that I referred to the exhumation. Having read through the cubic volume of Garman "De Miraculis * Mortuorum," *that* circumstance interested me.

It is not from inclination or from irritability that I reply to Lord Nugent's attack; but from a feeling that it is not becoming in me to receive insults of this kind silently from one of his station. And in fact I have found that most of those who take a friendly interest in what concerns me, expected me to notice it. I shall lose some time in doing it; but certainly am in no danger of either losing temper or credit.

You do not mention your rheumatic complaint. Keep your knees warm during the winter; I protect mine by wearing leggings over the stocking, that is, a stocking with the foot cut off. Cold is the great enemy which you have to guard against. For the shoulders a sort of under waistcoat, or epaulettes of coarse brown paper, is said to be very useful, and very likely to be so.

About the forcing system of our schools and universities, I quite agree with you. I would have at Westminster just watchfulness enough to prevent tyranny and vice; perhaps not so much as to prevent any communication *Dîs Manibus.*

I should like Mountain the better (if it ever came in my way) for the sake of the Shades; but for Cockaghee that alone is like the British constitution — extinct — a tale of the times of old! The apple trees perished in

* The extracts from this very curious volume may be seen in the third series of Southey's Common Place Book, p. 766, &c.

the course of natural decay. The constitution has been hewn down. God forgive those who laid the axe to it; but may the curse of man be upon them as long as their memories shall endure.

God bless you.
R. S.

P. S. I hear that Sydney Smith is to be the next bishop.

How long will it be before the glorious renown of Thistlewood and Ings is toasted at a radical dinner? Christmas was made a fast by the Puritans. The time may come when Good Friday may be dubbed a holyday in honour of Pontius Pilate. If we once begin to imitate the French in revolutionising, we shall beat them in that as in every thing else.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 12. 1832.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

The clogger is certainly still sometimes a separate trade from the shoemaker; and probably was in former times always so. The price of men's clogs is five shillings, that of women's four, children three, — for children wear them. This price includes *calking*, *i. e.* the iron-work. I wear them always in dirty weather, and yet in twenty years have only worn out two pair, the latter indeed are still in use. They will outlast two or three sets of irons.

You know the fate of the Greenwich property here, sold for two-thirds of its estimated value. Marshall, the cotton-king, intends it as an appanage for his second son, John, the Leeds candidate, and when that

son called on me not long ago, I expressed a wish that he would ornament the unsightly and swampy ground at the foot of the lake, by planting; and I said that alders would grow well there. He answered immediately, "That alders were worth only fourpence a foot."

The hospital afforded constant employ to many labourers, and paid good wages. In fact, a labourer, when once in their services, felt himself sure of subsistence, worked cheerfully, and set his heart at rest. The new proprietor has put an end to all this; he lets his work out in jobs (a way worse than that of the *sealed tenders* in the rack-rent system), and men take it at a rate which will scarcely keep their families in bread, and which will soon send them to the parish. The old wages were *2s.* 6*d.* a day; work at the job now as industriously as they can, and the utmost they can make is 1*s.* 1*d.* Of course we may look for an immediate increase of pauperism, and the probable introduction of incendiarism.* God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. Mr. D'Arblay has sent me his mother's book, which is in part very interesting, and in part pleasantly supplemental to Boswell. Her own literary career is remarkable. She began by writing a novel which delighted everybody, and she ends by an elaborate style, as formal and *uneasy* as Miss Seward's, and indeed very much like it. Nevertheless, it is a very curious book now, and will be thought still more so hereafter.

* It is very satisfactory to state that John Marshall became a great benefactor to Keswick, where he built and endowed a church. His early death was a great loss to the place.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, December 27. 1832.

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

Yours is a letter which must not remain unacknowledged, though I know not how to reply to it. All people desire length of years for their children and their friends; and most people, when not under affliction, either of body or mind, for themselves also. That this ought to be so we may be sure, because it is so, because it is a feeling of our nature, implanted in us, and yet in most cases they are happiest who go early to their rest.

I am now (with the exception of one who is above fourscore) the oldest of my own family. I have outlived, without a single exception, all my elder friends, and too many of my contemporary and younger ones; and no year passes without diminishing the number of those who are left. And though few men have more enjoyment of life, and still fewer have so much reason to be thankful, I cannot but feel that in looking forward, I have little to hope and much to fear.

The last twenty years, to you and me, are but as yesterday. If we could but bring ourselves to feel as truly as we know, that the next twenty are but as to-morrow, that feeling, with a trust in God's mercy, would be sufficient consolation under all sorrows.

My thoughts and feelings have long habitually taken this direction. As some proof of this, I will transcribe some lines, written at different times, in the albums of two sisters:—

"One who is on the confines of old age
Inscribes his name, fair Ellen, on thy page,
Well may that page a pensive feeling bring,
To those who now are in their bloom of spring!
For poor and frail memorial though it be,
Alas, it will outlast both him and thee!

Catherine, I am not now in lightsome vein,
Apt for some quaint device, or easy jest:
Take rather from my hand a pensive strain,
For times there are when pensive strains are best.
Albums are melancholy books to me,
Where what was gladly penned and gaily read,
Soon in the natural course of things must be,
Memorials of the absent and the dead.

I often think that I have more friends in the other world than in this, and more ties there: and what a happiness will it be to meet them in a state where there will be no sorrow nor parting, nor other change than that of continual progression in what is best. Twenty years hence you and I may have no little pleasure in talking over the affairs of this old world. Shall we be curious about the news from it from any new comer? Not if it goes on in its present course, from bad to worse!

Whether to wish that Wynn may succeed in his pursuit of the Speakership I hardly know. Certainly I should not, if the emoluments of the situation were out of the question. If he were in affluent circumstances, I should wish him to be out of public life, fond as he is of it; because he is perfectly capable of enjoying perfect leisure, and God made him for something better than a president of the Board of Control, a secretary at War, or a speaker of the House of Commons. He stands in need of wholesome air, tranquillity and recreation: the latter he would be disposed to seek, and sure to find in private life. I am in great hopes that the injury which his health has undergone may be entirely overcome. It seems to have been the effect of long-continued anxiety upon the digestive organs; and the cause having ceased, restoration may well be hoped for, considering the strength of his constitution, and that it has never been in any way abused.

The Abbotsford subscription has, I fear, been ill-managed. A few stirring women of fashion would have done far more for it than the long array of names in the committee, which probably had the effect of making many persons suppose that they might spare their own exertions. Sir Robert Adair writes to me that he hopes to collect something at Brussels; something considerable may be expected from India. But it will not be creditable to the nation, not be what it ought, if the whole should fall short of 10,000*l.* Scotland alone ought to have produced that sum,—England to have trebled it; and this would be done, if every person who has been delighted with his writings, and could well afford it, had given only half-a-crown.

Pressing occupation upon the "Lives of the Admirals," or rather the introductory view of our Naval History down to Elizabeth's reign, has prevented me from finishing a letter to John Murray, Esq., touching Lord Nugent. It is, however, so nearly finished, that when my present work shall be done (that is, in about three weeks), two or three days will suffice for completing it. Not being of an irritable temper, and being in this case so completely in the right, that if I were, it would be absurd to feel the slightest sense of anger, when there is such consciousness of strength, I deal with him coolly and quietly. Nevertheless, the exposure will be such that I am almost sorry for him. Many a man has hanged himself for less.

With our kindest remembrances to Dr. Hughes, and mine to your son, believe me always, my dear Mrs. Hughes, Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 1. 1833.

MY DEAR WYNN,

God grant that the new year may be less afflicting to you than the last has been. Anniversaries become painful as we advance in life; for myself I can hardly remember a time when they did not bring with them melancholy thoughts and feelings to me,—so early did I begin to feel the evils which change brings with it.

I was glad to see your return, and that no contest had been raised to harass you. The elections have turned out upon the whole as ill as could have been feared, and, as was to be expected, worse in the worst places. But in several cases proof has been given of a reviving spirit.

Do you remember when we saw a Welsh woman thrown from her horse, and a cart go over her without doing her any visible hurt? A more extraordinary case occurred during this election; it was related to me by Robert Hildyard, the barrister, who was employed by the Lowthers.

He was going from this place to Cockermouth with Col. Lowther in a dark evening. They felt two jolts, one immediately after the other, on a smooth road, and of such a nature as to make them open the window and ask the driver what had happened. His reply was, "I should not wonder, sir, if we have driven over a man!"

Out they got, and there sure enough they found a man lying at full length. Upon laying hold of him he got first upon his knees, to their great relief, then upon his feet; how far he was hurt, or where, there was no seeing, and he was too drunk to say; but it was plain enough that life and limbs were safe. He began to move about, and curse, and swear, and abuse them, not for driving over him (of which he seemed un-

conscious), but for asking him questions. "He would be mocked by nobody," he said. "His name was John Bunting, he was a Cumberland freeholder, and was going to Cockermouth to give a vote for the Blues." "I think," says Col. L., "we may as well leave him where he is. If he had been a Yellow we should have killed him to a certainty." However, they did not leave him till he became too abusive to be borne, and then they drove on, satisfied that, as there were houses near at hand, he could very well get there, if not further.

The next day John Bunting was one of the first men to poll. He had then his face tied up, and, upon quiet inquiry, it was found that the carriage had actually gone over his face, and nearly cut off one of his ears! He had a notion that it was Sir Wilfred Lawson who had driven over him, and they at such a time kept their own counsel. But a more marvellous escape I never heard,—a travelling close carriage with four persons on the springs!

It is remarkable that one of the Lowthers, many years ago, was thrown out for one of these counties at one election, and returned at the next for both. Col. Howard is the person who should offer himself for Westmoreland.

I am so busy upon the "Naval History," introductory to the "Lives of the Admirals," that the letter concerning Lord Nugent has been untouched since I last wrote to you; this may show that I am not angry enough to feel any impatience about settling my accounts with him. Three weeks will bring me to the end of the introductory volume, and then I will pay my respects to him, in a temper of which I am sure you will not complain.

There is nothing of mine in the present "Q. R." There will be a paper on the "Memoirs of Felix Neff"

in the next; it was too late for this. My next subject will be Slavery,—if they will trust me with it, which they may safely do. I have nearly gone through the evidence before both Houses. My own opinion is that the best course would be to introduce the easy compulsory manumission, but at a maximum, and let all children henceforth be born free. But I believe that human legislators will not bring us out of the dangers with which this question is surrounded. There, as in this country, things will proceed at the mercy of fortune; that is to say, they will hurry everything to destruction unless God's special mercy should intervene.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Jan. 8. 1833.

My dear Mrs. Bray,

I have your letter of Nov. 15th, and returned the packet early in December. It has probably been mislaid owing to Henry Taylor's having been out of town, or some other cause, and I write to make inquiry concerning it. Of late I know that he has been most grievously engaged in business, as you may suppose, when I tell you, that the main weight of West Indian affairs rests upon him, — his being the working head and the working hand in this fearful department. And I know also that his facilities of franking have been diminished owing to the death of Hyde Villiers, with whom he was in habits of the greatest intimacy. Several of my packets have been delayed of late owing to this latter cause; but I suppose that yours has slept under some pile of official papers, a mishap by which some of mine have not unfrequently been overlaid.

However, I will cause inquiry to be made, and I trust it will be forthcoming.

It gives me great pleasure to hear of your improved health. Too much work must be injurious to any person, and so must too much excitement; some of us are so circumstanced that we cannot always escape the former evil, but the latter is generally a matter of indulgence, and therefore a sin to be eschewed. The best advice I can give you is to be idle whenever you feel disposed to be so, and resolutely to become so whenever you feel very strongly inclined to be otherwise. With such care I trust you may see as many happy new years as I wish you, — happy, let the course of public affairs be what it may, for in the worst times we shall have hope to support, and the consciousness of being right.

In this part of the country the Conservatives have rallied and shown their strength. The other party might have returned one member, they chose to bring forward two, and when the one shrunk from the contest he had provoked, the other was beaten. Bristol and Norwich manifest a similar turn in affairs; and I believe there is no doubt that the rising generation at the Universities, and very many of the young aristocracy, have taken the right bias. Great expectations are formed of young Gladstone, the member for Newark, who is said to be the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years, since Peel or Canning. I have always some fears for such reputations; they sometimes upset the bearer, and they often indicate more dexterity than strength; but I hope he may not disappoint his friends.

On the whole, the elections have gone as ill as might have been feared; they have proved, what indeed needed no proof, that the ten pound qualification was the worst that could have been chosen. I know not

whether you have heard what is likely to be the close of * * * *'s return. He is an uncertificated bankrupt. The qualification, therefore, by which some mischievous booby puts him in nominal possession of an estate actually makes that estate the property of his creditors. If the owner (as usual in such transactions) trusts to * * * *s' honour, he loses the whole, and if he has taken a bond for him, he comes in only for his dividend. And the qualification being thus disposed of, * * * *'s election becomes null and void. Altogether this is just as it should be.

We are tolerably well here, thank God, and have hitherto enjoyed a mild and pleasant winter. Indeed, nothing can be more delightful among these mountains, than a mild winter's day. I have been, and still am, more closely employed than is agreeable, upon my "Naval History:" another fortnight, I trust, will bring me to the end of the volume, on which, however, I am so intent that I have not found time to finish my letter concerning Lord Nugent, though it is all but finished. But the conclusion is just that part which I wish to write calmly and in perfect leisure. You will like the temper with which I have treated him. This I must have said to you in the letter which is now buried somewhere with your packet, but soon, I hope, to be brought to light.

You will be much amused if you have not yet seen them, with Madame d'Arblay's memoirs of her father, and you will marvel how one who wrote so easily and naturally in her youth, should have contracted so forced and ridiculous a style. This, however, does not detract from the value of the book, as a contribution to the literary history of those times. I am afraid the Abbotsford subscription will disappoint Sir Walter's friends, and do no credit to the national character. Who would have dreamt that any attempt should have been

made to check it? Yet this has been done by Radical writers, and by Puritanical ones.

I cannot but feel that it would be honourable for England if, as long as Abbotsford stands, the foreigners who go to see it should be told that after Sir Walter's death, the English public purchased that place and secured it for his family as a lasting memorial of their gratitude towards the writer who of all others has contributed most to their entertainment, and whom of all others it most delighted to honour. One said of him, in a letter to me the other day, that he "served the world," meaning, however, no more thereby than that he wrote always to the taste of the public, and made that his mark. Lord Byron served the Devil. And Mr. Moore has served the third party in the firm. There is nothing of mine in the last "Quarterly Review." In the next there will be a short renewal of "Felix Neff's Life." I am too busy with "Naval History" for any other subject, and yet any other subject almost would be more congenial. Strangely indeed are our lots assigned to us; or I, who delight in things so widely different, should never have been employed in writing upon battles by sea and land. I want to write the Literary History of England from the Commencement of Elizabeth's reign, and, as a separate work, its Domestic History, that is, of the manners in the widest acceptation of the word. My kindest regards to Mr. Bray and Mary. Your Sir Francis is qualified for a seat in the Cabinet. God bless you.

Yours, very truly,

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Jan. 17. 1833.

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

I have just learnt from a newspaper the fulfilment of your fears. After a long and happy union, you have now to sustain the worst of those griefs that come to us in the due course of nature and of time; but these bring also in their due course the remedy for all griefs; you have a sure and certain hope, and it is but a little way that you have to look on.

The instances are not few in which husband and wife have become so nearly, as it were, one life, that death has not divided them, one following the other so closely in sympathetic dissolution that one service has consigned them to the grave. This *euthanasy* is the happiest that can be imagined; one would not exchange it for "Enoch's translation" or "Elijah's Chariot." But where there is, in the common lot of life, a separation, then methinks the same affection which has so long rendered self a secondary object, should make the survivor thankful that the bitterer portion has fallen to his or her part.

You are not so forlorn as Dr. Hughes would have been, if you had been summoned first. Your grandchildren will be more to you, and you to them. It is not easy, when the heart fails, to apply ourselves to the solitary occupation that books afford; and when the eyes fail, that resource is cut off: but you can always find occupation. Men are helpless creatures when compared with women in this respect.

Under such losses the first stage is that of instinctive exertion, in which we wonder at our own strength; then comes the collapse, and we become sensible indeed of our weakness: resignation follows, so inevitably, as we recover from this, that I fear we often ascribe to

religion a state of mind produced by nature—by that instinct which leads us to bear in the easiest manner the burthen of which we cannot rid ourselves.

Let me hear from you, when you have heart to write. I am sorry to think that my opportunities of seeing you, few as those were, are likely now to be lessened. Yet I may one day find my way to you in Berkshire.

God bless and comfort you, my dear Mrs. Hughes; He will do both.

Believe me, always,

Yours with sincere and affectionate regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 29. 1833.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

The Chichester letter with which I trouble you is in reply to a poor woman who has a blind husband, and thinks him another Homer. It is a sad story. She thinks I can set him at once on the summit of Parnassus. But it seems the late Bishop (Carr) was disposed to admire his verses and befriend him; and as she has an eye to Christ's Hospital for her children, I have advised her to make her husband's circumstances known to him; for these have been kept in the background, while they have been bringing forward specimens of his genius.

Peel has not forgiven his ejectment from Oxford; and there is reason to suspect that he will show this when the question of Church Reform comes on. The persons most panic-stricken at this time are, I verily believe, the Ministers themselves. They are divided between hatred of their old opponents and fear of their new friends; fear, I believe, when it once gets hold, will prevail over every other passion. The true Conserva-

tives, however, will stand manfully by the Crown, even if it were upon a bush (as the old Cavalier said), or where it is. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 9. 1833.

MY DEAR WYNN,

The State Papers reached me yesterday, and I regaled upon them with great satisfaction, both after dinner and supper,—my chief times for reading. Nothing of this kind is dull to me — nothing from which I can gather information. But for books of mere entertainment I have long since lost all liking.

It is not likely that I can review this book, because other employments will much lessen the time which used to be thus bestowed. When you know that there are two volumes more of the "Admirals" to be written by the end of the year, you will think I have work enough before me, even if that were all. I began one last night, and, if no unforeseen evils intervene, shall get well through them. The tottering condition of M——'s affairs, and the irregularity of his payments for the last two years, occasioned inconveniences to me, which I hope never again to be subject to. I am now, thank God, beforehand with the world.

But there is another business which must soon be taken in hand. Dr. Bell's Trustees have applied to me to write his life, which indeed it was his wish and expectation that I should do. And his amanuensis, Mr. Davies, will ere long be sent to Keswick with about a waggon load of papers, and established here with them till this is done. A man so devoted to a master I never saw. There is something at once curious and affecting in the *devotement* which he has made of himself, first

to his master, as the greatest benefactor of the human race, and now to his memory, his papers, and everything belonging to him. He will save me a world of labour, and I shall do the best I can with the materials of the subject. Of course I could make no terms in a case like this, and the trustees will pay me what they think proper, knowing that my time is of as much importance to me as to a professional man.

I believe there was no person for whom Dr. Bell had a greater regard than he had for me; and I knew him well enough thoroughly to understand his strength and his weakness, and how, greatly glaring as that weakness was, his better qualities predominated.

The evidence upon the Factories (the White Slave Trade) exceeds anything I ever before heard of in the cool, calculating, systematic inhumanity that it has brought to light. Long ago I knew that it was very bad, but was far from apprehending the whole extent of the evil. I am sorry Sadler is not in the House, to make his own cause good against the manufacturers; but Leeds has thought proper to send a member who represents the machinery, instead of one who would have represented the children and the parents; the Reform Bill having fixed upon just such a constituency as could alone have produced this choice.

The * * * * have the character of being the hardest taskmasters in Leeds; and out of the enormous wealth they have thus accumulated, this Derwentwater property has been purchased as an *appanage* for the second son—the one who seconds the address.

I hope Lord Ashley will have the active support of the Conservatives on this question, and that the Destructives (the more artful of them) will not secure the popularity for themselves and make it an engine of mischief. The Slave Trade, when at the worst, was merciful in comparison with this system. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 17. 1833.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Parldæmonium * is indeed what it might have been expected to be. No ministry ever had a parliament so completely of their own making before; and they will find their deserts before they see the end of it.

I have a good opportunity just now of touching on the fitness of speaking out, and forcing a declaration from the Destructives. You must have heard of the "Corn Law Rhymes," some of the ablest and most inflammatory poems that ever were published. I am just beginning to review them, or rather to take them for the text of a political paper, after due notice of the author, whom I instantly recognised for one who was a frequent correspondent of mine many years ago; but whom I never saw but once. The condition of the populace to whom his writings are now addressed, is what I shall dwell on, and the misery which anarchy would bring upon them, as well as their betters.

I sent Lord Ashley the "Colloquy," in which the manufactories are talked of, that he might see what my feelings about them were before this last evidence appeared. He is now in the habit of writing to me very often. Without seeing my way through the question, I have gleams of light, which, no doubt, will open upon me in due time, when they are pursued.

My letter about Lord Nugent will be in Murray's

* Sir Robert Peel said to me, that he was very much struck with the appearance of this new Parliament, the tone and character of which seemed quite different from any other he had ever seen; there was an asperity, a rudeness, a vulgar assumption of independence, combined with a fawning deference to the people out of doors, expressed by many of the new members, which was highly disgusting."—*Raikes' Journal*, Feb. 3. 1833, vol. i. 157.

hands this day, for the printer. I have gone very quietly to work, but given him withal as thorough a dressing as ever gentleman received through the medium of the press.

Wynn made some amends to me last week for his mischief about the books of the Record Commission. He got the State Paper Commissioner to send me the first volume of this work as an earnest of those which are to follow. I am going through it with great interest.

The first volume of the "Naval History" will come to you with the new month. The best I can say of it is, that I believe *all* the details will be new to general readers, and many of them to those who are well read. The book might have been much better, if I had had a public library within reach; but few private ones could have supplied so much.

Mrs. Hill's nephew, Lovelace Bigg Wither, is trying the Cottage Allotment System, hitherto with great success, upon his father's estate near Basingstoke.

God bless you. I shall be most glad to hear that you are likely soon to get out of the harness in which you have laboured so long.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, March 11. 1833.

My dear Wynn,

The first *book* which I review, will be Palgrave's great work; and I will take that opportunity (as, indeed, I always intended,) to touch upon the importance of such publications as those of the two Commissions.

Candle-light is the time upon which I reckon for getting through my needful labours, whatever they may be. Some little I do before breakfast. Immediately after-

wards come Cuthbert's lessons; and the post generally brings me work enough for the remainder of the morning. By the time my despatches are made up, the hour for exercise arrives, and out I go for a walk of from one to two hours, with a book in my hand, if the weather will permit; but be the weather what it may (snow excepted), out I go. We dine at four; I never remain at table after dinner, but retire to my room, and read till I am disposed to sleep: that sleep is perhaps the soundest and the most refreshing that I get. Tea is ready at six, and from then till half past nine I am close at my desk. When I can call those three hours my own, sufficient for the day is the work thereof.

You will see by this statement how little likely it is, now that the ardour of youth is extinguished, that any progress should be made with "Oliver Newman." Yet I am far from having relinquished the intention of finishing it, though the last lines that were written bear date in September 1829. God knows, I am not at an age to allow such intervals, and yet entertain any reasonable expectation of carrying it to the end. Nine cantos are written, and the tenth is just begun; and with it the more stirring business of the poem should begin. When I have cleared off a little with other things, I will endeavour to resume it.

The Welsh blunder must be the printer's at any rate; for if it is as I wrote and corrected it, it must be as the books before me had it, which, in such a case, are more likely to be wrong than right. I will rectify it when the volume reaches me, which it probably will on Thursday next; as yet I have not seen it on clean sheets. The greatest pleasure I have with a book of my own, is in cutting the leaves open when it first comes.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter, Copenhagen.

Keswick, March 20. 1833.

MY DEAR WARTER,

I dare say the state of affairs in this country appears worse to you who are at a distance, and whose thoughts have been but recently directed toward such things, than it does to me, who see things holding their ordinary course about me, as they did in better times, and who for more than twenty years have watched the progress of those diseases in the body politic under which the constitution is now sinking,—or rather has already sunk.

An honest ministry might save us; for with the Reformed Parliament no government can go on; and this, which those who looked before them clearly foresaw, is now becoming apparent to every one. There must *now* be another and a real reform; and it is to be hoped we shall set about it before another dissolution; for, bad as the present House of Commons is, there are gentlemen enough in it to outvote the blackguards, upon a question which is to prevent the latter from being again returned.

Ministers are now endeavouring to *tide* their way through the session; relying upon the Conservatives to support them against the Men of the Movement, and upon the Men of the Movement to aid them in their own schemes for despoiling the Church, and revolutionising the Corporations. They are more frightened than the Conservatives are; and yet so deep in their hatred of that party which for so many years kept them out of office, and predicted the ruin which, if ever they were enabled to act in conformity with their own profession, they would bring upon the country, that, at the general election, and in every one that has since occurred, their whole influence is exerted against a Conservative candidate.

Whenever the rebellion in Ireland is declared, there will be an attempt to support it by insurrections here. There are easy means of embodying a civil force, upon the old principle of the constitution, sufficient for suppressing such movements as soon as they are commenced. Sooner or later this must be done, by calling upon the magistrates — the old conservators of the peace — to administer the oath of allegiance to all adult males in every parish (or, strictly-speaking, in every constablewick), and swearing in a sufficient number of fit persons as special constables. Nothing is wanting to carry this into effect, and provide for the permanent security of the country, but two things on the part of the Government—will, and courage.

Let come what may, enough will be found to do their duty. And it is a special comfort to be assured that the clergy will especially do theirs, notwithstanding the false brothers among them. For myself I have no fear for the issue, knowing on what and on whom I trust. Nor are my spirits in the slightest degree depressed by apprehension nor my spirits disturbed.

You will see by what is wanting in my "Naval History" how profitably I could have employed a week or two in the public library at Copenhagen. It is, however, as good as I could make it with no other resources than my own books afford; and it is better than a public deserves which encourages nothing now except cheap compilations and such compendiums as are manufactured under the direction of some literary contractor. I am about the second volume, and take in it more interest than you perhaps might suppose the subject would call forth. But the truth is, that historical inquiries of any kind lead me into former times, and I find a pleasure in this, something like that of travelling in another country. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, March 21. 1833.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Pliny is the author to whom Henry refers when he says that butter was the "most delicious and favourite food" of the Britons. But upon referring to Pliny I find, what indeed Henry might have shown us, that Pliny speaks of the barbarians, and does not specify the Britons here, nor say anything about them. He proceeds to describe the process of making butter, which seems to have been merely by sprinkling a little salt upon thick cream; so that with little pressure, or even if it were left to drain, there would have been a cream cheese.

Clouted cream was the food of my paternal ancestors up to James the First's reign, in which reign the younger son of a family, which in its elder branch has long since disappeared, emigrated from Lancashire, and established himself as a clothier at Wellington, in Somersetshire. I, though Bristol born, often was regaled with it in my childhood, when a pot came as a present to my father from his relations, not unfrequently accompanied by a jar full of *worts*, as we used to call the whortle-berries. I have often feasted upon it in Somerset and Devonshire; and here in Cumberland, where we have whortle-berries (*blea*-berries they call them here), I often in the season (and at other seasons also) yearn for the cream-bowls of the west, as the children of Israel did for the flesh-pots of Egypt (had I been an Israelite my longing would have been for the onions).

Your old woman's reasoning is excellent; I agree with her that if all good things were in Paradise clouted cream *must* have been there. I think also that in a land flowing with milk the rivers would form lagoons at their sides, or spread into *broads* upon their way, which

would serve as cream-pans, and that in some of the lagoons there would be hot-springs which would clout the cream.

Junket is known to me only by name. You will introduce me to it one of these days, I hope.

Miss Seward's was an easy mistake for any one who had never considered where the scene of Mason's tragedy was laid, and found herself at Harewood. She had a great deal of natural ardour, though it was often expressed in so artificial a way that it had the appearance of affected enthusiasm. I once passed two days at her house, having known her before only by letters. A lady with whom I was very intimate, and who had a quick sense of the ludicrous, carried me to her door, and was present at the introduction. Miss Seward lived in the bishop's palace, a venerable old house, such as you might suppose a bishop's to be that had not been much, if at all, altered since Queen Anne's days. I was received on the wide oak staircase, which came down to the hall door, by one of the minor canons, a person whose short manner and speech savoured more of such characters as Ben Jonson used to conceive than of anything in real life. He, after some rapturous welcomes of such ridiculous solemnity that they put my good manners upon the rack to sustain them without laughing, ushered me into the presence. Miss Seward was at her writing desk; she was not far short of seventy, and very lame in consequence of frequent accidents to one of her knees. Her head-dress was quite youthful, with flowing ringlets: more beautiful eyes I never saw in any human countenance; they were youthful, and her spirit and manners were youthful too; and there was so much warmth, and liveliness, and cordiality, that, except the ringlets, everything would have made you forget that she was old. This, however, was the impression with which I left her. The first scene was the

most tragi-comic or comico-tragic that it was ever my fortune to be engaged in. After a greeting, so complimentary that I would gladly have insinuated myself into a nut-shell, to have been hidden from it, "she told me that she had that minute finished transcribing some verses upon one of my poems,—she would read them to me, and entreated me to point out anything that might be amended in them." I took my seat, and, by favour of a blessed table, placed my elbow so that I could hide my face by leaning it upon my hand, and have the help of that hand to keep down the risible muscles, while I listened to my own praise and glory set forth, in sonorous rhymes, and declared by one who read with theatrical effect. Opposite to me sat my friend Miss Barker, towards whom I dared not raise an eye, and who was in as much fear of a glance from me as I was of one from her. The temptation to laugh at a time when you ought not is a terrible one, so terrible that when John Wesley and his brother Charles once walked into the fields either to pray or sing hymns together (I forget which), and so doing, burst into uncontrollable laughter at each other, they soberly agreed that it was the Devil's own doing. However, I did overcome this temptation, and even contrived to make a becoming acknowledgment at the end, and to offer some worthless remark when pressed for a critical opinion; and when all was over I thought, as you will think, that I had gone through more than St. Anthony.

We have just gained an election here, valiantly, against the greatest exertions of the Whigs and Destructives.

Take care of your eyes, especially be careful how you expose them to a keen east wind. Remember me to Mary and Mr. Bray, and believe me always,

Yours very truly,

R. S.

P.S. I had nearly forgotten to say that the letter concerning Lord Nugent will make part of the next "Quarterly Review," an arrangement of which I never dreamt. I am obliged to Lockhart for this, which is every way desirable for me. The letter will have fifty readers, when it would have otherwise had one, and there is nothing but what is strictly proper in giving it this place, because its object is to vindicate the "Review" from the accusation of falsifying history for party purposes.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, May 1. 1833.

My dear Rickman,

Archibald Alison sent me his "History," with a note reminding me of his having fallen in with me at the Field Marshal's: it is a very good book indeed, and I have written to tell him so.

The merchants trading from Monte Video have made out a *primâ facie* case which exempts them from certain duties; and they owe their knowledge of their own case to my "History of Brazil." Sundry letters have I had from two of these houses; one of them saying that it will be a saving of 1200*l.* a year, if they carry their point. The paper to-day says they have carried it; methinks they ought to send me the handsomest present that the river Plata can afford!

I had an ugly seizure some twenty days ago, on the loins, accompanied with sickness; it was pronounced to be gravel, but there has been no appearance to confirm this, and I have had no return of it. It left me very weak, and as sore about the loins as if I had been beaten, or had greatly fatigued myself by over-walking. Thank God, I am, to all appearance, well now, and busily employed.

I hear that both Lords Grey and Althorpe would gladly go out of office, if they dared. What is to become of them, or us, God knows! Yet I have a feeling like that of the whaler, who, when hemmed in on all sides by the ice, trusts that he shall work his way through all dangers. If financial difficulties can be staved off, I should not despair of seeing the Reform Bill become as universally hooted and hated as poor Phillimore's Marriage Act. Would that it could be as effectually repealed! I suppose we shall have a property tax. God bless you.

R. S.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, May 3. 1833.

My dear Sir,

Your parcel arrived this morning, and I am much obliged to you for its contents. My daughter also thanks you for your own little volume, the contents of which are very well deserving the elegant garb in which you have presented them. I am, indeed, exceedingly pleased with the sonnets and with the concluding poem. Happy are you, and happy must your nature be, to retain your love of poetry, and improve yourself in the art, as you have done. I hope and trust you may live to find that a bookseller may derive advantages as well as honour, by establishing for himself a literary character. There is a topographical error in your third sonnet. The Brathay comes down Langdale and never enters Rydal. You have only to alter the word in the first lines. Let me notice another passage for your consideration, *dark black* hair: black hair must be dark, the epithet therefore is tautologous; and this is felt before it can be seen that you have introduced it for the sake of the comparison in the next line. If I were not thoroughly pleased with the poems

and with the spirit that is breathed through them, I should not point out anything that seems a blemish. The book concerning Mrs. Piozzi is so entertaining that I hope it may lead to the publication of her Journal and correspondence. I am very much disposed to think that she was both the cleverest and most accomplished woman of her age. I shall write to thank Lamb and Mr. Hayward.

The "Extracts," I conclude, from your silence about them, have proved an unfortunate speculation. My day and popularity will come when I shall have said good night to the world.

Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me always,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter, Copenhagen.

Keswick, May 8. 1833.

MY DEAR WARTER,

I have now appropriated two hours before breakfast every morning to the perusal of Dr. Bell's papers. They are previously arranged for me by Davies, who is at hand to give any explanation that may be needed. But even with his most willing and efficient assistance, it will be a work of many months to go through them at this rate. More time I neither can nor ought to devote to it; and no one could be more expeditious during the time so employed. From the time Dr. Bell went to India in 1787 he seems never to have destroyed a single paper. His Indian correspondence is very interesting, both as to private and public affairs. It was chiefly with Captain Wight, Major Dirom, and Colonel Floyd, three very distinguished officers, very able, and evidently very amiable men, with whom he continued upon the most intimate terms as long as they lived. The public affairs relate to Lord Cornwallis's

war against Tippoo, in which they were employed. Dirom (afterwards General) wrote a very good history of that war. Floyd was Lady Peel's father, and I dare say she is not so well acquainted with the history of her father and mother as I am.

It is very evident that what I have to publish must be the "Life and Correspondence" of Dr. B., and that this was his intention. Better materials could not be desired. There are a few letters from Mr. John, the Danish missionary of Tranquebar, and his family, to Dr. Bell, after a visit which he had paid them, — singularly pleasing letters in Danish-English, and showing how completely Dr. Bell always succeeded in winning the hearts of children wherever he went.

George Dempster (a Scotchman, of great weight in his time, and singular talents) was the person who got Dr. Bell out to India. His other early friends or patrons were Dr. Berkeley (the Bishop's son) and Lord and Lady Dacre. He went out in orders, and with a Doctor's degree from St. Andrews, obtained for him without his knowledge by Dempster. His first object was to make his way by tuition and by giving philosophical lectures. The latter he did successfully; but he soon got a Company's chaplainship at Madras, and Heaven knows how many regimental deputy chaplainships, in which line he was a tremendous pluralist, clergymen being scarce. He refused any salary for his services at the Male Asylum, where his discovery was made, and where he laid the foundations of his future eminence; and he was always liberal in his bounty, though most inexpensive in his personal habits. Yet the money which he made in India, where he resided only nine years, amounted with its accumulation, by the time the whole was remitted to England in 1800, to something more than 25,000*l.*

Here are all his accounts, kept with as much regularity as his merchants'.

As you may suppose, these papers contain much of the romance of real life, and a full share of its tragedy. It is an affecting thing to read continuously through an unreserved correspondence of twenty, thirty, or forty years, ending with a black-bordered announcement of the writer's death: affecting it would be in a book, still more so in the letters themselves—the very letters—which have been written and received with such emotions of pleasure and of grief.

On the whole, I am much more pleased with my task than I expected to have been. I shall be able (God willing) to answer my poor old friend's wishes, and in a way that will do honour to him, and to those whom he loved best. And there will be variety enough to attract ordinary readers. Take him for all in all, he was a most remarkable person. I knew him only during the last twenty years of his life; but now that all the former part is laid open to me, and I see him in the prime of life, I think a more striking person, or one more likely to win the good will and command the respect of all about him, can hardly be conceived.

You see how much more I think of my own pursuits, than of the state of the nation. In truth, it is useless to look forward when it is impossible to see before us. I am rather more hopeful as the incapacity of the Ministers becomes more and more glaring, and also as it becomes more and more evident that the Reformed Parliament never can work well.

Summer is come upon us at once — after the most backward spring that I can remember — in all its beauty, and almost in all its warmth. Karl and I were in the lake yesterday; but were a day or two too soon, for we were glad to get out again. However, if this weather lasts, we shall soon bathe every day.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, May 26. 1833.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

You have indeed collected a *rich harvest of traditions* concerning Sir Francis Drake. I had heard of his shooting the gulf, and of his pushing the boy overboard who knew that they were under London Bridge. My story of the stone is yours of the marriage, with this variation, that instead of a ball coming up through the earth, a half-round stone fell through the air upon the train of the intended bride's gown, as she was on the way to church; upon which she turned back, saying, she knew it came from her husband. My story adds, that the stone is still used as a weight upon the harrow of the farm, and if it be removed from the estate in which it fell, always returns thither. Yours is much the grander fiction. My story says, moreover, that it was not long before Sir Francis Drake returned, and, in the dress of a beggar, asked alms of his wife at her own door; but in the midst of his feigned tale, a smile escaped him, and he was recognised, and, of course, joyfully embraced. This is borrowed from Guy Earl of Warwick, and is found also in other romances. The miracle of leading water is common in the times of the saints, and especially of the Irish saints, who generally lead it up hill to make the miracle greater.

These stories probably originated in the notion which was very piously entertained by the Spaniards, that Drake dealt with the devil, and owed his success to the assistance which the devil gave him. The English Catholics are likely enough to have received this notion from their Spanish friends; and it made its way among the people because of its romantic character. The black art, in popular tradition, is no very black business, when it is not employed for black purposes; and there is ge-

nerally some contrivance for whitewashing such proficients as Drake, Friar Bungay, and Friar Bacon, just in time. Lope de Vega, to whose "Dragontea" I have this moment referred to refresh my memory, says "that Drake, our countryman, admitted he had dealings with the devil," and praised him for it, "so that it was no calumny of Spain's,

'Que no es en esto España mentirosa,'

and that he (Lope), when he was in the Armada, had heard all this from some soldiers in the same ship who had been eight years prisoners in England." The most curious piece of slanderous fiction concerning him which I have seen, is in the Latin poem of a Jesuit *; I shall extract it for a note in my "Naval History,"—in which indeed, if your "Letters" had been published, I should have been very much tempted to have incorporated all your stories.

I am very much pleased with your account of Mr. Dorey †, and so will every one who reads it. Poor man, were he in comfortable health, dearly should I like to hear him talk, and to take a pinch out of his snuff-box, and offer him one out of mine; for though not an habitual snuff-taker, I carry a box when travelling, and keep one at home upon the chimney-piece, by way of remedy in an incipient cold, sometimes (according to this theory) to clear the head, and sometimes by way of a regale.

Your garden, and all its accompaniments, is most inviting in description. If I had wings, or the wishing cap, I should be there as quickly as they could transport me. My wishes are not much more reasonable than those of the lover who was for annihilating time

* It is quoted at the end of Vol. II. p. 378.

† See "Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy," vol. ii. 158.

and space: I want to be in several places at the same time, and to do many things at once.

I should certainly have tried your prescription of the hot salt, if there had been any occasion for it. But, thank God, there has been no return of the seizure, whatever it was, nor any symptom to confirm what was entertained of its cause. To all appearance, I am as well as ever I was, except a cold, which may be perhaps the beginning of the hay asthma, and which, if it proves to be so, I expect to cut short by fomenting the eyes and nostrils with camomile. The hot weather reached us about a week after its prevalence in London,—to the great contentment of my son and myself, who both delight in bathing. We have had some thunderstorms withal; and I was in the midst of one with two of my daughters in a postchaise, returning from a short visit. The lightning was darting to the ground all round us, and so near, that the atmosphere was as sulphurous as if gunpowder had been fired in the chaise. I was never so near the lightning as thus to *smell* it before.

My time is now very closely employed upon the "Naval History." Two hours every morning (from seven till nine) are allotted to Dr. Bell's papers, which are lodged at the bottom of the garden with his faithful amanuensis, Mr. Davies. More time than this I cannot possibly afford to them at present; and at this rate it will be many months before I shall have inspected the whole of them. There is a vast mass: in fact the whole correspondence of more than fifty years. Much of this is very interesting; and, at the same time, there is something very melancholy in reading through a series of the most unreserved letters, beginning with the hopes and projects of early life, relating in their progress the joys and sorrows which flesh is heir to, and concluding by a few lines in a different hand, and on a black-edged paper, announcing the death of the person with whose

concerns, from manhood to old age, I had become thus intimately acquainted. There are several series of this kind, and much may be selected from it which will be read with great interest. It will take me less time to compose the Life, than to go over the materials; but some momentous subjects must be discussed in it, and the time, whatever it be, would be well employed, even if I had not that personal feeling towards my poor old friend which would make me willingly perform a less inviting task.

I hope you have all recovered from the influenza, and that Mary also is better. My kindest remembrances to her and Mr. Bray, and believe me always

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, June 16. 1833.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

There can be no doubt that the state of public affairs must have a great effect upon his* mind, already depressed as it is by mental suffering and bodily infirmity. Methinks if I were five and thirty years younger I could look forward with something like complacency to the evils which those who are in authority over us are bringing upon themselves; there would be a vindictive delight in witnessing their punishment which might make one bear with more patience our own part in the general calamity. Then, too, I might feel capable of exertion whenever the time for it should come. It is better as it is, — better to be a spectator of such a drama than an actor in it, even though one should not be allowed to be a quiet spectator. What may be the course of events it becomes more and more difficult to

* His and Mrs. Hughes' friend, Charles Wynn.

foresee. The king hates his Ministers, and yet dreads their resignation; he would probably sacrifice anything for the sake of making affairs go on as long as he lives without a convulsion that might disturb his comfort. The Ministers are distracted between hatred of the Conservatives and fear of the Radicals. They stick to office like so many leeches, and well they may, for if they drop off they will find themselves in a condition something like leeches when they fall upon salt.

The tendency in such times is always towards apathy in those persons who are not looking forward to the advantages which they expect from the overthrow of the classes above them. I have heard my brother say sometimes of persons in whom he saw sure indications of a fatal disease, that they might live to die of *something else*. Whether patients ever comfort themselves in this way I know not; but I suspect that men at my age are very likely to look for consolation in this thought, that if the evil day be deferred a little while they may be at rest before it comes. They were lucky persons in the days of Noah who died on their beds just before the windows of heaven were opened. But for myself I am far too busy to have time for thinking over these things, and my disposition keeps me always hopeful, when hope has anything to rest on; and that it always must have, when we look to the providential government of the world. But after all, and in all cases, there is no comfort like that of looking on to another and a better state of existence, as our sure inheritance. It seems but as yesterday when I look back twenty, thirty, forty, and even more years: the end, therefore, of my mortal term would seem but as to-morrow if it were rightly looked on to. A little while, and we shall be young again, beyond all power of time and change, with those whom we love, and to continue with them for ever and ever.

These feelings are brought home to me by the perusal of poor Dr. Bell's papers, to which I daily devote two hours before breakfast. He had preserved the whole of his correspondence for nearly fifty years, and much of it I have found very interesting. Commencing with the formation of his friendship in India, relating the prospects, hopes, fears, and fortunes of his friends from that time, till a different handwriting and a black seal concludes the series. General Floyd, Lady Peel's father, was one of these friends, and I dare say Lady Peel knows less of both her parents than I do. General Dirom was another. I am in hopes of making an interesting book of his life and correspondence; but I must go through the whole of the papers before I begin the composition, and they are in a very formidable mass. His amanuensis, Mr. Davies, is here with them, lodging at the bottom of the garden; and without his most efficient help, the undertaking would almost frighten me. But it had long been Dr. Bell's wish that I should perform for him this last office, and I will perform it for him as I wish that some one may perform the like office hereafter for me.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes. My wife and daughters desire their kindest remembrances.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

P.S. Lockhart has my letters from Sir Walter, except one or two on which I have since laid my hand, and shall send up when next I communicate with him.*

* It is worthy of remark here, that Southey at once sent all Sir Walter's letters, but that no answer even has been returned by Lockhart's executors for Southey's. Yet, on consideration, they must be aware that Lockhart's replies are a key to the whole. This is all that the Editor thinks it necessary to remark upon. There are a hundred letters kept back which could "a tale unfold" relative to the "Quarterly Review."

To John Rickman, Esq.

June 25. 1833.

My dear Rickman,

Having occasion to write to Sir T. Acland while he is attending the Witenagemot at Cambridge, I sent him a fact for the geologists, which, if it has not been met with by any of them, will be thought curious —the discovery of a fossil human body about 250 years ago, at Aix in Provence. Those at Guadaloupe are found in sand-stone, and are supposed to be of a very great antiquity; this is a rock of a much harder kind, though I know not of what. The account is an attested one, plain, and quite satisfactory, taken from the "Journal of Lyons" (whatever that may have been), and included in a collection of the remarkable circumstances which had occurred in that age, extracted from various authors.

Though this seems to stand in the way of the present theory, I incline to think that if we should get at a fossil Preadamite it will be found to differ from the present human being as much, perhaps, as the creature that has a long neck and a ridiculously short tail from the present crocodile. I dare say the Anakim, and the Emim, and the Zuzims had more vertebræ in the back than were useful, as we are told that some of them had six fingers and toes. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Aug. 5. 1833.

My dear Rickman,

A certain Benjamin Franklin French writes to me from New Orleans, saying that a MS. history by one who evidently "bore a conspicuous part in the Revolution 1688 has fallen into his hands," and that he will send it to me, to be presented (if I find it of

sufficient importance) to one of our public libraries, "hoping," he says, "that the example of restoring MSS. may not be lost on your Government, who now withhold many documents relating to the early history of this country, and *only of use to us.*" Of course I desired him to send it, and if it be of any value the Museum will be the best place for it, as the most *accessible.*

Adam Clarke's son, finding by a letter of mine to his father that I possess profiles of Ch. Fox, his wife, and their parrot *, has written to ask for copies of them, he being in possession of all C. Fox's papers, which are many and curious. I have had the profiles copied, and this square enclosure contains them.

Your travellers will enjoy themselves more, and profit themselves more, by seeing the Rhine at leisure, and leaving Switzerland and Italy for another journey. They all remember better what they see leisurely, without fatiguing either body or mind.

We are going down the inclined plane without let or hindrance. What is to happen when we reach the bottom, and where we are going, the engineer, I suppose, knows as little as the passengers. Thank you for the report. The man (Doctor Southwood Smith) who fixes the age of puberty, of emancipation from control, and of discretion, at the commencement of the fourteenth year, has certainly in so doing approved himself worthy of having been Jeremy Bentham's beloved disciple, the one whom, in token of such entire love, he appointed to dissect his body, and read a lecture over it.

I never before saw any opinion expressed which would lead to such intolerable consequences, morally, physically, and politically, as this, which these commissioners have sanctioned in the 52nd page of their

* The originals are now before me. I received them amongst Mrs. Southey's MSS.

report. The more the manufactory system is examined the worse it appears.

A New Englander tells me that madness is more common in that country than in this, and that the chief cause is political excitement, occasioned by the boundless ambition which their democracy encourages, and the perpetual round of elections of some kind or other in which the people are engaged.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Aug. 7. 1833.

My dear Sir,

Last year I mentioned to you the plan of a work with some such title as this, "Christian Philosophy," exhibited in a series of extracts from the most eminent English divines. I now seriously propose it to your consideration. My notion is not to give whole treatises or sermons, but such extracts as are in themselves sufficiently complete, those of each author separately, with a life of the author, and to publish in monthly parts (like some of Sharpe's publications), with an embellished title page, two parts making a volume; the embellishment should be a portrait of the author, and view of his Parsonage, when that could be had, and of his Parish Church, when it was worth giving. The lives would be upon the scale of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." There arises a question whether each life should be printed in its place before the extracts for its subject, or whether (as in Johnson's case) they should be published collectively, in separate volumes. There is this objection to the former mode (which would otherwise be the preferable one), that some of the lives would be of considerable length, so as to require a disproportionate number

of pages in the part to which they belonged. They would be as well critical as biographical, and contain a good deal relating to the literature and history of the time. If the lives were reserved for separate publication, there should then be put a brief notice of the author inserted before each series of extracts.

As the series would not begin before the reign of James I., an introductory essay would be required comprising, among other things, a history of preaching in this country, down to that time; and this is a reason for the separation: because this essay must be a business of some labour, for which I could not, for many months to come, find time; but the extracts might be commenced presently, and during their progress I should have leisure for it. You will consider whether monthly parts or volumes be more advisable. I like the form of Sharpe's little books: they suit the pocket well (which is a recommendation to many), and many also would think little of half a crown or three shillings a month who might demur at five or six shillings. But of this you must be the best judge. About the extent, I think we might venture upon four and twenty parts, which would make twelve volumes; this would not be too voluminous to be purchased in sets: I mean exclusive of the lives, for these could not be comprised in less than three, or perhaps four volumes. Now concerning terms. For these, whether three or four, 600*l.* per volume is what my time is worth, estimating each volume at 400 such pages as in Sharpe's "Bacon's Essays" — that page holding as much as the "Family Library," and looking much better. And if a collective edition of my works should be published after my death (for which, looking upon this as likely, I shall leave instructions), I must reserve, to my family or representatives, a right of including this work in that collection. You know my age. Next Monday I enter upon my

sixtieth year. Such a collective edition could not commence till some months after my death; and as it would be published in volumes, periodically, from four to five years would elapse before the series reached it. As to the extracts, you will offer me what you think reasonable, either as a certain sum, or a contingent profit. For the present this will suffice. Farewell, then. Remember me most kindly to Charles Lamb and his sister, and believe me, always,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter, Copenhagen.

Keswick, Aug. 15. 1833.

MY DEAR WARTER,

The "Edda" and the "Icelandic Gospels" arrived last week, and I shall very soon begin the latter with Karl. It is very obvious that old Icelandic, like the old Anglo-Saxon and the old Welsh, is so difficult as often to perplex the best scholars; and it is equally obvious that this must arise from the extreme rudeness of these languages in their early stages.

I am going through the third volume of the "Edda."

Finn Magnusen, I perceive, holds the system of Count de Gebelin in its full extent. To me it appears that the system is only true in part; against it is the extent to which they carry it. Dupuis' application of it to Christianity (!) is a complete *reductio ad absurdum.* The Land of Allegory and the Land of Etymology both border upon Milton's Limbo, and many lost wits take their flight from them. My Welsh, Irish, and Hindoo reading has led me into these labyrinths, to which, indeed, Jacob Bryant introduced me before I went to college, forty years ago.

Nevertheless I have a great respect for Finn Magnu-

* This letter belongs to 1832.

sen, and am grateful to him for his labours. Happy is he to live under a Government which thinks it worth while to enable such a man to pursue his own meritorious studies in his own way, for the honour of his country. Few Governments have done so much for literature as the Danish,—none so little as the English.

My northern books are very useful now, in the early part of my "Naval History." Something, by means of Johnstone's volume, I get from the Icelandic writers, something from Holberg. Then I have "Olaus Magnus" and "Pontanus," who come into use now, and from these I pick up notices which English historians seem to have overlooked. Next month I shall go to press, and hope to have a volume finished by the first of January.

We are now in the height of the Laking season, to my sore disturbance. But it will not last long; and meantime I call to mind the example of Job, and endeavour to follow it. Keswick has also a large influx of refugees from the infected places on the coast. The prevalence of this disease has not diminished the number of Lakers as yet; but a great diminution is perceived at Whitehaven, from whence tourists used to embark in shoals for Scotland in the steam-vessels. If we escape the visitation here, Lord Ashley talks of coming down; and Lord Mahon, whose "History of the Succession War" is a very good book. He has some thoughts of writing the history of Philip III. and IV., and if he resolves upon so doing, it is most likely that I can assist him with materials which he could not find elsewhere. Lord Mahon is only known to me by letter, but I shall like to see him, and be glad to see Lord Ashley, who takes a great interest in my proceedings, and has sent Karl his own "Greek Testament" as a pledge of good will.

Edith will tell you all else that remains to be told. I must now dutifully prepare for a walk.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. On this day week I shall have passed just half my life in this house. Few persons remain so long in one which is not their own, and to which they are not bound by professional engagements.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 25. 1833.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Agatha's ring will never be found in the belly of a fish at Aix-la-Chapelle. I looked in vain there for the lake beside which Charlemagne built his palace; but I found it near Aix, in Savoy, and a very beautiful lake it is. Petrarch's "Epistles" have not fallen in my way, but I suppose Pasquier repeated the story from them without referring to the book, and supposed that Petrarch saw the place on his way from Germany to France, instead of from Italy. The site of a palace or castle built by Charlemagne there is still pointed out. The lake takes its name from a little town or village called Bourget, and discharges its waters into the Rhone.

No doubt the historical relics which you describe are as true as the ecclesiastical ones are false. I am sorry that I did not see them. The cathedral itself I thought more remarkable than any which I had ever before chanced to see; for nothing can be more heterogeneous than all its parts, internal and external. Some alteration or addition seems to have been made in every age since its foundation. I liked the place, and shall like it better if it rids you of the rheumatism. Do not leave it too soon; a chronic complaint

is likely to require more time for its removal than would suffice for curing a recent attack, and the waters seem to have begun well with you.

In looking over Dr. Bell's papers, I have met with letters from some near relations of your son-in-law—Dr. Brandreth's daughters. Indeed, in going through his correspondence of more than forty years, I have become acquainted with much family history, and with the affairs of many persons whom I have never seen. Lord Kenyon was his most frequent correspondent, and, as far as a man may be judged of by letters written with all the unreservedness of perfect intimacy, he seems to me a most thoroughly good and amiable man. A dismal tragedy was that of his eldest daughter; his whole happiness, after the loss of his wife, was in his children, and nothing but religion could have saved his heart from breaking when he saw her's broken. I should be sorry again to go through such a story as this. Nothing could be more affecting than his letters, and, at the same time, nothing more calm and manly, nor more in the true spirit of Christian patience.

There might have been some hope for Portugal if Miguel and Pedro had killed one another six months ago. The only good of which that poor country was susceptible was that of being at peace, and of being let alone. There can be no good issue to the contest now, none that will not introduce evils as great as those which it may prevent. The choice is between the fryingpan and the fire, or between the *Devil and his dam*. You remember how those words were applied once by poor Elmsley.

Will you bring me a book published at Aix-la-Chapelle, which I cannot get Longman to procure for me—"Beitrage zu der Geschichte Spaniens," by Von Schepeler? It contains papers concerning the Armada, and other subjects connected with my pursuits. I sent

Longman the precise title, and instead of it, after many months, he gets me two volumes, by the same author, of a "History of Spain," from 1810 to 1823, which volumes bring that history no farther than to 1814. It will come too late for present use in the "Naval History," but I shall be glad of it hereafter, and for my "History of Portugal," which must be made my main business very soon. Having entered upon my sixtieth year, it behoves me to make the best use I can of the little time that is left. You may conclude that I am in good condition when you hear that I was on the top of Saddleback on my birth-day.

The most amusing book which has lately come to my hands is the "Life of Adam Clarke." I have been much entertained also with Captain Hamilton's (Cyril Thornton) "Men and Manners in America;" though it is a melancholy thing to look at the prospects of that country, and see to what a state society is (in Yankee phrase) *progressing*, and must *progress*, when the spirit of *blackguard independence* is dominant. An American lately confirmed to me the truth of Hamilton's statement, that the better minds live under the tyranny of popular opinion, and profess democracy, just as unbelievers in Spain and Italy profess to be Roman Catholics, because they dare not declare their opinions. He told me too that no man, whatever his wealth might be, could venture to live beyond a certain expenditure. 2000*l.* a year was the utmost that popular opinion would tolerate.

It is well that my letter was not sent off, for the German book has arrived in the meantime. There came in the same parcel a large octavo volume from New York, relating to the affair of Freemasonry, which now agitates America in a most extraordinary manner. If I had leisure at this time, it might afford materials for a useful article in the "Q. R.," but I am too busy with naval affairs. The spirit which led to the murder

of an offending brother in America, and frustrated all attempts at bringing the murderer to justice, is just the same which is continually acted upon in Ireland, and which now manifests itself among jurymen whenever a party question, or question which can be turned to party purposes, comes before them. Before this book came some persons who had lately travelled in the United States told me that the disputes about Masonry were so violent that they seemed likely to break up the Union. Civil war, in which the States would be divided among themselves, should seem a more probable consequence. If we, in this country, had had patience for a few years longer, the state of America would have served the Liberals for a warning instead of an example.

Poor Portugal! The "Times" is now calling upon our non-interfering Government to expel D. Pedro from his daughter's kingdom. To effect this we may, perhaps, carry the principle of non-interference a little farther, and assist him, covertly or openly, to re-establish himself in Brazil. For awhile I believe he would be welcome at Rio Janeiro.

I am told that Sydney Smith is to be the next bishop! This, however, does not accord with what I have also heard, and from a sure quarter, that he has quarrelled with Brougham, and speaks bitterly of him on all occasions. God bless you.

R. S.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 5. 1833.

My dear Sir,

Much business and incessant interruptions, to which at this season I am liable, have prevented me from replying earlier to your letter. But indeed it re-

quired no little consideration, for I had to see how far my views could be modified so as to accord with yours.

Your opinion is incontestable that the undertaking is far more likely to succeed, if the biography forms part of the work, than if it should be published at first in a separate form. The precedent of "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," which was published separately (at the end, I believe, of the collection), is not in point, because the Poets would be purchased generally for their own sake; but in the present case purchasers must be allured by what can be presented as additaments and attractions. I clearly perceive this.

But, on the other hand, my intention is to bestow as much pains upon these lives as Johnson did upon his biographies, and to render them as much a constituent part of the history of English literature.

This there would be time to do during the publication of the series, supposing that it extended to four-and-twenty monthly parts. There would then be no necessity for doing anything in a hurried way, unsatisfactory to myself, in order to be ready for the month; nor would the extent of any particular life be regulated by any other consideration than of its importance, and the extent and quality of the materials. The proportion that it might bear to the quantity of selections from the author would be of no consequence, though it might seem so, if immediately prefixed to them. Whether the lives should be in two, three, or four volumes, would be no matter; their sale would be certain, and there are no motives which would either induce me to contract this part of the undertaking within narrower limits than should to myself appear fitting, nor you to wish me to contract it. Now, upon your plan, it is very evident that for want of time I might be driven to compress into a brief and hasty summary what ought

to be a careful and elaborate, biographical, and critical essay. And that, if only enough were done to answer the purpose of holding out a sufficient attraction, you, as a publisher, might think the less there was the better. It would not be difficult for me to compose such summaries, which might not preclude me from treating the same subjects at due length hereafter. But would this answer the purpose? Would it not appear more like a mere matter of trade speculation, than an undertaking in which I am deeply interested for its own sake? Would the objection be obviated by engaging for a series of biography at the end? Or would not this engagement be liable to the objection which you have already (and justly) made, that many would wait for the lives, and neglect the selections; so that nothing would be gained by this sort of compromise? Would an introductory essay suffice to remove this difficulty? These questions are proposed for your consideration. If the lines are to be interspersed upon the fitting scale, I could not venture to start with the publication till there were as many ready as would suffice for half a year's numbers; and with my present engagements, a full year must elapse before I could be prepared with these. The introductory essay alone would certainly cost me not less than two months, supposing it to be about the average length of my papers in the "Quarterly Review."

No one knows better how to *get up* a book than you do. The page which you have sent me is just what it should be, — close, but clear, and agreeable to the eye. Between that and the size of Sharpe's books (Bacon's Essays, 1819, was the model which I thought of) seems to be a consideration of expense; the page holds so nearly the same, that the cost of the paper appears to be the sole question. Each part should contain about 200 pages. My terms for such pages I set at thirty

shillings per page, or at 600*l.* per volume. This, I think, is all that need be said at present. I will not conclude, however, without wishing you all happiness in your new state of life; that you may prosper in all things to your heart's content; that your love of letters may never make you neglect your business as a bookseller, nor your business wean you from the love of letters; but that you may unite them as successfully as Dodsley did before you, live longer, and leave behind you as estimable a name. Present my good wishes to Mrs. Moxon, and believe me,

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Oct. 13. 1833.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Your last packet has been detained thus long, because I have been working as hard in maritime war as if I were a galley-slave myself. Inevitable interruptions had thrown me behindhand with my work, and it was not till yesterday, which was the very latest day possible, that I could send off the concluding portion of the volume; you, who know the pleasure of finishing, can understand with what satisfaction this was done. Now I have a little breathing time, and, if the weather will permit, shall take long walks among the mountains. But to-day has brought with it wind and rain, harbingered last night (after a long continuance of fine weather) by some of the most remarkable northern lights I ever remember to have seen. They shot up sometimes in pillars, but more frequently spread along the sky like a stream with an undulating motion, like that of flame, and they were nearly as vivid as sheet lightning.

Thank you for your Preface; and good luck go with the series which it introduces so well.

These letters, which are now returned, are VERY *interesting:* the biography, the stories, the superstitions, in short *the whole.* I return them, as you direct, through Sir F. Freeling. Franks are scarce at the Colonial Office at this time. When Parliament meets, H. Taylor's services will again be available. It is impossible for me to say which of your novels he would like best, unless I should guess it might be the "White Hoods," because we have been together at Ghent and Bruges, and the interest in any story is heightened by a knowledge of the scene of action. It will find him, if it be sent to the Colonial Office: I do not know the address of his lodgings.

Your letters, I hope, may be published in time for me to avail myself of them in the "Life of Drake," which will be the second in my next volume; "Essex" preceding it because of the connection of Essex's life with that of Howard, Earl of Nottingham, whose life is in the second volume, and concludes it.

Has "Zophiel" fallen in your way? probably not; for books which have only their own merits to introduce them make their way slowly — if they make it at all. The authoress, who calls herself Maria del Occidente, is a widow, by name Mrs. Brooke, a New Englander by birth, of Welsh extraction. She married—or, to speak in this case more correctly, was married—when almost a child, to a person who was at least thrice her own age, and as little suited to her in other respects as in years. He left her with two sons, one of whom is now an officer in the American army; the other settled as a planter in Cuba, where most of "Zophiel" was written. Mrs. Brooke, I doubt not, always has been, and still is, haunted by the feeling, that if she had been mated with one capable of esteeming and loving her as she deserved to be esteemed and loved, she should have been one of the happiest of God's creatures. In appearance and

manners, she is one of the gentlest and most feminine of women. The poem is, in the foundation, the story of Tobias's and Raguel's daughter. Yet it is a most original composition, highly fanciful, and passionate in the highest degree. It has the fault of not being always perspicuous; but that any person who has read few, if any of our elder poets, and certainly never studied any of them, nor looked upon poetry as an art, should be so free from the vices of modern diction, and possess so much of elder simplicity and beauty and strength, is most remarkable. Altogether the poem is the effusion of a heart whose fervour neither time nor untoward fortune have cooled, and of an imagination so vivid that it almost believes in its own creations.

There is a song in the last canto which is more passionate than any that I can call to mind in any language, and, in my judgment, far, very far, superior to Sappho's celebrated ode. Remember me most kindly to Mr. Bray and Mary, and believe me, always,

Yours, with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mr. Allan Cunningham.

Keswick, Nov. 11. 1833.

MY DEAR ALLAN,

Thank you for your friendly view of me and my poems in the "Athenæum." The best proof that I am thankful to you for it will be by pointing out the only mistakes in it, for your use, when this series of papers shall be reprinted.

My parents could not have afforded to send me to Westminster. For that part of my education, and for my support at college, I am beholden to my maternal uncle, to whose memory the "Colloquies" are inscribed. I gained no name for being "stirring in play" at West-

minster; there were few sports in which I ever took part. . .

The Introduction to "Thalaba" is not more brief than has been common with me. From the manner in which the original Preface to "Joan of Arc" was treated (as if I made a boast of running races with the press), I learnt that the least that was *said* on such occasions was the soonest mend*ed;* and therefore, in every subsequent preface, I never said anything more than was necessary.

Criticism never "daunted, disconcerted, or oppressed" me. The only effect it produced upon me was to make it evident that I must write more prose than poetry, or it would be impossible for me to make both ends meet. But this was not till long after I had planned great historical works, and commenced those preparations for them which during five-and-thirty years have never been suspended . . . . .

My daughter joins me in kind remembrances to Mrs. Cunningham. One day I hope you will look in upon me in my nest; anywhere else I am but half myself.

God bless you,
Yours most truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Nov. 17. 1833.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I was about to have sent a letter in quest of you, when your's arrived, and told me how mournfully you were engaged. The circumstances must be very peculiar which could make recovery from a dangerous illness desirable in old age. Some one asked that strange old man, the Labrador Major Cartwright, how he was one day. "I'll tell ye how I am," he replied, with a sardonic smile: "Death is standing behind me, like an auctioneer,

with the hammer in his lifted hand; going, he says, *going, going;* and though he pauses now, presently it will be—*gone!*"

The uncertainty of life at all times makes us, perhaps, less sensible of the certainty of death in old age.

You will do well to repeat your visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, for there can be no doubt that your amendment is owing to its waters.

I have not Petrarch's "Epistles." Pasquier, who relates the story from them, uses the word lake; and by the Lake of Bourget the site of Charlemagne's palace is pointed out. The question between the two Aix' will be decided, if ever a fish should be taken near either, with the ring in its belly. For my own part, I was as much pleased with finding what seemed to be the real scene of the story in Savoy, as I was disappointed in looking for it near Aix-la-Chapelle.

You will most likely find me again in the next "Quarterly," in which I mean to read the Corn Law Rhymer a lecture; not without some hope (though faint) that as I taught him the art of poetry, I may teach him something better. But I shall never again make reviewing my chief resource. The attempt at reducing my payment, there, I resisted successfully*; but the payment during the years 1831 and 1832 had become so uncertain as to inconvenience me considerably. "Cabinet" work pays better, because it is more certain, and because more of it may be done in less time. My second volume is probably waiting for you in Grafton Street. It is now determined that there should be four volumes. I am busy upon the third, and expect to

* I do not think it necessary to say anything on this point beyond the fact that Lockhart wrote to Southey, saying the issue was falling off; and that Murray, when he found that Southey's articles were inquired for and not found, said, "A HUNDRED POUNDS *is burning in my pocket for you.*" This was after he had sent FIFTIES and they were returned.

have very little leisure for the "Quarterly Review" from this time forth.

This you will perceive when I tell you what my employments are likely to be. First and foremost, "The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Bell," as you have before heard; by the end of next month I shall have gone through the papers, upon which I have been engaged every morning, since the middle of April, before breakfast. Secondly, I have been applied to by Baldwin and Cradock to edit a complete edition of Cowper, in monthly volumes, and write his life. Cradock will call here in the course of a fortnight, on his way from Scotland, and there seems no doubt of our coming to an agreement. Thirdly, I have long thought of writing the "Lives of the English Divines," upon a scale like that of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and accompanying them with selections from their works. Upon this I have communicated with Moxon, the bookseller, to whom Rogers has proved so efficient a patron. The work would be published in monthly parts, two to a volume, under some such title as "Christian Philosophy displayed," &c., and there will be an Introduction, comprising a view of religious instruction down to Elizabeth's time, where the series is to begin. As you may suppose, I have good store of materials available for this undertaking, and I look at it with great satisfaction, as a sure means of doing some good. I should have no fears for the country, if men who hold good principles understood them, and knew the strength of their own cause.

Monday, 18th. A parcel has to-day brought me, from Sir H. Bunbury, a little pamphlet of Soame's "Poetry." I suppose he has sent you a copy, for the same reason which, no doubt, induced him to send it me — our knowledge of his poor brother, and the eulogium upon him! God bless you.

R. S.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 16. 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

It does not appear to me that the publication of the "English Divines," which has just been commenced, will interfere materially, or indeed at all with my design, except as affording a reason for some further delay. Besides, the difference between publishing entire works, and a series of selections, there is this difference in the two plans: in the one, the biography makes but a trifling and subordinate feature; in the other it will be upon such a scale as to form a biographical history of that branch of English literature, the introduction comprising a view of it down to Elizabeth's reign, where the series begins. I shall continue, therefore, to make notes and collect materials. I have received Mr. Morgan's "Colloquies." I thank him for his civility in sending them, and have no incivility to complain of in anything that he has said concerning myself. But it is a poor book, and the liberty of introducing living persons into a work of fiction is (according to my sense of such things) not warrantable by the usages of society. This I say rather in reference to others with whom he has taken this liberty than to myself. The manner in which he represents them as thinking and speaking is like playing Picquet with Dumbee, and packing the cards to cheat him. Mr. Rogers's book (the most beautiful I have ever seen, exceeding even his "Italy") arrived just in time; my daughter on the following day changed her name, and departed from her father's house, to find another home on the coast of Sussex. The letter of thanks to Mr. Milnes is enclosed to you, because I know not how to address him. His book pleases me very much, and I am very glad to see such

books with your name as publisher. Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me, always,

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Jan. 30. 1834.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

If I had been less interested with your concluding packet, I should have been in more haste to return it. Its *whole* contents are *remarkably attractive*, and there are few things of the kind which I have read with so much pleasure as your account of Mr. Bray.

A great deal of pleasure is produced by *Vers de Société*, — a phrase which may with sufficient propriety be rendered by social verses, or social poetry. I suppose that in most countries the number of such poems will be in proportion to the degree of civilisation, or rather of refinement; — that there may be civilisation without refinement the Americans are taking great pains to teach us. Such verses, independent of the immediate gratification which they impart, derive their value from time. We gather from them some indications of the personal character and personal history of the writer, and they show the manners and opinions which prevailed when they were written. You see that I am far from thinking meanly of such verses, and in their class, Mr. Bray's are what they should be. "Life" is, indeed, a *very striking* hymn.

Moreton was the birth-place of my old friend Lightfoot, and for his sake I have always felt some regard for the place. Such a punch-bowl tree as you describe I have seen by the road-side near Breda, perhaps they are still common in the Low Countries; this one I particularly remember, having past it several times. Some of the

persons with whom Mr. Bray associated during his London life I also met with many years ago; Dr. Shaw was one, the learned Shavius he was called, some foreign naturalist having Latinised his name thus unluckily for English ears. Shield I met at Mrs. Barbauld's seven or eight-and-thirty years ago, and many years afterwards had occasion to communicate yearly with him as Poet Laureate, my verses and his music being for many years duly composed, lest they should be called for, till happily the custom fell into such disuse that we spared ourselves any further trouble. Barry also I knew; Combe (Dr. Syntax) I have met with,— but perhaps this was not Mr. Bray's Combe, — Flaxman, and Kemble.

Browne, the traveller, was a native of this country. I am acquainted with his relations. Their account corresponds with yours. He was a man who let out nothing in conversation, and seems to have inspired as little attachment as he felt. Walking Stuart I have heard so much of, that it was very agreeable to me to hear more of him.

And now I hope your book will not be long before it finds its way to the press, and if you have as much pleasure in reading a proof-sheet as I have, I may wish you joy of your employment.

My daughter (now Mrs. John Wood Warter) is on her way to the south, halting for awhile with her new relations, near Shrewsbury. Most probably I shall visit her in the course of the autumn; but if so, I shall see Tavistock first, because it is advisable to take the longer days and better season for the most distant parts of my circuit. But we shall communicate often, I trust, in the meantime.

"THE DOCTOR," &c. has been sent me, with the author's compliments, in a hand which is either an unknown one to me, or a disfigured one. At a first glance,

D'Israeli seemed the likeliest person to have written it; but upon a perusal, I was satisfied that he could not write a style which is at once so easy and so good. Then I thought of Rogers, who has both the wit and the feeling that the book displays; but I question whether he has the Cervantic humour, and, moreover, he is a dissenter. It may be Mathias, perhaps. There are two reasons for ascribing it to him: first, the number of Italian quotations from authors known only to those who have made Italian poetry their peculiar study; secondly, he is an old *incognito*, and this book is printed by Nicol, whose father published the "Pursuits of Literature," and was entrusted with that secret. But on the whole, I incline to fix it upon Frere, for in him (and I can think of no other person) all the requisites for it are united. Farewell, my dear Mrs. Bray. My best regards to Mr. Bray. Remember me to Mary, and believe me always

Yours, with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, Feb. 16. 1834.

MY DEAR WARTER,

We were glad to hear of your arrival at Oxford. This will find you in London, and from thence an easy journey will carry you to your new home,—about as many miles from Keswick as there are days in the year. Edith will feel comparatively at rest when she gets there. There is no fatigue (to me at least) like that of a succession of visits. A day in London is more wearying to me than a walk up Scawfell.

The paper on the Corn Laws ran to a great length, and is concluded in a way which will give no pleasure to Mr. . . . . .

I have worked at the "Admirals," and must now confine myself to them, or at least get through a certain portion of them every day. On those days when I can escape from letter-writing this will leave me my evenings wholly or in great part disposable for other things. To-morrow evening I hope to begin upon "Schwartz."

At such evening intervals I have drawn up an account of Asgill, who, examining the Scriptures in the spirit of a lawyer, thought he had discovered in them a right and title to eternal life without going through the inconvenience of dying. It is a singularly curious case, and I shall connect it with much curious matter, *ejusdem generis*, to come under the comprehensive, &c. of my plan.*

What talk there has been about the book, as yet, has been chiefly owing to the rubricked copies. They did their work well; but it must get into book clubs and circulating libraries before it can become matter of general talk and obtain a good sale. "Tom Noddy" did well for it. What the "Quarterly Review" will do is doubtful. If . . . . should review it there, he will do it all the harm he can, which would be much. In conversation the part he takes is useful, being as it is, in opposition, and because he insists that the book is not, and cannot be mine. In return for which I have had it insinuated that it may be his own, and that he dispraises it for the sake of averting suspicion from himself. H. Taylor's letters have afforded us much amusement here, and he has had no little himself, in hearing what is said, and assisting to keep up the mystification.

Notwithstanding Henry Coleridge's disclosure (for such in fact it was) Lockhart probably inclines to fix it

* It is included in the latter portion of the "Doctor," &c. See p. 445. &c., one volume edition.

upon Frere. Henry Coleridge has subserved this filiation in other quarters through which his conversation is likely to come round to Lockhart. At any rate, if Lockhart suspects me, he will know that it is my purpose not to be known, because I have written to him, saying what I thought of the book, whose it might be, and whose it was not likely to be; and he has seen a note of mine to Henry Taylor, written that it might be shown. Two persons, he told Henry Coleridge, had offered to review the book. Croker may be one; but I think Lockhart would not admit a paper (even from him) that should be designed to injure the work.

Wynn has not seen or heard of it, except from me. He thinks, however, from what I said, that Rogers is likely enough to be the author, but Mathias more likely.

Frere, Henry Taylor, and Grosvenor Bedford, have been each (*bonâ fide*) named as likely persons to have written it. Frere is the likeliest, and this is to be reported as my opinion. Sharpe is to be mentioned, upon the complimentary ground of his choice language in conversation, and in relating a story, and the likelihood that he may have thus loosely put together the disconnected preparations which he made seven or eight and twenty years ago for a periodical paper. Another nominable person who has not been named yet is William Bankes. There is Theodore Hook also. The more that are named the better.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, April 26. 1834.

My dear Wynn,

I am glad to see that you continue well enough

to attend in Parliament, which is all concerning you that the "Times" lets me know of you there. If there be any return of your complaint or any remains of it, I hope you will go through a second course of the same waters. When last you wrote to me you were complaining. Upon any fresh returns, do not, I beseech you, delay to seek for relief where you have once found it; for this is by far the most common of all diseases in England, belonging, as it were, to the climate, therefore the more necessary is it to prevent it, if possible, from fixing itself in the constitution.

Handel, after a stroke of the palsy, and when his health seemed altogether broken, recovered entirely at those baths.* This I learn from Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music," which I have lately had an opportunity of borrowing, and with the readable part of which (that is the intelligible) I have been much amused. The author is a much more considerable person than I had supposed him to be, and his book of much more importance. I should like now to read Dr. Burney's "History," expecting it to be less learned, but equally entertaining in a different way. A squib upon his "Musical Travels," published under the name of Joel Collier, used to be a favourite book of his son's,—my poor old acquaintance the Admiral.

A note which came to me from Croker, some little time ago, expressed the most utter hopelessness, as his own feeling and as the Duke of W.'s. Both have, on former occasions of great importance, taken so false a view, that their opinion in this instance weighs very little with me. I shall not think the game lost, because it is declared to be so by those who have played their cards unskilfully.

* "Having received so much benefit from the baths, he prudently determined to stay at Aix-la-Chapelle till the end of six weeks from the time of his arrival there, and at the end thereof returned to London in perfect health."—Vol. v. 326.

God knows, the present state of things is bad enough; and from a demented Government and a deluded people everything may be feared. There is nothing that the Ministry are not daring enough to do when they are cheered by the Revolutionists, and nothing that they are not cowardly enough to yield when they are bullied by them. Power was never before in this country in the hands of men who were at once so insolent and so base. These are not times in which any man can have any confidence in his own foresight. We have no longer a Ministry, a Parliament, a King, a Constitution, on which any dependence or any hope can be placed. And of what avail would the law be against any *unconstitutional* exercise of power when —— and —— are judges! Yet there is always hope in Providence, and in what we know to be the *right*. While Louis Philippe fights our battles with the Radicals, and while the finances hold out, we shall not be destroyed by force; and to gain time is gaining something, when no deaths are to be apprehended that can possibly lead to any change for the worse.

The "Edinburgh Review" is more abroad in its guesses about the "Doctor" than I was when I guessed about it. No clue to the author has reached me. As for Hartley Coleridge I wish it were his, but am certain that it is not. He is quite clever enough to have written it—quite odd enough; but his opinions are desperately radical, and he is the last person in the world to disguise them. One report was that his father had assisted him: there is not a page in the book, wise or foolish, which the latter *could* have written, neither his wisdom nor his folly are of that kind. It amuses me to find myself suspected. "Roger's Italy" was given to me in like manner before it was claimed by its author.

Allan Cunningham has sent me his "Burns;" he was of all men the proper one for this task. My own

operas will come into this form when I am gone, and a good row upon the shelf they would form at this time. The poems would make ten volumes — those already printed. Of course these must be printed as a separate series, and the other works in divisions according to the subjects.

My paper on the Corn Laws lost its head in London, and had a tail tacked on. I know not who wrote the conclusion. It was added properly, because the debate had taken place after the letter was printed and the proofs corrected by me; but there were parts there which I should not have written.

Read "Philip van Artevelde" when it comes out. What I have seen of it (which is nearly the whole of the first part) is very good indeed. It is by my friend Henry Taylor; the subject was of my suggesting.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, May 7. 1834.

DEAR SIR,

Your parcel has just reached me. That in January came safe; I waited to acknowledge it till I could communicate something as to my own success in seeking for materials.

I mentioned to you that a series of Mr. Newton's letters had been promised me. Part of it I have received, and am expecting the rest. It contains much that is very curious, and that will at least enable me to set aside some of the statements in Mr. Taylor's life, though of course it will be expedient to avoid anything that approaches to a controversial form. This, I may safely say, that I shall know all Mr. Newton knew upon the most remarkable circumstances relating to his friend.

Lord Ashley married a daughter of Earl Cowper, and through that channel it is that, if any information is to be obtained from the Cowper family, he will procure it for me. He has but very recently returned from wintering on the Continent; and in a letter which I received from him last week, he tells me that he will write to Mr. Henry Cowper, Lady A.'s godfather, and the nearest surviving relation of the poet. If there be anything in that quarter, there can be little doubt of obtaining it; for there is no person on whose obliging kindness I can rely with more confidence than on Lord Ashley's. I wish it may be possible to get at those letters of Lady Hesketh's, from which Mr. Croft collected his anecdotes.

Now, concerning the extent of the life, Taylor's would nearly, if not quite, fill two of your volumes. But in a life prefixed to the whole works of the author, it would not be proper to draw so largely as he has done upon the correspondence; such extracts only should be taken (whether from the letters or the poems) as would blend with the narrative, so as to illustrate, or support it. On the other hand, literary history enough may (and ought to) be interwoven, or appended as notes and illustrations, to make up an equal bulk. Newton's will be a very interesting memoir, and Madame Guyon's, I apprehend, is likely to afford materials equally good. If the life with these accompaniments should so far exceed my first computation as to fill two volumes, you will not think me unreasonable in requesting that, when a posthumous edition of my works is to be published in this same form and manner, my representatives may include it. I hope to be ready to go to press as soon as I return from a long autumnal journey, during which I shall see you in town. It may be the end of November before I reach home. But so much will be done before my departure, that (unless in-

capacitated by any unforeseen evil) we may be able to publish on March the 1st.

Madame Guyon's Bible cannot be necessary, though if it came in my way I should certainly look it through. But I should have her "*Cantiques spirituels*," and also "*L'Ame amante de son Dieu*," which are her poems upon those same emblems to which Quarles wrote his. I have the original Latin poems to those designs, and an English translation of them; the same emblems incorporated into a more extensive collection, with Spanish poems upon them; and again, as the subject of a religious romance in Portuguese.

The edition of Newton's works omits his letters to his wife; no doubt for the very reason which makes it more necessary for me to see them. There is also another book connected with Cowper's times and family, which is Madan's "Thelyphthora." This I should be glad to have. There are three volumes, the third published some time after the others; and there is also his vindication of the book.

What you say concerning the portraits pleases me much. If the heads be well engraved, the rest may be in outline.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. I have not that narrative of Cowper's of which Dr. Memes makes use in the first volume which you have sent me.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, July 7. 1834.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You would have heard from me long ere this if I had leisure to write any letters for my own gratifica-

tion in writing them. The loss of that leisure is one of the privations which time has brought with it to me. Letters which must be answered, and which there is no pleasure either in receiving or answering, multiply upon me, and the day is too short for the occupations which ought to be performed in it.

My third volume is probably lying for you in Grafton Street. You will see that (from a cause not worth explaining) it begins with the Earl of Cumberland's life, which, in point of time, ought not to have been in that volume, and, whenever it is reprinted, shall be in its proper place; and whether Sir R. Grenville's life is there or not I do not know, owing to the delays of proof sheets. For the same reason the notes (if they are there) at the end of this volume are sure to be grievously misprinted.

I do not like the account of your Esculapius. Empirical practice seems to me that to which every practitioner who gives his mind to his profession must come at last; but then, the characteristic of that practice is to adapt the remedial means to the particular case, instead of bringing all cases under one rule of theory. He is probably right in seeking for the origin of most maladies in the stomach; but I should hope more from the waters than from his system of diet. The stomach seems to be put in good order when the waters have restored activity to all below; and this mineral waters appear to effect in a manner which medical skill has not yet been able to imitate. I was struck by this marked difference when at Harrowgate.

The Leamington waters were brought into notice by a strange madman, who is uncle to that precious Irish Secretary, Mr. Littleton, and who married a half-sister of Huskisson's. Walhouse is his name, and he is a clergyman, if he be living. He used to torment me twenty years ago with letters, some printed and some

not, about these waters; they related to religion and politics, as well as aperients, and were as whimsical in their way as Martin van Butchell's advertisement, which you and I may remember filling a whole column in the newspaper. By his persuasions the first hotel was built there; and I believe for some years he looked upon the rising town as under his especial care.

I have neither seen Beckford's book nor Matthew Lewis's. A very sensible letter of M. L's. father will appear among Dr. Bell's correspondence; it was written when an attempt to give the negroes some religious education was made by Porteus. Randolph and M. Lewis were two of my uncle's most intimate friends at Christ Church. How Randolph should have been so I used to wonder, and my uncle himself wondered when he saw what Randolph was later in life; but the elder Lewis was always a kind-hearted, wise, good man.

Beckford I often met in Portugal, in the only way that he was ever met there by his own countrymen — in the streets. I knew his sister, Mrs. Harvey, who went over there to a dying son, and found him dead on her arrival. She tried, but in vain, to get her brother noticed. She was a writer of novels, which, I believe, were little heard of. The last I heard of her was at Montanvert, where, among the entries in the album, she had written her name, and added that she was unaccompanied by any body *except her six guides!* *

I am little in the way of new books, scarcely, indeed, ever seeing one unless it is sent me by the author. And I am altogether out of the way of old ones, except what my own stores supply; these, thank Heaven, are abundant, and I am old enough to bring a new mind with me to such as are worth re-reading, even upon a third or fourth perusal. Not that this is pro-

* "MS. Journal of a Tour in Switzerland, &c., &c., &c., in the Summer of 1817," p. 105.

duced by forgetfulness of what I had read, but that I come with more information to the subject, and am therefore, the better prepared to digest and assimilate what is to be found there. Something like this is felt upon visiting a foreign country the second time.

There has been a considerable change of opinion in this part of the country, but not enough to have affected the elections if a dissolution had taken place. The ground that was recovered at the last would have been kept, and perhaps might not have been disputed. But there would have been no chance in other places. Sir James Graham would probably have been ousted by any Radical who should have come forward to oppose him. Yet there is a very perceptible change. Twice the number of signatures to an address thanking the King for his most gracious Speech, have been procured to what could be mustered a few weeks ago to a petition against the Dissenters, though both are precisely to the same purport. It is right to stir in these things, and keep up a spirit of resistance to the destructive system which is at work. But it is God's special mercy alone that can preserve us.

Next month I shall probably set out on a long circuit, which will take me into Norfolk on the way to London, from thence to Somerset, Devon, Hampshire, Sussex, and to London again on the way back. Should you be at Llangedwin about the latter end of November, or the beginning of the following month, I will so lay my plans as to see you there. At our age, and in these times, we cannot well afford to put off any practicable meeting till a more convenient season. On Tuesday next my sixtieth year will be completed. Poor Coleridge has just died at sixty-two, of old age. Time has dealt gently with me; indeed the whole course of my life has been singularly favoured by Providence, and in such a way too as to keep me constantly

sensible of my constant dependence upon it. What may befall during the last stage of my journey God only knows; but I enter upon it with good heart.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Aug. 14. 1834.

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

Like all my other friends, you have reason to complain of my silence; and yet never-ending occupations and ever-occurring interruptions afford, I am sorry to say, always an all-sufficient excuse. When your letter arrived (on Monday last) I was doggedly employed upon a memoir of Dr. Watts, prefatory to one of the volumes of the "Sacred Classics." With the selection of his "Horæ Lyricæ" for that work I had nothing to do, but I was very willing to draw up an account of him, chiefly for this reason, that the spot where he resided during the last six and thirty years of his life is associated with some of the deepest recollections of my school-boy days. My Easter holidays from Westminster were always past at Theobald's with some excellent old ladies, whom it will be a joy for me to meet in another world. Their garden adjoined that which had been Lady Abney's half a century before; and the summer-house in which Watts was said to have composed many of his works, looked over a large fish-pond in their grounds to Theobald's park. My hostesses were good churchwomen, but they were of Huguenot extraction; Watts's works were among their books, and though I did not read them (for I preferred Sydney's "Arcadia," which was there also), yet I partook, in some degree, of the feelings which made them look upon that summer-house as a place which, having been hallowed by his presence, was consecrated in their eyes.

Periodical publication is very convenient for the bookseller, but not so for an author who lives 300 miles from the press, and is not, and cannot, be always absolute master of his own time. I was thrown somewhat behind-hand with this book by unavoidable circumstances; and your letter, therefore, was left unanswered till I could sit down with a safe conscience to reply to it. This morning the conclusion of the "Memoirs" was despatched, and you have here the first-fruits of the evening leisure.

My house is full at present. We have the two Miss Rickmans here, my cousin Georgiana Hill, who is several years younger than my youngest daughter, and her brother Herbert, a fellow of New College who is tutor to Arnold's sons at Rugby, and who saw you there. To-morrow I accompany this crew on a Borrowdale expedition; next day I go to Lowther, there to meet Rogers. This will be no cheerful visit. In all human likelihood, it is the last visit that Rogers will ever make to this country; and there is almost as much likelihood that it may be the last visit I shall ever make to Lowther, for Lord Lonsdale is now very far advanced in years: his successor has no attachment to the place, and is not likely to reside there more than he can possibly help. Nor shall I have the same motive for visiting there, that of showing myself not insensible of many and constant civilities, which can have arisen from no other motive than kindness. I return on Tuesday, on which day Manning (you may perhaps have heard of him in the Chinese Treaties), a very old acquaintance of mine, will arrive in Keswick.

Those whom I knew in early life, are now falling fast around me. I commenced old man myself on Tuesday last, that day being the completion of my sixtieth year. It is just forty years since I became acquainted with Coleridge; he had long been dead to me, but his decease has naturally wakened up old recollections. The

papers are left to the care of a Mr. Green, one of his metaphysical disciples. If everything worth preservation be collected his remains will be found not inconsiderable in quantity. There are seven volumes in prose, besides scattered pieces. I know not what manuscripts he may have left, and do not suppose there will be anything complete, or approaching to completion; but *perhaps* many fragments, *probably* much that has been taken down from his conversation, and *certainly* a great number of letters. Whoever edits these will have a difficult and delicate task. All who are of his blood were in the highest degree proud of his reputation, but this was their only feeling concerning him.

His son Hartley, who was here last week, is confidently believed in his own circle to be the author of the "Doctor," &c. I do not believe it, because, though he is one of the very few persons who could have written that extraordinary book, I think he neither could nor would have expressed with so much apparent earnestness, opinions which are directly the reverse of his own, for his are in many respects most pestilent ones. He, however, has far greater powers than any one who now bears the same name, and more genius than all of them collectively.

I have been doing my *devoir* here in drawing up petitions to both Houses against the Dissenters, and an address to the King upon his Speech. In both these, instead of mincing the matter, I minced the Dissenters and their allies, and have the satisfaction to find that strong language upon these points was relished here much better than I had expected it to be. Nothing of this kind ought to be left undone. If we had but an able leader in the House of Commons who knew the strength of his own cause, all would yet be well. As it is we must abide the issue, and make up our minds to revolution as we do to the cholera.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes. If my hopes

take effect, I shall find my way to you on the road homeward.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Aug. 23. 1834.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I received your letter at Lowther, whither I went to meet Rogers, now on what will probably be his last visit to this country.

In all you say about Sir E. Brydges you are right, except I think in rating him as a man of intellectual powers so low. All his books are bad, and yet there are marks of genius in very many of them, and most in his later ones;—some fine sonnets in this * mass of biography, and some passages in other of his late works, of great beauty and feeling. He printed my letters without asking my leave, except for that which relates to Bampfylde, many years ago. The publisher had more sense of propriety, and sent them to me for revision. The opinion of him held by the better part of his own family, is, I *know*, that he is hardly to be looked upon as an accountable agent; and this is the only excuse they can make to themselves for the reckless manner in which he has dissipated not only his own fortune, but much of theirs. I never saw him, but if I could have afforded time to correspond with a person, who always replied instanter to my letters (the letters moreover costing half-a-crown, whether I received or sent them), I should most willingly have continued so to do, for there was no subject, literary, biographical, or historical, on which he was not ready to pour forth

* See "Autobiography, &c.," vol. ii. p. 257, &c., Letter I. containing Character of John Bampfylde. The date is 10th May, 1809.

a stream of knowledge. To one employed as I am, he would be, if within reach, and on reasonable terms, the most useful of correspondents.

Manning, who spent so many years in vainly endeavouring to get into China, is with me at present. Whether he will leave anything for the press, or his knowledge is to perish with him, I do not know. He dreams of doing something, but it is time to have done dreaming at sixty-two; and he has some of the feelings as well as the infirmities of incipient old age.

I have just begun the "Life of Cowper," which will contain as much of the literary history of his age as can be connected with it.

The colchicum effectually cured Clarkson when he was crippled with rheumatism. Probably no medicine has ever been much vaunted without some cause: the error has been in supposing that it will prove equally efficacious in all cases; whereas, though the case may be the same, the constitution of the patient may be materially different. I have heard it said of this particular remedy that it succeeds marvellously in some cases, but fails in more. God grant that I may find you well enough in November, both for a morning walk and an evening confabulation. We can talk of old times, though we cannot bring them back: not that I would wish them to return. The march of time, as it affects myself, I regard with much more complacency than the march of intellect, which affects every thing.

I am tempted to write a ballad upon a not far distant baronet (Sir Wilford Lawson), who, upon becoming a member of a Temperance society, poured out all his stock of spirits upon the green before his mansion. He deserves immortality; and if I can succeed in balladising this exploit, you shall have the song.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Allan Cunningham, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 1. 1834.

MY DEAR ALLAN,

Mr. Major will know by the return of his newspaper, a post before this reaches you, that his parcel has been received. I am much obliged both to him and to you for its contents, and would not only willingly, but gladly, do what you desire, if there were not two valid obstacles in the way.

My modesty might perhaps be prevailed on with regard to the first; yet, in honest truth, I cannot but feel that in writing upon works of art I should be trespassing upon ground on which I have no right to set foot; and that however I might contrive, by beating about the subject, to conceal my own ignorance from most readers, the consciousness of that ignorance would press upon me while I was writing. I am not afraid of attempting anything which can be accomplished by diligence and research, nor of entering upon points where an intuitive perception of right and wrong may be trusted as the surest guide. But no man who has not studied this branch of art should presume to write upon it.

The other objection there is no setting aside. My connection with the "Quarterly Review" is, most probably, at an end.*

This I should gladly have said of your "Cabinet Gallery,"—and will say of it when I can find opportunity in some "Colloquy" or elsewhere,—that your part of it is as it should be, that you have written knowingly, pleasantly, candidly, and kindly; in a word, that you have written like yourself.

Seasons of misgiving, my dear Allan, come upon all

* It is not thought necessary, as before hinted, to say anything more upon this subject; but, on *taking stock* of letters, there are some *fifty* which would destroy all *ingenious* and *lying* insinuations.

of us, those only excepted who have no real deserts on which to rest at last. Who is there that does not feel how far his best works have fallen short of his own hopes and aspirations, and that he has written many things which he himself would be willing to forget? Time, however, renders justice to us in many things and in none more than this, that by our better works alone we are known at last. The rubbish may and will be collected; even a respectable editor must collect it, because if he does not some of the scavengers of literature will, to the disparagement of his more conscientious labours; but it goes for nothing in the estimate which posterity makes of us; that will be made from what we have done best, not upon an average or balance of the whole.

Your "British Painters" will live as long as any records of British art remain. It is the best book of its kind that has ever fallen in my way. And, independent of its other merits, it is written in a purer English style than any of your countrymen, except perhaps Hume, has hitherto attained. I am sorry that Hogg has had anything to do with a rival edition of Burns;—for his own sake he should not have attempted to do better what you have done so well.

You may well be proud of your sons. Pray remember me to them when you write, and tell them that I rejoice in their success.

I expect to be in town early in October; my stay will be only a week, on my way to the West of England; and on the way back in November I shall halt for another week. You will see me in all likelihood the day after my arrival.

Present my remembrances to Mrs. Cunningham, and believe me always, my dear Allan,

Yours very truly,

Robert Southey.

P.S. Sir G. Beaumont had a cutting in paper, by your friend Wilkie, which, when the candle was properly disposed, made an admirable copy of Rembrandt's "Jew Merchant" upon the wall.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Oct. 25. 1834.

My dear Rickman,

I consider it as one of the mishaps of my life that I was not in Palace Yard that night.

What a folly it was to order the tallies to be consumed upon the spot, instead of letting them be taken away for fuel! One may imagine a reason why useless accounts should be burnt, but none whatever why dog-wood, ready cut into convenient lengths, should not have been used in lighting domestic fires instead of setting the House of Lords in flames.

If it prove to have been a Guy Fawkes business, there will be this good, that the incendiaries completely failed in producing any mischief beyond the immediate destruction; and the satisfaction of knowing that order on such an emergency can be so well maintained, is perhaps worth the cost. If after all the fire should have been accidental, we must believe the old stories of victories and other great events miraculously heard of at a distance, to the apparent annihilation of time and space, and suppose in consequence that there are spirits who carry news. God bless you.

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Nov. 6. 1834.

Dear Sir,

The parcel reached me yesterday. It contains a duplicate of "Mme. Guyon's Life" (for you had sent

me that before), but the fourth volume of the "Poesies et Cantiques Spirituels" is wanting.

I think, as you do, that it will be more prudent to distribute the portraits through the volumes than confine them to the Life and Letters. The arrangement is not of much consequence, for the reader will know all the parties so well that he will be glad to see their likenesses anywhere.

Cowper's own life I expect will fill one volume; Newton's and Mme. Guyon's another. But it is a question for your consideration whether it be better to present these two lives together or to reserve the latter to accompany the translation of her poems. The former I should suppose most advisable, because, after the periodical publication, you are more likely to have a separate sale for the two biographical volumes than for "Mme. Guyon's Life" with the translations. But of this you must be the best judge, and you are the person interested.

Supposing, however, that Newton and Mme. Guyon should be the portraits for the second volume (Cowper and his mother for the first), Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen should go with the poems, and Mr. Johnson with the "Homer," as being the persons most connected with those portions of his works.

Some portraits have been very recently offered for our use by Mr. Donne, of Mattishall, in Norfolk, a relation of the poet's mother. I have been ill able of late to attend to this, or indeed to any other business; but I will make inquiry concerning them. Miss Bowles, too, in a letter which I have just received, tells me she has heard of a portrait of Cowper taken in his childhood, probably during his mother's life. It is a miniature, and the possessor (whose address I shall soon have) lives in Ireland. If this be authentic, it will be a most desirable acquisition.

I should be most glad indeed to obtain Lady Hesketh's letters. They *must* contain much that would be very serviceable. I was told that there was much in the possession of Dr. Johnson's widow which might be obtained by applying for it. Accordingly I wrote; the letter which I received in reply was exceedingly obliging, but it said that everything which existed in that quarter had been already made public.

A domestic affliction of the most distressing kind has prevented me from being in London last month, and has altogether unsettled my plans. An interruption of my usual occupations has been the least evil; I pursue them now as well as I can, and as much as is consistent with self-management under a state of anxious suspense. Some time must necessarily elapse before that suspense can be at an end, and if it should then please God to deliver my wife from the most awful of all visitations, I must not venture to bring her home, but must remove with her for a while to other scenes and circumstances. Thus situated, and hoping and praying that I may thus be called from a home in which we have passed thirty years of more happiness than usually falls to the lot of man, it is impossible for me to fix the time for publication. Yet I hope to be ready for the press in April. When once afloat, there need be no interruption in the regular progress of the work; neither the letters nor poems will require anything more than previous arrangement, and a careful perusal of the proofs,—unless it be a few explanatory notes, if such be wanted. The greater part of what might have served for annotations will be brought forward to much more advantage in the Life.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Reverend James White.

Keswick, Dec. 3. 1834.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Do not think me unfriendly for not having written to you since the affliction came upon me, which has shaken the roots of my domestic happiness. Ill tidings find their way soon enough everywhere, and I have lived in hope that there might be better to communicate.

My last accounts (though mournful enough, God knows) were the most favourable that we have yet received. This was at the expiration of eight weeks; but upon what time, or probability, or extent of recovery, I am as yet altogether unable to count. But there is some improvement. And though it may be imprudent as well as premature to be forming plans, yet it is difficult not to form them. In the event of my poor wife's recovering so far as to render constant medical superintendence no longer necessary and to make moral means of more importance, I shall be summoned to York. This, I believe, may be deemed likely; and it may possibly be found advisable for me to take lodgings there, and send for Cuthbert and his two sisters. In the happiest issue we shall proceed altogether to Tarring. Warter's parsonage is large enough to hold us, and there we shall remain eight or ten months. Meantime Mrs. Lovell would keep house here, and I shall send for her two sisters from the Isle of Man to keep her company.

In the worst issue (which God in his mercy avert!), I shall send the younger part of my family to the south, and return myself here with my poor wife. This can only be if there should be no hope left; as long as there is any, to bring her here would be the most injudicious step that could be taken.

You will perceive by this how little I can see before me, and how unsettled I must feel as to everything that regards the future; but that I hope for the best, while I endeavour to prepare myself for the worst, you know me well enough to believe. God has mercifully supported me thus long; and when I was called upon for exertion, strength was not wanting. When that necessity ceased, it was not to be expected that I should feel the same strength; in truth, I am severely shaken; but when a word of hope comes it counteracts the mischief of a night's unrest;—sleeplessness I do not call it, the old word better describes that uneasy state in which wakeful hours are succeeded by broken slumbers and dreams with which realities are blended.

I am especially thankful to Providence for having at this time when my expenses are so greatly increased, relieved me from all anxiety on this score. For the first time, in my life, I am provided with means for twelve months' expenditure beforehand; this is wholly owing to the "Lives of the Admirals," the most gainful work upon which I ever was employed. And in addition to this, Mr. Telford most kindly and most unexpectedly has left me 500*l.*, with a share of his residuary property, which I am told will make it amount in all to about 850*l.* This is truly a Godsend, and I am most grateful for it. It gives me the comfortable knowledge, that if it should please God soon to take me from this world, my family would have resources fully sufficient for their support till such time as their affairs could be put in order and the proceeds of my books, remains, &c. be rendered available. I have never been anxious overmuch, nor taken more thought for the morrow than it is the duty of every one to take who has to earn his livelihood; but to be thus provided for at this time I feel as an especial blessing.

You may be assured that I neglect no means of

keeping both mind and body in health, as far as that can be effected by self-management. I walk every day in all weathers, and carry on my employments as usual, the "Admirals" being my first business at present, and the "Life of Cowper" the second; this last will be of sufficient extent to comprise a brief history of our literature during his time. I am daily making notes with this view. You may suppose what an inconvenience it will be for me to be called away from my books with such a work in hand; their want, however, by some means or other, I shall be able to supply; and certainly, I never wished so earnestly to return to this home (dearly as I have always loved it), as I now desire to be called away with the prospect of eight, ten, or twelve months' absence.

I am glad to hear from Neville of your sister Catherine's intended marriage, and should be most truly glad to hear that you were likely to be removed from a laborious cure under a thankless Diocesan.* That time I hope and trust will come.

With kindest regards from this diminished circle, believe me always,

My dear James,

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

P. S. Remember me to Mr. Swain, when you have an opportunity.

* The result of this thanklessness in Diocesans will be that eventually all Church preferment must pass into the hands of Government. Jobbing Governments are not so bad as jobbing Bishops.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 10. 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am still collecting materials for the "Lives of the English Divines," and for the Introductory Essay. It is a favourite object with me, and in the course of the ensuing year I hope and expect to take it up as my immediate and main business.

You have not heard from me because I expected to have thanked you for the promised copy of D'Israeli's "Curiosities," and because, for the last three months, I have been too much engrossed by domestic affliction to think of telling you that the book had not reached me.

At another time I should have been glad to see you, but at present it is uncertain where I may be a week hence. I may be summoned from home, I know not how soon, upon the first tidings that my poor wife is in a state in which my presence might tend to promote her restoration. And when I leave home with that hope the probability is that I may not return to it for many months. If it please God to bless the means that are used for her recovery, my intention is to take her to the south, and establish ourselves for a while with my son-in-law in his parsonage near Worthing. There I shall be within easy reach of London, and have opportunities of communicating with you in person upon our project. If Cattermole's and Stebbing's work had in the slightest degree interfered with it I should not have written the Life for them. Indeed, I told them they had proposed to me what was, perhaps, the only subject I could have undertaken for them. Watts is not an author for whom we shall have room.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 31. 1834.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter has given me a shock, and with it much cause for melancholy recollections. My acquaintance with poor Lamb was of forty years' standing. I do not know that his removal to another state of existence ought to be regretted for his own sake. His prospect had always been mournful, and every year darkened it. Forlorn as his poor sister will feel herself, when she is capable of feeling, it is better that she should be the survivor. Her happiness, such as it was, depended less upon him than his upon her, and in her sorrow she will habitually seek for consolation where it can alone be found.

I am much obliged to you for the books, and should have thanked you for them without delay if I had not supposed that you were in Yorkshire.

Lamb's letters will form a most delightful collection, when the time comes for publishing them; and when his sad story may be told there is no writer whose works will be perused with deeper sympathy. Never was there a kinder, a more generous, or a more feeling heart than his.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Jan. 27. 1835.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I forgot yesterday to say that Warter's address is West Tarring, near Worthing.

In consequence of a chance conversation with Lord Aberdeen the other day at a dinner party, Henry Tay-

lor has sent him a copy of my letter to Lord Brougham. If that letter had been written now I should not have used the expression *lay-benefices;* which, indeed, I only used as implying that clergymen who distinguished themselves in literature might look for Cathedral preferment, and needed no other. But if those (too often ill-bestowed) funds are to be distributed among the poorer clergy, something must be devised which the scholar may look to in their stead, otherwise the next generation will see our clergy upon the level of the Scotch in learning.

I hope too that in correcting the evil of non-residence (which is probably very much exaggerated) the clergyman will not be bound too strictly to the glebe.

If he can get his church properly supplied for three * months in the year, it would be better both for him and the parishioners that *he* should have the holiday, and *they* the change. This, I know, was Bishop Jebb's opinion. God bless you.

R. S.

To Joseph Rickerby, Esq., Sherbourn Lane.

Keswick, Jan. 31. 1835.

SIR,

You will oblige me by now remitting me payment for the "Memoir of Dr. Watts," for at this time I stand in need of all my resources.

The price set upon it is what I should have received for the same portion of time and labour if otherwise employed. I have abundant employment † at that rate,

* The period is too long; but upon the point of *rest* there is no doubt. Let any clergyman work as I have done in a long-deserted parish for twenty-two years, and he will be competent, if not to give, at least to offer, an opinion.

† "The worth of a thing is what it will bring;" and this is

and nothing but good-will to your publication induced me to undertake this part in it. I am sorry that the sale of the volume has disappointed you.

The censure which has been bestowed upon the "Memoir" I should not have heard of but for your letter. From the commencement of my course I have proceeded with an entire disregard of all such censure, and had I done otherwise my station in literature would never have been what it now is. The persons who bring a charge of "bad spirit" against this "Memoir" may, perhaps, understand from their own temper what they mean by it. I know that it was written in the spirit of charity and of truth.

It is unfortunate that it should have been written before the publication of "Watts's Life and Correspondence." Materials, I have no doubt, may be found there of which I could have made good use. I made the best I could of those that were before me, and am well satisfied that I have done no wrong to Dr. Watts, and no discredit to myself.

Wishing you better success with your other volumes,

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 3. 1835.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have this day received two letters under one cover from Sir R. Peel: one to say that he has asked a baronetcy for me, and it has been promised, the other

another, amongst a hundred others, which confutes the calumny of an interested party, that Southey valued his writings beyond their worth.

to ask (and in the kindest manner) how he can serve me. You may imagine how this has surprised me.

The answer is written in the rough draft, but of course I shall sleep upon it. It states what my circumstances are, and thereby shows how utterly unfitting it would be to accept the proffered honours. In other times, I have said, I would have asked for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from any anxiety concerning my means of subsistence: this could only now be done as part of a plan for the encouragement of literature, to which perhaps these times might not be unfavourable: and then I mean to transcribe what I said to Brougham; the sum of which was, that Government might do much for literature, and more for itself, by an annual grant of 10,000*l.* for an academy of thirty-five members,—ten seniors with 500*l.* each, and twenty-five juniors with 200*l.*; the political object being to keep literary adventurers from taking a mischievous course, by holding out these *lay-benefices* as a reward for talent when properly directed.

Whether anything may come of this God knows; and perhaps I should not have gone so far as to offer the suggestion, if my present state of mind and body had not occasioned a solicitude concerning my own means which I never felt before. I mention all this to no one but you, not even to my daughter.

There is no merit in acting properly about the baronetcy, because it would have been absurd or impossible to have acted otherwise. But I should do wrong were I not to express a wish for some substantial benefit, and let it be known how more than possible it is that I may stand in need of it. I will reply soon to your last letter. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Feb 7. 1835.

My dear Wynn;

I was prevented from sending my note of yesterday evening by to-day's post, and this morning brought a letter from Henry Taylor, which tells me that the affair of the proffered baronetcy is no secret, he having been told by young Barrow that his father and I were to be Gazetted at the same time. This, however, is one of those cases in which no one who knows me and my circumstances could for a moment suppose that I should act otherwise than as I have done.

Henry Taylor prevented me from sending a copy of my letter to Brougham to Sir R. Peel, for it seems Lord Aberdeen had shown it to him; probably you have seen it by this time. That which I have now written is in a very different tone. When I wrote to Brougham it was with a thorough distrust of his intentions, a strong dislike of his public conduct, a proper respect for his station, and a feeling withal that we should very well have liked each other in private life. I could shake hands with him willingly, as well as constantly, and yet let him see that I could not but smile when he was trying to feel my pulse. In the present case I have no doubt that Sir R. Peel wishes to serve me, and therefore I have laid before him, as briefly as possible, my situation, and told him how thankful I should be to be relieved from any apprehension concerning the means of support in case I am deprived of the power of exerting myself. I had said in my letter that I could afford to die, but not to be disabled; the words came naturally from my pen, but I struck them out, lest they should look as if I were endeavouring to trick out a plain statement.

He has evidently supposed (like many others) that I have realised a fortune by my writings, and may, perhaps, when he is undeceived in this respect, think that it must be my own fault if I have not. But I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself on this score. Except in the one great imprudence of taking literature for a profession (the greatest which any man can commit, and yet the one to which I owe the happiness of my life, the estimation which I now possess, and that in which I shall be held hereafter)—except in this, no one could in the main have conformed himself more to the rules of prudence. I have been frugal and laborious, and, except in books, I have very rarely incurred any expense that might have been avoided; and without that expenditure, residing where I do, I could not possibly have acquired the knowledge which I now have, nor have produced the works which I have written.

There is something comical in having been returned to Parliament without my own consent, and in like manner having a baronetcy asked for me and granted, as if Fortune were playing the fool with me. It would be a jade's trick indeed, were she one day to confer upon me a real benefit, and it should come too late.

God bless you, my dear Wynn,

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, May 5. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

These letters to Mr. Rowley are of singular value. Mr. Croft ascribes Cowper's abandonment of his professional pursuits partly to disappointed love;

but here Cowper speaks of another attachment, subsequent to that with his cousin. Another letter describes the state of his mind as to worldly affairs in 1762; and a third states the important fact, that, while at the Temple, he carefully read through Homer, with a friend whom he names, and compared Pope's translation with the original, and felt in consequence that utter dislike of such a version which, with his knowledge of the Greek and his taste for true poetry, it was impossible he should not feel, and which, in fact, prepared him for the task which he afterwards undertook, and performed, in my judgment, excellently well.

Can you learn where his chambers in the Temple were, both those which he occupied in the Middle Temple, and those which he purchased and removed to in the Inner? These points are worth ascertaining when they relate to such a man.

I have written again to Mrs. Johnson, requesting her to borrow the "Adelphe"* for me without delay, as it would be particularly useful at this time.

I have obtained a complete copy of those indignant verses concerning Thurlow and Coleman, part of which alone Hayley published. There can be no objection now to publishing them entire, as they can do no hurt to any living person, nor reflect any disgrace upon the dead.

Intimation has been sent me that if I will visit Mr. Bagot in Warwickshire, he will read over Cowper's letters to his father with me, and place at my disposal what he may think fit to be published. These also had been through Hayley's hands. I shall endeavour to

* A little work written by Cowper on the death of his brother. The original MS., in Cowper's handwriting, is in the possession of a lady in Norfolk. MS. Letter, 4th April, 1835.

persuade him, through the same channel, that he may safely entrust them to my hands, upon an assurance that nothing in them shall be published without his approbation.

With Mr. Jekyll I have no acquaintance, but am endeavouring to find out some one who has.

It surprises me not a little to find how much both Dr. Johnson and Hayley have passed over in the letters to Mr. Unwin, which is quite as characteristic and quite as interesting as what they have printed. And upon this there arises a legal question, whether we have not a right to publish from the original the whole of any letters, a part only of which is included in Mr. Colburn's copyright. If we had the letters to Mr. Hill it might be worth while to ascertain this point of law. In Mr. Unwin's, the number in Dr. J.'s collection is so inconsiderable as to make it of no consequence. Hayley seems to have had just as little tact in selection.

Thank you for the "St. James's Magazine," in which I find enough collateral matter to be of great assistance. The Life shall certainly be carried into the second volume, were it only for the purpose of preventing that union of it with Mr. . . . . 's handiwork which you apprehend. And for the same reason, the publication of Cowper's own works must begin in the second. I am getting on well, and the better as the way opens before me.

There are some useful notices in Mr. Gauntlett's "Life," and some very curious things in the Appendix to those volumes, in which some of Cowper's letters to a poor crazy neighbour are given. They communicated their visions to each other, and poor Mrs. Unwin seems to have encouraged this! But she was at that time sinking fast, and her mind had probably suffered both from the physical shock which it had received, and from

constant, and then almost unbroken society with Cowper in his despondent state.

Your vignette view of Olney is most beautiful. I have never seen anything of the kind that pleased me more.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours, very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, June 3. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have delayed writing to you since your little packet with the "Adelphe" arrived, because I thought it likely that any day might bring the manuscript of it. To-day has brought me a letter from Mrs. Johnson, saying that the lady in whose possession it is, and who hoped to have returned to Norfolk at this time, is detained unhappily at Torquay with a dying child.

Mrs. Johnson says she thinks the original of Cowper's own little memoir of his early life might be obtained from Mr. Smith, an optician, who married Mr. Newton's niece, Miss Catlett (now deceased). His shop is, or was, she says, at the Royal Exchange, and he is probably in possession of several valuable documents; but how to get at them she does not know. The most valuable would be Cowper's letters, if they contain as much unpublished matter in proportion as those which I have examined. Every evening I read a portion of them aloud, which one of my daughters compares with the printed copy; and if there arose no other advantage from this than the correction of the text, by restoring Cowper's own English, it would be worth the cost of time. But I have found a great deal of good matter to

insert. The smaller insertions my daughters are copying to accompany the corrected volumes of letters; and I shall so arrange them as to guard against all danger of mistakes. The letters which contain large omissions or have not been printed, I shall tie up in a separate bundle, marked carefully for transcription.

The letters in Jekyll's possession came to him from Mr. Hill's widow, and I am endeavouring, through one of my friends, to obtain them. They would be of more value than those to Mr. Newton, perhaps than any others, because Cowper wrote to him as an old friend; and if anything respecting his early life is to be found in his correspondence, it must be when he is writing to one of his old associates. This it is which has made Mr. Rowley's letters so important.

Hayley could not discover what "The Register" was which Cowper calls "in all respects an entertaining medley," and in which he found some long-forgotten pieces of his own, which were "peculiarly agreeable," as he had not seen them for at least twenty years. Watts's "Bibliotheca" does not direct me to any miscellany with that title about that time; the "Annual Register" is hardly likely to have been meant, having, I believe, nothing original except its historical part. The "St. James's Magazine" contains one paper of Cowper's *certainly*, and a poem which appears, by conclusive evidence, to be by the author of that paper, though, instead of his initials, it is signed L.

The opinion upon the copy-right which you have obtained is of great importance. I should think it well worth your while to make farther inquiry, and if it be confirmed, to announce an intention of acting upon it, by advertising yours as the only complete edition, containing all the letters that have heretofore been published, many that have never before appeared, and much

that has hitherto been suppressed, but which there is no longer just cause for suppressing. You need not fear reprisals. Nothing which they could take from you would avail them so much as the completeness of your edition would avail you. And they can touch nothing of mine.

Great as the interest is which I take in this occupation, I should have never engaged in it if it had been possible for me to foresee the unhappy circumstances which have impeded its progress, and the competition which has rendered unavoidable delay of so much more consequence to you than it would otherwise have been. I am employed upon it as diligently as I can be, and devote to it so much of the day that it intrudes more than it ought to do upon my dreams and thoughts in the night. But it is long since I have been a rapid writer: the care with which I write, and the pains which I take in collecting materials and making myself fully acquainted with the subject before me, render it impossible that I should be so. It is only by being never idle, when I can possibly be employed, that I am enabled to do much. The first volume will, I hope and trust, be ready for September.

It would be well that I should have all the literary memoirs relating to those times, not only for what assistance they may afford in the Life, but because you may probably wish to have a few notes in each volume, where there is occasion for them. I have Hall's "Select Letters," "Boswell," "Dr. Burney," Nicholls' "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," and his "Illustrations," and Miss Seward's "Letters;" and I have extracted from a borrowed copy of Hannah More's "Memoirs" all that relates to our subject there. Any others of this kind that you can send me cannot but prove useful. Both collections of Wilkes's "Letters" I have—except for a few curious facts, the most worth-

less that ever were published. Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me always,

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Glasgow.

Keswick, June 29. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

The application to Mr. Jekyll has proved as unsuccessful as that to Mr. Bagot, but in this case it could not have been otherwise. The request was made through Mr. Rogers, who is intimate with him, and the reply was as courteous as it could be. Cowper's letters to Mr. Hill had been prized by the family according to their worth; they had been inlaid and bound in the handsomest manner, and had been bequeathed by Mrs. Hill to Mr. Jekyll together with a house and good estate, to which they are attached as an heir-loom. Under such circumstances he could not feel himself justified in entrusting them out of his own possession; but if I come to London I may make use of them there. This is as much as can be expected, and, indeed, quite as much as any one acquainted with the circumstances ought to ask. But whether it will be possible for me to avail myself of it is very doubtful. If it should be possible, there is no trouble which I will not willingly take to make your edition as complete as it can be.

The occupation would have been altogether agreeable to me, if this competition had not been set on foot, which made delay injurious to you, at a time when family affliction of the severest kind was pressing upon me. However, they have done their worst, and the only harm which their edition can do you hereafter will be by the remaining copies being sold at any price, however low, that will be given for them. At this time

they are the persons who are most annoyed by our delay. Mr. Grimshawe put off what he had to produce as a life, or essay, or whatever it may be, till his last volume; this I learn from a neighbour (the curate of this parish) who saw him lately at Cambridge, and who saw, as we plainly may, that he counted upon the advantage of making use of my information. In this part of the scheme, however, he must be disappointed. I want nothing from his labours, and have no intention of bestowing a word upon them, unless you think it necessary. But we shall certainly do well to let my first volume follow his last, and so cut him off from the supplies on which he and his employers have reckoned —without their host.

The "Register" in question I find reviewed under the title of the "Yearly Chronicle for 1761" ("Monthly Review," vol. xxvi. p. 477.). It is well spoken of; and the reviewer adds, in justice to the "St. James's Chronicle," that "no other paper of intelligence (*i. e.* newspaper) now subsisting could have afforded such a variety of sprightly and entertaining materials." Most of these they attribute to the "very ingenious authors of the 'Connoisseur,'" with whom Cowper was at that time living in the greatest intimacy. He belonged, indeed, to that knot of literary men, till he withdrew from London for ever.

At any other time it would have given me much pleasure to have offered you the hospitalities of this house; but I shall hope to see you, if you come this way. This edition of Cowper is the last work that I shall ever undertake for the booksellers, of whom, however, as regards my own dealings with them through not a short life, I have no cause to speak otherwise than well. Nor in my intercourse with you has there been anything otherwise than agreeable to me, except what has been occasioned by your competitors, not by

you. But the remainder of my life (if it should please God to prolong it) will be devoted to certain great works which I have hitherto lived in hope that I might one day *afford* to execute. This is at length the case. One of the last acts of Sir Robert Peel's administration was, after offering me a baronetcy, to confer upon me a more substantial benefit, which renders my income for the future sufficient for my support. I shall, therefore, never again undertake any work with even a secondary motive of profit. If profit comes, so much the better, there will be uses enough for it; but it will never again be a motive with me. My sole object hereafter will be to make the best use of that knowledge which I have been from boyhood labouring to acquire.

Meantime I will be as little sparing of pains upon this edition, as you have been of cost, and we shall be perfectly satisfied with each other throughout. Farewell, dear sir.

Yours, very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, July 1. 1835.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

Our domestic prospects are darkening upon us daily. I know not whether the past or the present seems most like a dream to me, so great and strange is the difference. But, yet a little while, and all will again be at the best.

I should be glad to see Lady Greenly again, and will not go into Herefordshire (should I ever again go there) without endeavouring so to do. We are not related. The connection between the two families was that her aunt married my great uncle, the Rev. Herbert Bradford, who had the living (or curacy, I am not sure

which) of Shobdon, and from whom two small estates, one near Kington, and the other at Llandrindod, have descended to my cousin Edward Hill. Mrs. Bradford had no children, and died before her husband, who died himself before I was born. The chronology shows that Mr. Greenly must have been many years younger than his sister. Mr. Bradford's mother was a Croft (thence the name Herbert in my family), and through her I am descended from Owen Glendower, Llewellyn, and Jorwerth, &c., and so about 999th cousin to our friend C. W. W. W.

Lockhart would not be so unpopular as he is, if his countenance were not so expressive, or rather his features so marked that they convey a much stronger expression than is intended. Thus a look from him appears haughty and sarcastic, which would be inoffensive, or perhaps affable, if his face were like dough and his eyes like scalded gooseberries. In whatever intercourse I have had with him, I have liked him much, and felt that, if we were neighbours, it is more than likely we should be friends. He and Murray between them have indeed contrived to affront me with the "Quarterly Review." The story is not worth telling; it was a piece of disrespectful ill-usage, which I resent not upon either Lockhart or Murray, but upon the "Review" personified; and you will agree with me that there cannot be a better use of that figure of speech called Personification than thus to create a sort of scapegoat, and lay my resentment upon it.

Last week has deprived me of one of my dearest friends, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, who for more than thirty years has partaken of all the joys and sorrows of this family, and whose loss is, to my poor daughters, the severest that could have befallen them, out of their own nearest and dearest kin. She had lived a life of single blessedness, living about

with her friends and relations, each wishing to keep her longer, for she was a comfort and a blessing to them all. When I went on my miserable journey to York in October last, she came over instantly to my dear girls. The last six months she had been nursing the elder Miss Wordsworth, whose death had been continually expected; and anxiety and fatigue no doubt had taken away so much of her strength, that after a short illness which had been apparently subdued, a suffusion on the brain took place from mere weakness. She loved us dearly,—no one indeed could love us better, and very few indeed knew us so well. It is a comfort to believe that she knows now how truly we loved her.

It is well that I have much to employ me, and am able to employ myself. With many and sad interruptions I shall soon be in the press both with Cowper and Dr. Bell.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes; believe me always

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Letter from John Rickman, Esq. to Robert Southey.

Duke Street, Westminster, Sept. 17. 1835.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,

Your letter finds me rather unsettled, in a new abode, as we were desired to quit Palace Yard at the end of August, to make room for the demolition of the old Exchequer, and consequently of your ancient haunts. On the pressure of the occasion, I found a house in most desolate murky condition, as a receptacle for furniture rather than inhabitants; but window-cleaning, whitewashing, &c., have so improved appearances, that we are likely to settle here. It constitutes a fourth part of a mansion temp. Car. II.,

built, I believe, by Jeffreys, who became known by and was rewarded for his cruelty with the Chancellorship; but the mob caught him, I believe, at the Revolution.* We possess his central staircase and the adjoining rooms, which are sufficiently ample. Everybody has worked with zeal and with good help, yet a month's work will be required (three weeks of it already passed) to arrive at convenience.

Yours truly, always,

J. RICKMAN.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 19. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for the books, which reached me yesterday evening. The "Remains" of poor Mackintosh attracted me so strongly that I looked through both volumes before I went to bed; and I shall go to them again and again. Lamb's letters shall be sent in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, when my son will be passing through town. They are not many, but I have never destroyed one. Next year will set me free from all existing engagements. Meantime I shall go on collecting notes and materials, and have already collected much, for the "Introductory View of the History of the Pulpit." My notion is to write such lives as afford materials, upon the scale of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and dismiss the others with a biographical sketch. I am sure such a work will be useful, and I think it is very likely to be successful. Next year, if no farther calamities interrupt me, I hope to make it part of my regular occupation.

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* See Macaulay's vividly interesting account of his capture, vol. ii. p. 556.

P. S. I am glad to see that increase of business has not withdrawn you from poetry. If this collection of sonnets pleases me as much as the former, it will please me greatly. I had marked an occasion on which to have said something in praise of that former collection, but the occasion, by no fault of mine, was lost.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 20. 1835.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

So you are unhoused at last; and when next I come to London my old haunts of six and forty years will have disappeared from the face of the earth. Well, they may easily make a handsomer building on the Exchequer; but pleasanter society than I have enjoyed by your fireside in that corner, will never be collected upon the same ground or elsewhere.

I hope your emancipation is at hand; for otherwise, in bad weather and cold nights, you will feel the inconvenience of the distance from Westminster Hall; little, indeed, in London, but enough to be felt at such times.

An old house is likely to have some old comforts about it, as well as more elbow room than is allowed in this generation. I used to visit at one (when a schoolboy) which faced you as you went up Duke Street*, but was reckoned in Ann Street. Dr. Strachey lived there. It was an old house, and a good one; but can never, I think, have been part of your mansion, because an entrance to the Park intervenes between it and the houses in Duke Street.

* For the account of Duke Street, and that of Jeffreys' house, see Peter Cunningham's Handbook for London.

Moxon has sent me "Mackintosh's Memoirs," a pleasant book, conveying a very favourable idea of the man. Poor man! his opinions and his actions were little in accord, from moral weakness first, and afterwards because he was the slave of his party; but this, of course, is kept out of sight. If he had been a free agent, the overtures from Perceval would have been accepted; but at that time — as was said to me by his own brother-in-law, Stuart — "Perry held a blunderbuss at his breast!" God bless you.

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Oct. 3. 1835.

My dear Sir,

I have seen no volume of Grimshawe's but the one which has this day arrived.

It will be better to conclude with the tenth chapter, because, if we are straightened for room, some of the additional notes may be laid aside, and also because there is still a hope that you may be able to meet with the "Register" and Ashley Cowper's "Poems" in time for them.

The tenth chapter is nearly finished. The Contents I have drawn out as the proof sheets reached me, and will send them with the Preface. The rough draft of it is written; but, as I have to state why there are two editions, it is better that I should see the tone of Grimshawe's Preface, and thereby in some degree pitch my own.

I see he has omitted much of the "Private Life;" but there are no "living characters whose feelings could be wounded by it." That he is a bad writer, his use of the word *characters* in that place shows: for men's

characters survive them; and Cowper is a living character, and so are all whose characters are remembered: and that he is a hasty one, I have already perceived; for he imputes Mr. Knox's remarks upon Lady Austen to Bishop Jebb; and he sent me to my books to ascertain—what I never doubted before—that the "Analytical Review" was not commenced till some years after the publication of Cowper's first volume.

Nevertheless the value of the materials must be the same, however poor the workman; and the interweaving the whole correspondence into the life, or rather threading the letters upon a biographical string, makes a book as amusing as Boswell's "Johnson." Anybody can string pearls; to set them is another thing; but after all, the value is not in the setting.

Concluding this volume with the publication of the "Task," I shall begin the next with a chapter of "Literary History." I could make it with the scissors, if I chose to repeat myself.

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Oct. 10. 1835.

MY DEAR WARTER,

Since you inquired about Clarke's "Christiad," I have taken it for my companion in my walks. The weather, unluckily, prevented me from making much progress, as I do not attempt to read under an umbrella.

I found the book at a stall in Bristol in 1799. The author was a Carthusian. He wrote his poem in the monastery at Nieuport in Flanders; it was licensed in 1650, and printed in 1670 at Bruges. Clarke was educated at Douay, and was professor of the classics there before he became a monk.

I have read five books; it consists of seventeen, containing about 15,000 lines. How far the Latin may be good or bad I, who do not know good from bad, must leave others to determine.* But I suspect it, and have certainly met with lines which would not have passed muster in an exercise. It is full of audacious fictions, — many of them most Catholic, — and some of them most ridiculous. Yet, for me, it is worth reading, and I shall go through it. The author dedicates it and himself to the Trinity, to the Humanity of our Lord, and to the Virgin, MATRI, MEDIATRICI, PATRONÆ, REGINÆ HOMINUM.

His friends in their commendatory verses compare him with Virgil, equalling them as poets, but making an ugly difference in the reward of their poetry.

"Hic non arma canit, non pascua, rura, ducesque,
Sed sonat humanum musa sacrata Deum,
Hic sua mellifluis conscripsit carmina verbis,
Carmina vindicibus non repetenda rogis."

God bless you.

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Oct. 12. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

The sheet which is now returned I received this morning from the Colonial Office. The parcel which you sent off the day before, and which ought to have arrived yesterday, is not yet come. More instances of

* Southey always spoke in the most modest way of his own scholarship; but he was, in truth, what would be called a good Greek and Latin scholar, though not critically.

negligence and roguery occur to me with regard to coach parcels than in any other concern. The set of Grimshawe's which you sent off this day week, and which ought to have reached me on Wednesday, did not come till Saturday. In the present case I am very sorry for the delay.'

It is, however, fortunate that a revise of the last sheet is on its way; for in looking through Grimshawe, I perceived, what I had overlooked in making my memoranda from Hayley, that Newton's Preface was not published with the first edition. It is well, too, that I have seen Grimshawe's Preface, because it is fitting that I should make some remarks upon his assertion that all except himself are debarred access to the Private Correspondence. The copy of the "Task," which our anonymous friend sent me, is of the first edition: a lucky chance, as I can now correct the text by it. Pray look out for the first edition of the first volume, that the same use may be made of it. It is most likely to be met with as a single volume; for the "Task" was not published originally as a second volume, but as a separate work. Grimshawe has paid no attention to this part of an editor's duties. I am not surprised at his want of ability, but I am surprised at his want of information respecting Cowper's history. Hayley says of Cowper that *he was very far from inheriting opulence on the death of his father!*—and Grimshawe,—for no imaginable reason, except that he cannot help exposing himself,—retaining the rest of the paragraph, alters these words thus: *the death of his father placed him in a state of independence.* It is to be hoped some reviewer will note how well this accords with the real state of Cowper's affairs, who at the time in which Grimshawe introduces this assertion was supported by a subscription among his relations, aided by occasional presents from Mr. Hill!

I have delayed making up this packet till the latest possible time, in hope the parcel might arrive.

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Cradock, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 24. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

The parcel arrived yesterday at breakfast time. The greatest pleasure I have as an author is in looking through one of my own volumes as I cut the leaves, when I see it for the first time complete.

I was much pleased with the judicious alteration you had made in the Preface, and with the appearance of the book. Nothing can be more beautifully engraved than the prints. But the year of Cowper's age should have been given under the portrait, and I wish the autograph had been a better one, to correspond better with what is said of his handwriting, p. 314. A signature is generally the fittest specimen that can be chosen, but the close of a letter is often scrawled, and with a worse pen.

Both letters to Lady Hesketh will be given, indeed all the letters thatare in Hayley. Grimshawe's edition has a vignette of Bene't College, *not* as it was in John Cowper's time, but as it was rebuilt a few years ago! The *only* information I could have got from his edition related to John Cowper; and this I find he was directed to by the "Gentleman's Magazine." You are right about Lady Austen's portrait. It will be most in place with the "Task."

The foreign letter which you sent me is from Sir Egerton Brydges, and its whole contents are about Cowper and his connections; much of this he had written to me before, and I had made use of; but at his age

(seventy-three), and in his state of body and mind, no wonder that on such things his memory fails. However, he has added some particulars which it is well to know. The anecdotes pp. 32. and 40. were from him, as well as that about Thurlow's boyhood. It would be proper to send him a copy, which the publisher of his "Milton" would convey. Poor man! he signs his letter "Chandos of Sudeley," and seals it with a coronet on his arms! His love of literature is undiminished, and the receipt of our volume will make him happy for a day.

Mr. H. Taylor will probably be here on Monday, and I shall commend our concerns in the "Quarterly Review" to him, who, in some way or other, will render us the best service he can.

Yours, very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Nov. 3. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

The article in the "Literary Times" surprised me much, and what you say of the sheets being in the writer's hands has surprised me more. I suspected (as you know) that the other publishers would endeavour to get at them for Grimshawe's use, and that his fifth volume had been delayed because (having failed in this) they wished to wait for our first. This I should not have suspected if I had known how utterly incompetent he was to the work which he undertook to perform. These sheets, however, must have been unfairly obtained. None have ever passed out of my hands. You may remember that I asked to have the clean sheets sent me as the work proceeded; none ever came. Can these have got astray, and how? I cannot make out

in your writing whether this gentleman's name is Hughes or Baylies; but whoever he may be, what he has said of the letter which he *pretends* to have seen, and of which it is plain that he knows the contents, confirms an impression concerning him, which the article upon Lady Norton's book might well make — that he is not very scrupulous as to the means by which his paper may be forced into notice; for an article more directly injurious to a woman's character never was penned.

He cannot have seen the letter, because he says it was written *by Cowper to one of his dearest friends.* Now, though I have not seen it, I know that it was written by *Mr. Newton* to *Mr. Thornton.* It was not sent to me with the rest of that correspondence, because it was *missing* at that time. The person who has said so much upon this subject will not be withheld by any promise to you from saying more when he wants to make his journal talked of. In consequence of what he has said I must take an opportunity of introducing something in which the public will see no farther meaning than lies on the surface, but which will show to those acquainted with the matter that I regard it as one of the delusions of Cowper's mind. Indeed I have not the slightest doubt of this.

Mr. Upcott's letters tell me a great deal which I did not know before. That from Mrs. Unwin shows that, in Cowper's second attack, they delayed for several months applying to Dr. Cotton for advice, because they expected a providential deliverance. I wish this letter had come to my hands six weeks ago! Lady Hesketh's letters show that after Mrs. Unwin became incapable of managing her affairs, her favourite servant was ruining her; and that the removal was concerted without her (Mrs. U.'s) knowledge, and not without fear of her resisting it. Mr. Hill's are of no value; but I should like to see all that can be got, especially Lady H.'s. I

had asked Mrs. Johnson if she had any, and her reply was that they were too much interspersed with family concerns. It is remarkable that these should have found their way to Mr. Upcott's possession. If Grimshawe has seen them he has made no use of them. Indeed . . . . . .

I know nothing of the Woodbridge letters; there must be something remarkable in them, if they were addressed to a shoemaker.

What I meant about Cowper's age was, that the age at which a portrait was taken should always be marked (as in old pictures it used to be).

The letters must be arranged according to their dates. I shall know better where to mark the places for the woodcuts if you let me see them. The Life will certainly be better if you let me fill the volume with it. Even then I shall have enough matter reserved for notes and illustrations, both to the correspondence and the poetry. The only volumes which will cost me only the trouble of careful revision in the press, will be those which contain the "Homer."

If the Mitford who edits the "Gentleman's Magazine" is the same who edited Gray's works, and "Cowper" for Pickering's edition, he is a very able man. His "Life of Cowper" is the only one of which I can speak with commendation and respect.

I am hard at work, and you shall soon have copy. After this volume we shall go on month by month without delay or interruption.

The anonymous advice is good. The verses in the "Task" must be numbered, that the references in the Index may be adapted to them; that which was sent me refers to the page, and it will cost me no little trouble to make the alteration. All the long poems had better be numbered also. But this in due time.

I will take care that no proper attention on the part of an editor shall be wanting. Farewell, dear sir.

Yours, very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. G. C. Gorham, Maidenhead.

Keswick, Nov. 4. 1835.

SIR,

I have just received your obliging letter. Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock obtained, at my suggestion, a legal opinion upon the question of copyright in Cowper's letters: it was, that no such right could be maintained; the right being not in the persons to whom they were addressed, but in the legal representatives of those by whom they were written. They were not, however, willing to act upon this, because it would have involved them in a lawsuit; yet they rely upon it so far as to to take from the so-called "*Private*" * *Correspondence*, all those letters which have been transmitted to them by the present owners,—namely, those to Mr. Unwin and Mr. Bull. The originals of the former are in my hands: of the latter, Mr. Bull's son has sent me all the passages which in the former publication were withheld. The letters which you so kindly offer are in the same predicament; and all for which there can be occasion to trouble you is to point out any mistakes in the printed letters, and supply any omissions in them where no reason exists for still withholding the passage. For this I shall be very much obliged to you.

The original matter which I shall be able to produce falls little short in quantity of that which, by a proceeding deemed disreputable among booksellers them-

* Private Correspondence of the Poet Cowper, edited by the Rev. Dr. Johnson (Cowper's Johnny).

selves, I am debarred from using. I cannot, however, help regretting that, in consequence of this proceeding, there can be at this time no complete edition of "Cowper," nor in all likelihood for many years to come. There will, however, be a correct text, and a full and fair account of the author.

I remain, sir,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Nov. 21. 1835.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

It is longer than I like to think of (how long indeed I know not) since I have written to you, or heard from you; though that the sin of omission lies with me, is certain. But you know what my employments are, and cannot know what large demands are made upon my little leisure by the post,—no small proportion of them coming from that description of persons who are called Curmudgeons in Ash's "Dictionary." If I had but as much leisure as these persons bestow upon me, it would give me time enough for doing all that I wish or dream of.

To many of them, however, I am obliged for useful communications concerning whatever they may happen to hear I am engaged in, or what they suppose may be likely to interest me. Letters of or concerning Cowper are thus continually transmitted to me; and those which come to me about Wesley and the Methodists would fill a volume.

The schism among the Methodists has made the Orthodox and Anti-Radical body take me into their favour. At present the Evangelicals are the party which is most likely to regard me as its enemy, and in this

they will not be mistaken; for a very pestilent party they are. We have Mr. Bush here for our curate, who would be a blessing to any parish. It is impossible for any Parish Priest to do his duty more carefully, more punctually, more judiciously, or more charitably. His sermons are perfectly intelligible to the most uninformed of his hearers, though they are such that I listen to them with pleasure. And yet a Simeonite prig from Cambridge said of him the other day, that "Bush is a nice fellow, but he does not preach the Gospel." "What do you mean by the Gospel?" was the reply, and the Simeonite was dumbfounded.

The late curate (an agreeable man in all other respects, but God forgive him for his preachments!) divided us into sheep and goats. Never were rams more vicious and headstrong than his belwethers have been since his departure. We could at this time get a new church (which is greatly wanted) built and endowed without any difficulty, if the great belwether did not refuse to co-operate upon any other terms than that of vesting the patronage in five trustees, three of them to be evangelical ministers.

The Welsh Evangelicals, I suppose, place the goats on the right hand. Did I ever tell you that when our friend C. W. W. W. was once hoping to have a son born in London, I sent a device for making him a true-born Welshman? It was to carpet the lying-in chamber with sods from Snowdon, to baptize him in water from the river Dee, and to suckle him by a goat.

Our late curate is an Irishman. He had a child born here, to whom I am godfather; and I could have made that child in like manner a true Paddy, but it would have been expedient to propose an invention which might not have been so well taken as that which was calculated for Wales and for Charles Wynn's good-nature. It was to floor the chamber with turf from the

bog of Allan, to baptize the child in whiskey, and to suckle him by — a bull! And if that would not have made him Irish, what would?

Nov. 23rd.—This is the third day of such weather, that if Satan went about like a fowler instead of a roaring lion, he would lay ropes ready in all convenient places for persons who are obliged to go out of doors, and furnish bed-posts with nooses for those who keep in them. Nevertheless I, who defy him both at home and abroad, shall take my daily walk as usual, in utter disregard of him and rain. This I have done so long as well nigh to have persuaded myself that exercise is little less necessary for my well-being than food. Certain it is that both appetite and sleep in my case very much depend on it. My spirits are better than I could ever have expected them to be, could the trials to which they are subjected have been foreseen. They are perhaps better than they would otherwise be, because it is doubly a duty for my poor daughter's sake to keep them up. Thank God, their health has not suffered, and they find so much employment for themselves, and in assisting me by transcribing, and bookbinding after a fashion of our own (for which my library is to become famous hereafter), that they are less sensible of the change from a very cheerful way of life to a very retired one.

Cuthbert was with us for a ten weeks' holiday, and much missed he was on his departure for Sussex. I became a grandfather there about three weeks ago, and all was going on well when a letter which arrived this morning was written.

As for the affairs of the world, our own prospects seem much better, — those of most other countries worse,— of America (if I am not mistaken), worst of all. Was that "Song of the Chimpanzee" Mr. Hughes's?

It is the best that I have seen since the "Small Coal Man." God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. G. C. Gorham, Maidenhead.

Keswick, Nov. 23. 1835.

DEAR SIR,

I have this day received and perused your papers*; and, for the great trouble you have taken in so careful a collection, I am very much obliged to you.

If Mr. Martyn †, whose lively recollections of Mrs.

* These papers consisted of unpublished matter, in a series of letters (twenty-seven) addressed (between 1788 and 1792) by the poet Cowper to Mrs. King, wife of the Rev. John King, Rector of Pertenhall, Bedfordshire; the originals of which then were (as all but two still are) in the possession of the Rev. G. C. Gorham, now Vicar of St. Just-in-Penwith, Cornwall. They were printed in Mr. Southey's edition of "Cowper's Life and Correspondence" with several notes contributed by Mr. Gorham from family papers. Mrs. King's maiden name was Margaret Deveil. She was born about 1734, she married Mr. King in 1752; and died at Pertenhall in 1793. She was intimate with a brother of the poet Cowper, John Cowper (who died in 1770), and possessed a copy of his "Poems" in his own hand, which she sent to William Cowper for perusal, in April 1788.—*G. C. G.*

† The Rev. John King Martyn, then of Pertenhall Hill House, Bedfordshire. He was son of the Rev. Thomas Martyn, Rector of Pertenhall, Regius Professor of Botany at Cambridge. He was sent to Westminster School, under Dr. Smith, January 10th, 1785; he left Westminster, March 24th, 1791, and was placed under the tuition of Dr. Parr, at Hatton. In 1792 he entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; where he graduated in 1796. He held the rectory of Pertenhall only for a short time, and resigned it in favour of his father, the advowson then belonging to the Rev. Mr. King, their relative. Mr. Martyn died at Bristol, August 18th, 1849.—*G. C. G.*

King * you have transcribed, be, as I suppose he is, a school-fellow of mine, some year and half my senior at Westminster, may I request you to present my remembrance to him, when opportunity offers. I have seen him but once since he left school, and that was accidentally, on a morning call to Dr. Shaw, at the Museum, more than thirty years ago.

That passage in Dr. Johnson's Preface (to "Cowper's Correspondence") concerning the church-yard at Eaton †, I had noticed, and I shall advise the publishers to procure a view of it, for one of their engravings.

I remain,

Dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. G. C. Gorham, Maidenhead.

Keswick, Nov. 25. 1835.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 21st has just reached me; the safe arrival of the packet which it announces you have already been apprised of.

I fear that the letters which Cowper *received* have been destroyed, either by himself or after his death; otherwise they would, methinks, have been placed in Hayley's hands, to whom — as at present to me — they would have been very useful. One only has come to me, and I have just printed it; it was from Bacon the sculptor, written on the publication of the "Task." A

* Mr. Martyn's recollections of Mrs. King, Cowper's correspondent, were stated by him very briefly; they are printed in Southey's "Cowper."—*G. C. G.*

† This was the last spot in which the unhappy Cowper took any delight.—*G. C. G.*

transcript was sent me from the original in Mr. Upcott's valuable collection.

The blanks I have no means of filling up. The letters to Lady Hesketh were preserved in three portfolios, of which one is not forthcoming, having been lent to some person, and lost. Luckily it happened to contain that part of the correspondence of which Hayley has made most use. The number of unpublished ones in my possession is fifty-eight.

Mr. Unwin's death was the greatest misfortune that befell Cowper. Had he been living a deference to his judgment might have supported his mother when her mind was beginning to give way. They would not have concealed anything from him, and with his knowledge it seems impossible that they should have taken that poor weak man Teedon for a sort of living saint and mediator. The latter part of his history is so dark that I diverge into literary subjects more widely than I should otherwise have done, for the sake of relieving what would otherwise oppress the reader with its melancholy tone. I remain, sir,

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Dec. 8. 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

Some fortnight ago I obtained, from a London catalogue, a copy of Kippis's "Biog. Britannica," which had belonged to Isaac Reed; and upon consulting one of the volumes yesterday, I found in it a note directed to its former possessor — from Cowper's friend, Mr. Rose. When you see its contents, you will think it not a little curious that it should have come into my hands by such an accident, at this time:—

"Dear Sir,

"I find the poem of Mr. Cowper's, to which I alluded this morning, is entitled '*Anti-Thelyphthora,*' was printed by Johnson in 4to., 1781, and is noticed in the 64th volume of the 'Monthly Review,' p. 229.

"Mr. Hayley will be much obliged by the loan of Webb's 'Art of Poetry.'

"I am, dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"SAMUEL ROSE.

"Chancery Lane, Tuesday."

By the "Review" it appears to have been a shilling pamphlet: it is praised, and noticed at some length.

What copies of this poem may exist are likely to be bound up with other fugitive pieces of the same size; and therefore there is not the common chance of discovering it by searching the catalogues. The likeliest mode of obtaining it, I think, will be for me to write a note to the "Gentleman's Magazine," stating the circumstances, and requesting the loan of the poem from any person who may happen to possess it. But I would not do this if there were a hope of obtaining it in any other way; because when the first volume of the poems (to which it would belong) is published, it would tell well in an advertisement, and would certainly excite notice in all the newspaper reviews.

Your parcel has just arrived, and I will not delay this note, till the copy in hand be ready to accompany it, this chapter being of that kind that one page requires more than thrice the time required in other parts of the work. I am employed upon nothing else, and have been employed on it every day since it was

commenced — morning and evening, Sundays only excepted.

I have received a letter from Dawson Turner. The letters, he says, are those to Teedon; and he did not know that they had been published with Gauntlett's "Sermons" till my note apprised him of it. Had they not appeared, he says, he should probably have thought it right to withhold them, in conformity to Dr. J. Johnson's wishes. I suspect, however, that they must be different letters to the same poor weak fanatic; for it is very unlikely that duplicates of them, in Cowper's own writing, should exist; and I must, therefore, write again to Dawson Turner, for the purpose of ascertaining this.

I have taken in the "Evangelical Magazine" many years, as the best means by which I could estimate the state of knowledge and the temper of that portion of the public among whom it is intended to circulate. This reviewal of my "Life of Cowper" has not surprised me.

Your parcel enclosed one from the gentleman for whose address I advertised at the close of the Preface. He sends me the first volume of "Cowper" annotated like the "Task," and is very much gratified by the manner in which his former communication was noticed. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to transmit regularly for him a copy in some Bristol bookseller's parcel, directed to —

"The Rev. John Peace,
"City Library,
"Bristol."

He is librarian there. I very much doubt whether any other person has made himself so thoroughly acquainted with Cowper's poems.

There will be no delay after this second volume, and

nothing to render my progress slow after this chapter, which three or four days will finish.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. Perhaps it would be well to inquire for the "Anti-Thelyphthora" at those booksellers in whose catalogues there are any miscellaneous volumes of poems in quarto.

To the Rev. G. C. Gorham, Maidenhead.

Keswick, Dec. 23. 1835.

DEAR SIR,

I have this day received your obliging communications.

About the great fog, you have given me information which I wanted, and knew not where to look for.

The "Leonine Verses" I shall insert as a note to the "Task," and there thank you for them.

*Saint** Paul savours, I think, of the editor, rather than of the compositor.

Cowper's letters to Hill are in Jekyll's possession. They were left to him as an heirloom with the property by Hill's widow. He has them, however, with him in London; and had he not been restricted from entrusting them out of his possession, I should have had the use of them here. This, through the intermediate good offices of Charles Wynn and Rogers, I might still have, if I could go to town for the purpose; but domestic circumstances make it my duty not to

* Alluding to a very ridiculous misprint pointed out to Mr. Southey by Mr. Gorham in the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's edition of "Cowper's Correspondence."—*G. C. G.*

leave home on any motives short of urgent necessity. The hint for illustrations* I will mention to the publisher.

Your conjectural emendations of the corrupt text I have inserted in the copy from which the Life, whenever a second edition may be required, will be reprinted.

The flatulent person's name was *Jedderal*, — so remarkable a one, that I never remember to have seen or heard it before.

Your opinion that there was an *hereditary* tendency to madness in Cowper, is strongly confirmed by the following extract from a letter to Lady Hesketh. The writer was a cousin of her's and of Cowper's: more, I know not†, for the concluding half sheet, which would contain the signature, has not been preserved; but the letter is dated Totteridge, May 26. 1804:—

"And now, my beloved cousin, I do venture, not without diffidence, to ask you on a subject which has lately come to my knowledge, but on which I will form no judgment till you direct that judgment. A lady asserted that, to her knowledge, my dear cousin Thea‡ was, a few years back, out of her mind; . . . . . nevertheless, I cannot believe it till you confirm it. . . . . No one knows the sufferings

* One of these was an oil portrait of Cowper's correspondent, Mrs. King (in her youthful days, as "Peggy Devell"), existing in 1835, at Pertenhall Rectory, and still in possession of her representatives. Cowper draws her portrait, *in imagination*, in a lively letter, dated August 28. 1788; she was then about fifty-four. — *G. C. G.*

† The writer was Penelope (sister of Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough), wife of General Sir Alexander Maitland. She was grand-daughter of Spencer Cowper, Judge of the Common Pleas.—*G. C. G.*

‡ Theodora Cowper, sister of Lady Hesketh. She was daughter of Ashley Cowper, Clerk of the House of Lords. She died in 1824.—*G. C. G.*

of the mind of my dear cousin Thea, I verily believe; disappointed in her first affections, and enduring what she must do for her distressed Cowper; but above all, I must think, was his ever entertaining an idea of marrying any one but herself. Nothing could persuade me of this, till reading Mr. Newton's evidence. It has hurt him, and Mrs. Unwin too, in many opinions, and I must confess in mine among the rest. There was every reason in Providence against it on both sides; and it was a gracious Providence that prevented it at last."

The letter must have come from one of either the Cowper or the Madan family.* I think it is a woman's letter beyond all doubt, and that it savours of the family tendency, great part of it being taken up with recommending to Lady Hesketh's serious perusal a volume of 500 pages, written to expound the Revelation and prove that Napoleon was the Beast.

What she means by Mr. Newton's evidence, I do not† know. . . . . .

The dirty Aldwinkle translation is the worst circumstance connected with Martin Madan; for his "Thelyphthora" was a breaking out of the family tendency. I shall give as complete an account of him as I can. And I have discovered, by mere accident, that Cowper published a poem called "Anti-Thelyphthora," anonymously, in 1781. A copy of it has been found in the Museum, and a transcript therefrom

* See note † p. 430. The writer, Mrs. Maitland, was descended from *both* families.—*G. C. G.*

† Mr. Southey here detailed at length his reasons for concluding that Mr. Newton gave no evidence of the kind alluded to, *but much to the contrary.* As he had access to Mr. Newton's letters to Mr. Thornton on this subject, he had the best means of ascertaining that no *love* attachment existed between Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. But the details are of too private a character for publication.—*G. C. G.*

reached me this morning under the same cover with your letter.

Can you direct me to any account of Dr. Conyers? I can find none among my own stores.

I shall say more of Berridge * in the new edition of the "Life of Wesley," — for improving which very curious and ample materials have been supplied me.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours, thankfully and sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 31. 1836.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

The second volume of "Cowper" should find its way to you on the 15th of next month; the Saturday before being the day for which Cradock tells me he has advertised it. There remain two, or perhaps three, chapters for the third volume, after which what I have to do will be comparatively little.

I shall introduce a "Life of Mr. Newton," upon the old scale of the "Quarterly Review." That avowal of his driving people mad by his system of excitement, would never have been brought to light by persons of his own school.† It is in character with it that the

* Mr. Gorham had transmitted to Mr. Southey an account (by his father) of a very remarkable visit of Mr. Fletcher to Mr. Berridge, of which an imperfect narrative had got into print in Whittingham's "Life of Berridge."—*G. C. G.*

† "A dreadful letter, but valuable as an exponent, is that in which a clergyman avows having excited insanity in his flock, with the consolation that they may go to heaven through fire and water. Religion is thus made a horrid nuisance; and such teachers should be put in chains upon their own principle for their own salvation."—*Letter from Mr. Rickman to R. Southey, dated 4th Jan.* 1836.

seal which he used in those letters was of his own devising:—two thigh-bones crossed, in a field sable; crest, a Christian warrior kneeling, and holding a sword reversed, with a cross for its hilt; motto — *memento mori.*

The clergy of his description were enabled to render themselves popular by Mr. Thornton's bounty. He used to send them money for the poor, enabling them thus to administer relief, which very few indeed of the clergy could afford, and thus to win good-will by appearing in the character of benefactors. He was a most benevolent man; but I have found among some of my Wesleyan materials (which are now pouring in upon me) that his bounty was entirely confined to Calvinistic channels.

Two months hence I hope to feel so much at leisure as to work up our Colloquial materials. John Murray is now so utterly regardless of all business or forms of business that there could not be a fitter person to bring into the present Cabinet. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. J. C. Gorham, Maidenhead.

Keswick, Feb. 15. 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have again looked at the original letter, and Ventoso's name is distinctly written Jedderal. Cowper's is a very legible hand, so as to leave no doubt concerning any letter in the word, unless the initial letter should have been designed for a T. But this is by no means probable, and would not help us to a more usual name. Your conjecture is likely to be right, and the name only a variety of Jodrell,—all names which are capable of such variations being subject to them.

Many of your communications will find a place in my

rifacimento (for such it must almost be) of the "Life of Wesley." I shall find more information bearing upon this subject than upon Cowper's history in the "Powley Papers."

Fowle the dancing-master's advertisement is mentioned in a (printed) letter of June 3. 1788. Cowper says, "It is the most extravagantly ludicrous affair of the kind I ever saw. The author had the good hap to be crazed, or he had never produced anything half so clever." As the man lived at Newport-Pagnell, the advertisement is likely to have been in a Northampton paper; unless, which is still more likely, it was printed as a circular.

I happen to possess that volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine" which contains the print from Cowper's drawing. The drawing I take to be, not an original composition, but a copy from some drawing-book — a single print.

You have, indeed, taken great pains, and greatly am I obliged to you for so doing, with the "Norfolk Miscellany." What a vein of rhyme there was in the Cowper family! Mrs. Madan's "Progress of Poetry" I have in the "Poetical Calendar," and his "Abelard to Eloisa" in "A Collection of Poems by the most eminent Ladies," published by Thornton and Colman. Perhaps so much literature in one family could not be found in any other instances.

Martin Madan's "Thelyphthora" must be set down to the score of monomania, originating in his situation at the Lock Hospital; — indignation running wild. They who properly exposed the error and the danger of his opinions, did not do justice to his motives. But, in his conduct concerning Hawes and the Aldwinkle affair, it appears to me they must both have acted upon the maxim that the end justifies the means; and [they seem] to have thought that, though simony was a sin, it

was no sin to chouse the patron of a living, so it could be got for a preacher of their own party.

I *Doctored* you, upon the faith of an Advertisement which came by chance into my hands, on the wrapper of some Journal; but, whether there was a misprint there of D.D. for B.D., or my eyes deceived me (for such misreadings sometimes happen), I will not venture to say. (My own reason for not writing *Dr.* on my cards is, that that appellation belongs professionally to my brother in Harley Street, and, if I used it, mistakes in letters, &c., would be more frequent than they are.) I am very sorry to see, upon referring to the sheet, that I have called you *Dr.* in a note, which it is now too late to recall, for the volume will be in your hands perhaps as soon as the letter. When the proof came, and I inserted that title, I congratulated myself on having met with it in time! Forgive me for a mishap*, or mistake, whichever in my case it may have been; and may you soon obtain such preferment as may render it proper for you to proceed to that degree.

Is it not strange that Cowper's translation of four books of the "Henriade" should not have been discovered; for he testifies to the accuracy of a statement in the "Gentleman's Magazine," where it is said that the

* This "mishap," in itself altogether unimportant, gave a somewhat ludicrous character of apparent hyper-criticism to a note by Dr. Southey to one of Cowper's letters. In that note he pointed out an inaccuracy of a rival editor of Cowper, who had dignified the husband of Cowper's Pertenhall correspondent with the unacquired title *Dr.* King: he corrected the error in the University degree, on the authority of *Dr.* Gorham, thus himself making the identical trivial mistake which he criticised. This amusing blunder arose from his very anxiety to be nicely accurate; being attributable to the typographical error of a London advertisement, which, curiously enough, met Dr. Southey's eye at the very moment when the proof-sheet containing the criticism came to hand.—*G. C. G.*

four first books (in Smollet's edition, 1762) were translated by John Cowper, the four following by his brother, the ninth by E. Burnaby Green, and the tenth by Lloyd. I can find no mention of any such translation in the "Monthly Review." Did Smollet ever conduct any other periodical than the "Critical Review?" for this translation was made for a magazine. Burnaby Green was the worst of translators. I have his "Apollonius Rhodius," and any one who would understand it must have recourse to the *original.*

I could gossip with you by the hour,—long measure,—if letters could allow. Farewell, dear sir, and believe me,

Very thankfully and sincerely yours,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Feb. 28. 1836.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

You will have rightly supposed that, being in daily expectation of your book, I delayed writing till it should have arrived. It has now been eight and forty hours in Keswick, and, as I cut the leaves myself, I refreshed my memory with what had been read before, and perused what was new to me. The book is more than interesting; it contains a great deal of curious and delightful matter, and a great variety of information. You have brought together in it many things well worthy of preservation, which must otherwise have been forgotten, because there would have been none to collect them, and you have collected them just in time. And no one could have done this except yourself, for no one else could have had such assistance from Mr. Bray and from Mary.

Such gleanings of tradition are very delightful to me. How often have I had cause to wish that I had, while it

was possible, preserved all that the elders of my own family could have told me of *their* elders, and of the little circle in which they lived—of their own times and the times before them! But it is long since I have had any of their oracles to consult; for many years (with the exception of a good old aunt, still living at Taunton) I have been the oldest of my race.

I dined twice in company with Mr. Bray's friend, Mathias, at Paris, in May, 1817, at Mr. Mackenzie's, who was the agent for settling British claims. Lord Mansfield, Dodwell the traveller, Humboldt, myself, and my two fellow travellers were the party. We were both outward bound, and Mathias, I think, never returned to England. He published, in 1814, an edition of Gray's works in two volumes, royal quarto, at the great price of seven guineas. The second volume consisted wholly of papers never before published, from the original manuscripts, which, after passing through one or two hands, had been bequeathed to Pembroke College; and though none of them were prepared for publication, they contain such proofs of taste, judgment, ability, and various learning, that one wonders how Mason could have disregarded them.

The book had no sale on account of its inordinate price; the price was never lowered while Mathias lived, and the book was not to be seen. I never saw it but once, when Rogers, who could afford to buy such a book, showed it me; till seeing in a London catalogue that it was now dismissed from the warehouse to be sold for what it would fetch, I sent for a copy marked one guinea, and on Monday last I received it. If it had been published in octavo at that price (which it might very well have been), Mathias would not have been mortified by having it locked up in a warehouse for more than twenty years, and sustaining, as I suppose he did, a very considerable and perhaps inconvenient loss:

had it been published on any bookseller's account, and not on his own, the price would have been lowered as soon as it was found unsaleable; that is, the copies would have been put up at a trade sale, and distributed among all those booksellers who deal in works thus purchased. Mr. Murray is alert enough in getting rid of my unsaleable books at any price he can get for them, and without giving me any notice of his intentions.

Among the documents connected with Cowper, I have got possession of a large packet which will be more serviceable in recasting "Wesley's Life." They are the papers of Mr. Powley, who married Mrs. Unwin's daughter, and consist of letters to him from all the leading Evangelicals of those times. It is fortunate that I have obtained them just at a time when the present Evangelicals are doing all they can to interdict the sale of my "Cowper" among their followers.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Bray.

Believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. I am exceedingly pleased to see that you give notice of your "Collections and Recollections,"—the very best way in which you could be employed.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, March. 6. 1836.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Half a dozen more proof sheets will bring me to the end of "Cowper's Life," with which I have pleased his relatives and the representatives of his personal friends, but given mortal offence to Evangelicals —or Dys-evangelicals,—as I mean in proper time and place to denominate them. They wanted to keep Cow-

per to themselves; and, suppressing, in their accounts of him, everything that threw light upon his character and explained his conduct, they supplied the place of it with empty sectarianism.

I do not know whether you have seen two volumes about Coleridge, which a Mr. * * * * has published. The only mark of discretion in this gentleman is that he has not affixed his name to one of the most indiscreet works by which any man ever expected to do honour to the memory of a friend. Moxon, the publisher, caused him to expunge much that would have been offensive, he says, to Wordsworth's relations, and has done Coleridge more injury than ever could have been done to him by an enemy. This * * * * was a great friend of Lamb's and of *Cobbett's*, whom he also venerated. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, March 15. 1836.

My dear Rickman,

Have you heard of a last year's Oxford pamphlet, entitled "Subscription no Bondage." It is such a one as Hooker or Bacon might have written had they been living now.

Dr. * * * * * *'s appointment to succeed Burton is quite as bad as the affair of Magdalen College in James the Second's time, and very much in the same spirit. It is at once an outrage and an insult to the University, and done under a feeling of enmity to the principles of the Established Church. Nevertheless, both Church and State will stand against all attempts to destroy them, either by sap or assault. We shall work our way through all difficulties and dangers, and, as a Scotch Bishop said (Sandford, I believe), "the world

will continue to be governed as it always has been, by the foolishness of man and the wisdom of God."

"Cowper's Life" will be finished before the end of the week, and in the course of the summer I shall have both leisure and desire to colloquise. My old friend William Taylor of Norwich is dead, with whom I have passed many pleasant hours in former years. He is one of those persons whom I shall rejoice to meet in a better state of existence; and meet I trust we shall, though we travelled by different roads.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, March 20. 1836.

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

One of the first things I proposed to myself to do as soon as the "Life of Cowper" should be finished was to inquire what was become of you. Yesterday I sent off the last portion to the press, and this morning your letter relieved me from some uneasiness on the score of your long silence. You would have heard from me several weeks ago if I had not known that Baldwin and Cradock were worried with inquiries which might have made less considerate publishers worry me.

The pressure, however, of this work is over; for though I have yet a great deal to do in the way of biographical notices, &c., yet, as the greater part will be thrown into a supplementary volume of "Cowperiana," I shall have time to make them ready leisurely, while the body of his works is passing through the press. I begin to suspect, from the puffs which accompany B. and C.'s advertisements, that the gentlemen of the periodical press begin to think it just as much a matter

of course to beplaster me now with praise as they formerly did to bespatter me with abuse.

I do not wonder that you have felt the beauty of those quotations from Wither (how often do I feel it!); but from which of his works they are taken I cannot tell you; not from any that I possess, nor are they in any selections that I have seen. To your general question about him I can reply fully, but not satisfactorily. There neither is, nor ever will be, any complete edition of George Wither's works; nor is there any poet (not even Taylor the Water Poet) of whose pieces it would be so difficult to form a complete collection. Most of them are so rare that I have never seen the greater part, and possess but very few. If I were one of my own first cousins (in which case I should be at least five and thirty years younger, and, moreover, be lineally descended from the said Wither) I would certainly publish all such of his poems as are worth republishing, and weave into an account of the author, and of his works, every passage out of the rest which for any reason deserves preservation. He is so voluminous a writer that this would require several volumes; and if I had Wither blood in my veins there would be no work which I could undertake with more pleasure; for though there are some parts of his conduct which can only be excused by making large allowances for the spirit of those evil days, and some little also on the score of something approaching to insanity, he was nevertheless, take him for all in all, a person whom we should be proud to have among our ancestors, and one with whom I shall be very well pleased to meet and become acquainted in the next world.

You have not heard, then, that the author of the "Doctor," &c. turns out to be a Scotchman, and a bitter enemy of the English Church? At least this is positively affirmed; and yet I cannot think he is either the

one or the other. Dubois is also named as the author, a person who wrote "My Pocket-book," and a novel called "Old Nick," and who was editor of the "Monthly Mirror,"—a man of some scholarship and a great deal of small wit. He brought letters of introduction to me, when I was at Lisbon in 1801, but from what I saw of him there and afterwards in London, I do not think that the better part of the "Doctor," &c. can be the work of one who is composed of such coarse materials himself. At Doncaster the Rev. Erskine Neale has the credit of the book:—so Mrs. Hodgson (the *ci-devant* Margaret Holford) was assured, she tells me, in a bookseller's shop there; and if this is not known at Doncaster where should it be? For who but some one connected with that place would have written all these provoking chapters "about it and about it?" and especially that account of the Corporation, which for tiresomeness beats anything that ever was shaped into such a book, if any other such book there be. Now, methinks, I see you smile! And if you think that you see me smile also, you will not be mistaken; but it is under no other fringe than that of my own grey locks.

However, in spite of the Doncaster chapters (and of the Almanacks too) I delight in the book; nobody can enjoy it more. And if I had a right to the feathers I should stick one of the finest in my cap. On that point you see we are agreed. I shall not wear it, nevertheless, let who will be so obliging as to present it to me. Porson, if he was alive, might plume himself with it, and be in no danger of having it challenged by me. Did I ever send you that portion of the "Devil's Walk," relating to *him* which has never been published?

I can tell you what another Doctor (not Dr. Dove) told me of the Leamington physician,—that nobody thought anything of him till he took the *quackery* line.

It is a good line, both in physic and divinity, and by no means a bad one in politics.

No one will ever again find it so profitable a game to play at bo-peep with the public as poor Sir Walter did; though I dare say the biographer of our Doncaster friend may find it an amusing one, and may, moreover, have some of the more substantial reasons which he has assigned in the last volume. You tell me that you know a person like William Dove. I had an uncle (and his name was William too) who might have sat for that picture; you and I, therefore, may presume that it has been drawn from the life. Well, may the author live to complete his plan (if he has one) in its full extent, and may all the volumes which are to come, be they ever so many, prove as full of matter for melancholy and for mirth as those which have hitherto appeared, and may you and I live to read and enjoy them all.

If the change of weather within the last few days be as agreeable with you as it is here I trust it will remove all remains of your cough, and enable you to recruit what strength the inflammation and the remedies have cost you. My own health, thank God, continues good, and my spirits, in the whole, very much better than I could have thought possible, if I had foreseen what lay before me. I am somewhat leaner than usual; but a course of exercise and mountain air, for which I have both strength and inclination, and shall now have leisure also, will probably give me that sort of shaking that is wanted. Throughout the winter I have walked as dutifully as I have worked; a little extra exercise has been wanting, and that I began to take yster (Monday). I am in great hopes that Grosvenor Bedford and his cousin, Mary Page, will pass the summer at Keswick; nothing would do him or me so much good, and Miss Page would be a comfort to my poor daughters. She is now the oldest of my female friends. I have

known her since the year 1791, which is eleven years before I spent the evening with you in the Little Cloisters.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, April 9. 1836.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have replied to Mr. Parry, according to your wish; though if he had known at what rate I value such verses as are likely to be produced by prizes I should have been the last person whom he would have thought of applying to.

Clarkson was effectually cured of rheumatism by colchicum some years ago, and it left no ill effects in his case. The great advantage of mineral waters is that there is no danger of their inducing another disease in place of that which they remove, a danger which always exists with such powerful medicines as the colchicum.* Warm weather and country exercise would bring more hope with them, if they were not to be succeeded again by winter and Pandemonium.

Alison's book pleased me so much that I never thought of, or at least, never remembered, any faults of the style. I saw him at Fort Augustus in 1819, where he and one of the Hopes dined with us, Telford being very intimate at his father's house. If I had written such a work I should have closed it with the peace of Amiens, or perhaps with Bonaparte's assumption of the Consulship, where the Revolutionary interest terminates and the lesson is complete. That lesson it is

* I seem to have read the like in the "*Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*," or in some other medical work.

which is especially useful, and would be far more impressive if it were separated from the subsequent military events.

Scotchmen are apt to aim at a fine style, because they are not writing in their mother tongue when they write English, and the only art of composition which they do not study is that of concealing the *art*.

You will probably receive the third volume of "Cowper" on Thursday: so Cradock writes me word, who says nothing about the sale, but seems so proud of the work that I conclude he has no reason to be dissatisfied with it. I thought my hands had been clear of the correspondence; but behold yesterday brought intelligence that Mr. Newton's papers are coming to me. I shall have to see what has been omitted in printing the letters. Out of 141, there are forty-eight which have not been printed: there are seven of his letters to Cowper, sixteen to Mrs. Unwin, and twenty-four of hers to him, besides letters from Unwin the son, &c. &c.

Moreover, I have got at the remaining papers of Mrs. Unwin's son-in-law Powley, which have given me some insight into matters connected with Cowper, and more into the proceedings of the Evangelical party. This I have clearly learnt, that Mr. Thornton exercised more influence among the clergy than any of the bishops: he bred up youths of his own persuasion at Cambridge and at the American colleges, supplied the Evangelicals with curates for their nurseries, and with money for distributing among the poor and to eke out their own incomes, and purchased advowsons, to which he presented his approved ministers as they became vacant. I expect to obtain Powley's letters to him. It appears that Unwin (who was a pupil and friend of Paley's) was thought extravagantly candid by the strict professors.

But the most curious paper which has reached me is the story of John Cowper and the fortune-teller, spoken

of in vol. i. p. 219. It has been sent me by the only person living who could have authenticated it, and who desires his name may not be made public; but this restriction is not so made or intended as to prevent me from letting you know that * * * * * is the person, and that his father *witnessed* everything remarkable in the story, which is one of those that it is neither possible to disbelieve nor satisfactorily to account for.

Nothing has occurred to me that I could bring into shape for your inscription: and as for poetry, so little inclination for it is left, that I must feel very much at leisure before my thoughts could be made to take that direction. Leisure I may look for when "Cowper," and the "Admirals," and the revision of "Wesley," are off my hands; but before I get through the first of these I shall have entered on my grand climacteric. That I never am idle for five minutes which it is possible to employ, I may truly say; and it is not less true that more time is employed in increasing my materials for works intended or in progress, than in using the abundant collections already made.

I am sorry that Charles's health has made it expedient to take him from Westminster at the time when Westminster becomes most useful. What you get in the sixth form there is not easily got elsewhere. I see little chance of the school's recovering its numbers. The under school may be looked upon as virtually abolished, and there went half its amount. Preparatory schools have effected this, and no doubt they owed their success in great part to the system of fagging. But I suppose that the schools, both at King's College and the London University, have drawn off a large proportion of its day-boys. The school at the latter I am told is very good, and there is no reason to suppose that the other is not equally so. Nothing but a master thoroughly fitted for such an office, and thoroughly fond of it, can

restore it to its old standard; and such men are not easily found. They have just got one, I believe, at Harrow, in young Christopher Wordsworth.

Have you seen "Subscription no Bondage," an Oxford pamphlet of last year? They tell me the author's name is Morrice, in one or other of its modes of spelling, —I know not which. But it is a most able treatise, and might make the most self-sufficient utilitarian feel the hollowness of his philosophy, if he were capable of conviction.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, April 11. 1836.

My dear Mrs. Bray,

You ask me about "Raleigh's Poems," and I ought long ago to have answered the question. Sir Egerton Brydges published an edition of them, "now first collected," at his Lee Priory Press in 1813, one of his beautiful books in quarto — 100 copies only; and probably the Oxford edition of Raleigh's works (which I have never seen) would contain these as there collected; for the Oxford editor, as I hear, took no pains to collect or add anything himself. They are but few in number, and of those few some are *certainly* not his, and others ascribed to him on doubtful authority, as taken from the miscellanies of his time.

I looked closely into one part of "Raleigh's Life," while writing the "History of Brazil," and the result was a conviction that he was not a man of veracity, but asserted, for the sake of deceiving others, things which he could not possibly have believed himself. He was a very able man, — one of the ablest in an age fertile of ability; but his practical wisdom was of a crooked kind.

Will you present my thanks to Mr. Hughes for sending me the West Country newspaper, which I received this morning. Every such favourable account of the "Life of Cowper," as is there contained, carries comfort with it to the publishers, who have been very ill-used by the rival booksellers, and worried by their country correspondents, because I would not quicken my pace to run a race with Mr. Grimshawe. This day the conclusion of the Life is to be published; and this day I have received documents which can now only be used for some future and probably posthumous edition, though I must work upon them without delay. They are Mr. Newton's collection of letters, putting me thus in possession of the suppressed passages, and containing also many of his letters to Mrs. Unwin, and of hers to him, with other correspondence. Materials have come to me so unexpectedly from various quarters, that I often think of Elijah and the ravens. Indeed, I believe that before my task is ended, I shall know everything that can now be known concerning Cowper, and those who were most intimately connected with him.

April 30. — Mr. Newton's collection of letters has given no little trouble to the printers; half a volume had been set up at the press before they could be informed that the last four or five sheets must be disarranged to make room for the insertions from these documents; and my business has been to collate the printed copies with the originals; to fill up omissions, many of which were of the most curious kind, and others of those domestic and local occurrences which make the reader perceive that the letters were written not for publication, but with the freedom and playfulness of friendly intercourse; and to rejoin heads, tails, and *betweenities*, which Hayley had severed, and then pieced according to his own fancy, and which were sometimes scattered between his volume and Dr. J.

Johnson's. My daughters have but just completed the task of transcribing these passages, and this day's post is now carrying to London the last packet of this part of their labours; but mine are far from being ended: I have to correct the proof sheets of a volume a month for the next eight months, with an Author's sense of the mischief which careless printers have done, and are continually doing, to all our best writers; and I have, besides briefer notes and notices, a supplemental volume to write. There, in the memoirs of Cowper's more intimate connections, I must introduce such information as has reached me too late for insertion in his own.

As for the "Atlas" and the "Assinæum," I am more sorry than surprised that they should have kept up their character at the expense of your book. These worthless journals are now so numerous (the weekly ones I mean) that one is sure of being praised in some, and abused in others. Where there are no party or personal motives to influence the writer, his random opinion is as likely to be one way as the other; and if one of them injures you in its own circle, another gives it an impulse; so that, on the whole, authors are likely to be benefited by them. If abuse is talked of, such talk leads sometimes to contradiction; and the book that is talked of is in most cases served.

I am obliged to Mr. Hughes for another newspaper.

The case which you mention of a person in delirium speaking a language which he had forgotten when in his senses is not a solitary one: the same thing would probably occur to those who talk in their sleep. Sometimes I dream of speaking Portuguese with more volubility than I ever did in Portugal, and certainly with a readiness which it would be impossible for me to approach when awake.

I have passed through Cornwall backwards and forwards twice on my way to and from Lisbon, in 1795–6 and in 1800-1. The first time, my uncle and I spent

several days, while waiting for a change of wind, at Nanswhyden, near St. Columbs, then inhabited by Mr. Hoblyn, a fellow collegian of my uncle's. It was one of the best houses in the country, but was burnt to the ground many years ago. Except the dreary environs of that place, and what lies within sound of a gun from Falmouth, I have seen no more of the county than hastening through it. But whenever I reach Tavistock (if it please God that that intention should ever be carried into effect) I shall go on to see Derwent Coleridge, at Helstone, and, if Cuthbert (as I trust) should be with me, return along the northern coast.

May 4. Thus long this letter has been unfinished. It shall now no longer be delayed. Among other operations, the great one of arranging my letters is now going on, as a step of no little importance towards "setting my house in order." There is an accumulation of nearly forty years. If my coadjutor in the task of compiling "Dr. Bell's Life and Correspondence" had not undertaken this task for me, necessary as it is, I should hardly have found courage to enter upon it myself, even if I could have found time. It is more than a week's work. There will not be much of me for worms' meat; but think, what pickings the booksellers will have of my remains! Sir Richard Phillips, of the "Monthly Magazine," used to rub his hands and chuckle for joy when he heard of what he called "a good death" for his Magazine. Hayley is the only author I ever heard of who contrived to enjoy the benefits of his own death by anticipation. He wrote his own life and sold the copyright of it to Colburn for a handsome annuity, calculated, no doubt, upon the probability of his dying soon. But, to Colburn's dismay, he lived, and lived, and lived, year after year, till Colburn thought he was going to live for ever, or, at least, that his life had been pitted against Old Parr's by some superior power. And when he died at last,

and all which it would have been monstrous to publish was by Dr. Johnson's interference cut out from the manuscript, the book never paid the mere cost of publication. My kindest regards to Mr. Bray. My thanks to Mr. Hughes for the two papers; and my remembrances to Mary, who, if ever I meet on earth, is not to be afraid of me,—nobody ever yet was.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Bray.

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, April 16. 1836.

MY DEAR G.,

If my time were not more pressingly occupied than it ever was before, by the arrival of Mr. Newton's papers, to the disarrangement of sheets that are already set up, the inevitable delay of our fourth volume, and a great increase of trouble to myself and of transcription work to my daughters, I would reply largely to your pleasant letter, which, with the half bills, arrived this morning.

Bring your Almanacks with you. I have two such volumes, one of 1636, which contains twenty-four,—five short of your number. Dove and Poor Robin are there, but not the Catholic one. The other volume is 1734, the year of our friend's birth, in which I found the aspects for the day. I have two chapters and a half written in connection with those subjects; and I have such stores of materials *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, that, when you see them, you will wonder *unde diabolus* they all came from, *quomodo diabolus* they were ever got together, and *ubi diabolus* they are ever to be disposed of, or, if you like better, *quid diabolus* can ever be done with them? Think of the candle ends

and cheese parings of a plentiful house accumulating for more than twenty years!

God bless you. Commission me as soon as possible to engage quarters for you, because this is a business in which delays are dangerous.

R. S.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, May 5. 1836.

My dear Warter,

The book which Wilkin mentions, vol. ii. p. 171., as not being in the Museum, and not having been found by him, I happen to possess. Its title is: —

"Shibboleth, ou Reformation de quelques passages dans les Versions Francoise et Angloise de la Bible. Correction de diverses Opinions communes, Peintures Historiques et autres mattéres. Par Jean Despagne, Ministre du Saint Evangile. A Geneve, 1671."*

On the fly-leaf I have made the following note, from Todd's "Memoirs of Brian Walton" (i. p. 89.):—

"This Shibboleth was originally dedicated, 'A son Excellence Messire Olivier Cromwell, General des Armées de la Republique d'Angleterre.' The author, according to Mr. Todd, courted Cromwell's notice, by attempting to depreciate the authorised English version, at a time when Parliament had ordered a Bill to be brought in for a new translation, as a kind of counterbalance on the part of the Republican theologians to Walton's 'Polyglott.'"

The dedication is omitted in this edition; but Jean D'Espagne may certainly be acquitted of any time-serving views, in his "Biblical Researches." If such an expression may be permitted, the Bible was his hobby-horse. He is a theologian of Mr. Bellamy's class.

* There is an English translation by Rob. Codrington. London, 1655, 12mo.

Mr. Todd says this is a very uncommon book. It is certainly a very curious one. Bayle says: "Cet auteur est assez digne d'être lu; son Livre des Erreurs populaires content de très bonnes choses."

There will be a chapter about him (written some twenty years ago) in the fifth volume of a certain Opus; and there is a note from this very book in the first volume of "Roderick," concerning Mary Magdalen.

I have, in the same volume, "L'Harmonie du Temps," in two parts, and "L'Examen de XVII. Maximes Judiaques," by the same author, all printed at Geneva in the same year. I found it at a stall in 1803, at Bristol.

Vol. ii. p. 220. The *jeu d'esprit* in the note is clumsily imitated from the Spanish.

Sir Robert Inglis offered me a copy of the "Bishop of Limerick's Life," if I was not possessed of one, he having purchased a few copies for distribution. Forster had already sent it me; but I told Inglis, if he had it to spare, I should be obliged to him if he would send it to Edith, *viâ* Harley Street.

If I had reviewed Sir T. Browne, I should have been in danger of composing a supplement to his great work, — so much odd matter I could have selected from Jean D'Espagne, Zabaleta, and Salgues. I have just taken the Spanish author from the shelves, and, looking over my old landmarks in his cruelly clipt margin, see so many things worthy to have been discussed at Doncaster, that the book is not likely to be replaced before one chapter at least is begun, and sundry memoranda made for others. God bless you.

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, May 13. 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is a piece of good fortune to have found the

Will, and equally so that I did not follow Hayley's misstatement that Cowper died intestate, as Grimshawe has done, — a strange inaccuracy in Hayley, and still more so in Grimshawe, who seems literally to have learnt nothing from his connection with Dr. J. Johnson.

Certainly, I should have repeated the misstatement when I came to speak of the publication of Cowper's papers; my reason for omitting it before was, that to have added anything after the account of his death, would have been to weaken the impression which it was wished to produce.

The Will, &c. may be placed after the supplemental account of Hayley, in which I shall show under what restriction his "Life of Cowper" was composed. He did not know all, and was not at liberty to tell all he knew. Grimshawe was, — but Grimshawe had nothing to tell. Is he the son of that Grimshawe whose life was written by Mr. Newton? (this I learn from one of the letters among the Powley papers, but no such life is in the collection of Newton's works which you sent me, and that which circulates among the Methodists is written by Miles; but it is the same Grimshawe).

There are three works which I shall want for our supplementals, — Erasmus Middleton's "Evangelical Biography," in which I expect to find memoirs of those persons with whom as a party Powley and Mr. Newton were connected; the "Life of M. Guyon," which is a well-known book among the Quakers; and the latest edition of Madame de Maintenon's "Letters," in which I am led to expect much curious matter concerning M Guyon.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, June 24. 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . . . .

I had intended to introduce a note upon the passage respecting Charles Wesley, in consequence of seeing it adverted to in Mrs. Bulmer's "Memoirs of Mrs. Mortimer." That Cowper meant to designate him by "Occiduus," cannot, I think, be doubted, unless there were any other "famous divine" at that time whose name was *West*, or *Western*. This may fairly be inferred from his calling Whitfield "Leuconomus." I am equally satisfied that Cowper was misinformed, or possibly (which I should be more willing to think) he misapprehended Lady Austen. One of Charles Wesley's sons became a Roman Catholic; he therefore might very well have had a Sunday concert at his house, and this may have been the ground of the aspersion on his father. There is likely to have been some mistake, and this seems an easy one; some circumstances may have been almost unconsciously added, in the way that stories are exaggerated as they pass from one to another; and it must also be remembered, that Cowper was strongly prejudiced against the Wesleyan Methodists, with whom Mr. Powley and the circle of his ministerial friends were at war.

I shall draw up a note to this effect. And if Miss Tooth will favour me with any observations upon the subject, and the view which is here taken of it, or refer me to any documents, I shall feel myself greatly obliged, and will pay due regard to them.

Mr. Wyon has obtained for me a transcript of the poem which he spoke of. The owner of the original (Mr. Maitland, a relation of Cowper's) thinks it not fit for publication; though it will be regarded as a curious relic hereafter. It is a burlesque cantata upon

Spencer Madan's fiddling, — the joint composition of Frederic Madan and Cowper, and this is very likely to have given Thornton the hint for his burlesque Ode for St. Cecilia's Day; for no doubt it was shown at the Nonsense Club, and there is good reason to believe that it preceded it in point of time.

After much consideration, I am disposed to think that we should prefer the first edition of the "Homer" to the second. All possible pains were bestowed upon the first, when Cowper's mind was in its full strength, and when he had the advantage of having the translation criticised by able judges as it went on. His letters show how fully he had considered the subject of versification, and how completely his opinion was formed. Yet, in the second edition, he proceeds upon the opposite principle of making it all smooth as a bowling-green. There happens to be a case which is precisely in point, except that in the one it relates to an original poem, and in the other to a translation. It is that of Tasso's "Jerusalem:" he remodelled it, when his mind was deranged, and smoothed the versification in the same manner. Is not this singularly curious? The original poem is that which is always reprinted and read, and this is a *precedent* which I think we should be perfectly justified in following, and which we ought to follow.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Messrs. Longman and Co.

Keswick, July 2. 1833.

DEAR SIR,

That an edition of my poetical works would, some time or other, be published in monthly volumes, I have thought probable ever since this mode of publi-

cation came into vogue. But I did not suppose that the time for it would arrive during my life.

It is no doubt to be wished, in the case of any works which are (as I believe these to be) likely to last, that there should be a collective edition, deliberately revised by the author, and also corrected by him as it passed through the press. The question in the present instance is whether success may not now be deemed so precarious that it were better to forego this advantage and wait for my decease? There will be for a posthumous edition much preparatory and preliminary matter, which cannot appear with propriety before I shall die,—to more advantage perhaps in this respect than any of my contemporaries.

On the other hand there is a great probability that as soon as I am dead, a cheap edition of all that the law leaves unprotected will be hurried into the market, before my representatives could bring out that which had received my sanction. The sharks in your profession (and the law has not a greater proportion of them) are always alert and on the scent. Grimshawe's "Cowper" is a case in point. Against these privateers (not to call them pirates), an edition set forth now might be some protection, because they could not undersell it, neither could they avail themselves of the last corrections and additions.

There is, however, another point to be considered. An edition undertaken at this time should of course include such pieces worth preserving as have through various channels got abroad. I would not add to them anything which has not already been printed. But these amount to more than 3000 lines, and among them are some of my best minor poems. How far, then, would such an edition, thus rendered complete up to its date, be likely to impede the success of that posthumous one which I have looked to as one means of increasing the small provision made for my family?—Ma-

terially, it seems to me, unless an interval of several years should elapse. But I shall soon enter upon my sixty-third, and my remaining ones must, in the course of nature, be few.

I have thus, after twice taking counsel with my pillow, laid before you the considerations which must be weighed before a determination can be formed. Your opinion upon them will have great influence with me, for I am more inclined to rely upon your judgment than my own.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, July 24. 1836.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Poor William Taylor, of Norwich, has, as I learnt two days ago, left me five of his shares in the Huddersfield Canal. It had been, I believe, to him a very losing speculation. They are not worth 35*l.* a share, and the dividend is 5 per cent.; so I shall let them remain, unless I should be advised otherwise. He had little to leave, but no near relatives, and his distant ones are wealthy.

His has been an ill-fated life. His father retired from business with a good fortune, as it was thought, some fifty years ago. Their only child therefore was not bred up to any profession; and it was too late to enter upon one when he found that the far greater part of his father's property was lost by the villany of one upon whom they had placed entire reliance; marriage, therefore, was out of the question; and having devoted himself wholly to his blind mother, and his father, as long as they lived, he was left alone after their death. He had no comfort in his opinions; and, when not engaged with books, or in company, sought for conso-

lation from the habitual practice of smoking, — an evil habit which he brought from Germany in his youth, and abandoned himself to it during the latter part of his life. In his better days he was a delightful companion; and a man more thoroughly kind and generous in all his feelings I have never known. His works will be pilfered without mercy and with little danger of detection. Yet, had he been educated, and trained in the way he should go, with his talents, his industry, and his good qualities, he might have lived a happy life, and left behind him a great and enduring reputation.

Thank you for your kindness to Cuthbert.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, July 25. 1836.

Dear Sir,

There are two points in your letter on which it is proper that I should enter into some explanation,— the embellishments and the prose materials.

I mistook your meaning concerning the number of embellishments. You spoke of "periodical five shilling volumes, like Byron, Crabbe, &c.," and as the frontispieces to their works are in the vignette form, I thought that you had written "vignettes, title pages, and a portrait, &c.," and not *vignette* title pages. This accounts for the mistake.

My poetical works, are too numerous to obtain collectively a successful sale while I am living, in any other mode of publication than this which is at present in vogue. They could not be comprised in fewer than ten volumes, except in the form of Galignani's edition; and as for printing them in that form, the possible advantage is little at the utmost, and I would not for any consi-

deration put these eyes to the task of correcting the proof sheets. But at the lowest price which could be fixed upon ten pocket volumes, they could not compete with Galignani. A collective edition seems, therefore, out of the question in any other than the periodical way.

But in that way the chance of success would be diminished just in proportion as the work was inferior to those with which it would certainly be compared;—inferior, I mean, not in intrinsic worth (upon which there may be different opinions),—but in appearance, in those extrinsic attractions, which are the first things seen on opening the book, and of which every one can judge. The periodical sale depends so much upon these attractions, or at least they are considered as such important features of the works so published, that they are now *principally* noticed by the weekly critics, and hold a prominent place in all puffs. I know not whether an additional sale could be calculated on sufficient to cover the expense of frontispieces; but without them the work would have the disadvantage of being less embellished, and therefore dearer, than any other of the same kind.

Now concerning prose materials, or rather concerning the intrinsic attractions which would be given to a collective edition. Reserving for some future time those materials which it would be unbecoming in a living author to produce, but which are sure to be deemed valuable after his death, I could add incidental notes, prefatory notices, and a General Preface. The corrections are numerous, for I have spared no pains in correcting every piece that was worth the trouble. There are a good many poems not hitherto collected, and several which have never been published. I should expect that the Preface would excite some attention, and that even if the first volume were otherwise likely to *hang astern*, the "Devil in his Walk" would give it a hearty shove.

I never thought of compromising between a present and a posthumous edition. If one is undertaken now, it should be rendered as complete as possible, dismissing all apprehension of eventual injury. To make the best use of the present must always be the best way of providing for the future; and of this, God be praised, I feel assured, that, die when I may, my memory will be one of those which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Yours, very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Robert Baldwin, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Aug. 4. 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

Our better way now will be to connect all the letters to Mr. Park, with the Memoir concerning him. A letter in "Rowland Hill's Life" has also been overlooked, and one in Hannah More's, but which should be introduced into the notes.

I should have sent you the first volume of the "Poems" to begin with, if the influenza had not paid me a second visit this year, and rendered me unable to do anything.

The parcel arrived on Sunday morning. One of those which it contained, brought me from Mr. Donne the "Yearly Chronicle," for which you had made inquiry in vain, the "Norfolk Miscellany," and some letters from Lady Hesketh and Mr. Johnson, — very interesting in themselves, and valuable to us, as confirming to the full what I had said concerning the consequences of Mrs. Unwin's illness.

The reviewal of Hurdis's "Village" turns out not to be Cowper's, though he calls himself, in one of his letters to him, *his critic,* and thus led me into the mistake. I suppose he has criticised it in manuscript; but in the review the "Task" is praised, which is decisive upon that

point. I find, however, by the signature (P. P.), two other papers by Cowper, on Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," and Darwin's "Botanic Garden." He became tired of reviewing so soon, or rather so incapable of attending to it, in consequence of his engagement to annotate "Milton," that these may, perhaps, be the whole of his contributions to the "Analytical." This, however, may be ascertained, if not with perfect accuracy, sufficiently for our purpose, by examining whether there are any subsequent articles with the same signature.

I have received by this day's post a communication from Mr. Cary, concerning the "Henriade." He has found the translation; it is in the "Grand Magazine and Monthly Chronicle" for 1759 and 1760. It becomes a question now whether room can be afforded for it. We have been very fortunate in obtaining almost everything of which we were in search, and must not complain because much has come to us too late to be made use of in the best place.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, Aug. 14. 1836.

MY DEAR WARTER,

Thank you for your "Sermon," with which I was very much pleased. Faringdon's have never fallen in my way; but our old friend Adam has made me very desirous of perusing them. The last sermons which I have read Mr. Bush borrowed for me; they were by Young's father, who was Dean of Salisbury; and it might be worth while for one who had the "Night Thoughts," &c., at his finger end, to read them for the purpose of discovering how far the father's writings had

imbued the son's.* This, I believe, has never yet been done with regard to a poet of far higher rank, Tasso, whom I suppose to have been very much influenced by his father's writings.

Among my latest purchases, is the most complete edition of Tasso's works; so complete, indeed, as to include many of the controversial writings concerning them. It is the Venice edition of 1722, in twelve quartos, and cost me only two guineas from Lilly's catalogue. Poor Heber had given 4*l.* 5*s.* for it, at a sale. Most of the books which I have procured from catalogues during the last twelve months have come from his marvellous collection, and all at prices so much less than he had paid for them that the loss must have been enormous.

This "Tasso" came in good time to decide me in a matter upon which I was hesitating — whether to print Cowper's "Homer" from the first or second edition. The case of Tasso's "Jerusalem" was curiously in point. He recast it, like Cowper, in deference to the critics; like Cowper, he worked upon the revision when his mind was diseased, the disease being very much of the same kind; and like Cowper, against his own judgment, he smoothed down the versification, and took especial care to get rid of all elisions. The poem thus revised is only reprinted in this and one other general edition of his works, and is never read. There could not be a more complete coincidence; and I shall in consequence, without scruple, print that version on which Cowper bestowed unwearied pain while his mind was at its best, and while he followed his own unbiassed judgment.

Another addition to my stores is one which I have coveted and desired for forty years: a complete set of "Amadis" in French, the only language in which it is

* I have read these Sermons with great attention, and know the "Night Thoughts" as well as most people; but I do not trace any connection between the Dean and the Poet.

attainable,— twenty-nine little volumes, in fine old morocco binding, with one duke's arms on the outside, and another, both equally unknown to me, on the in. This was the complete series when it was printed. Three volumes were afterwards added, in a different size; and these, also, I have with them. The whole consists of twenty-four books: of these I had read the first five;— the 8th and 9th in the original Spanish; the 7th, 10th, 22nd, and 24th, in French; the 14th and 15th in Dutch. The other eleven will be new to me. But I have begun at the beginning, and shall make them my pocket-companions when I walk alone, till I have got through the series. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Sept. 4. 1836.

My dear Rickman,

I am about most unexpectedly to leave home for a few days. There is a great Will cause now trying, for the third or fourth time, at Lancaster; and the question is now said to turn upon this single point, whether some of the letters which have been produced in the handwriting of the testator, are not so different in language, style, &c., that they could not possibly have been all composed by the same person. Dr. Lingard, who knows all the circumstances (living on the spot), has examined them critically, and drawn up his reasons for coming to this conclusion. But he wishes to be supported in his opinion by others who may be supposed likely to be competent witnesses in a case of criticism depending upon internal evidence; and accordingly Wordsworth and I (among others) have been urged to attend in the Court on Thursday next. From the letters which I have seen, I have not a doubt upon the subject.

One thing reconciles me to this disagreeable and in-

convenient interruption. *It breaks the ice;* and, by what passes during an absence of four or five days, I shall see how matters go on without me, and whether I can fitly leave home for a long circuit. If that be possible (as we hope it may), my purpose is to set out about the middle of next month (as soon, in fact, as a volume of the "Admirals" can be completed), take Cuthbert with me into the West by way of Bristol, leave him at Tarring, and then to London, there to do all that remains to be done with Cowper's letters, by getting at those in Jekyll's possession. A fortnight may suffice for this — an affair in which I can have no help; and I would rather be your guest than my brother's or Bedford's.

I had three invitations to the Wittena-gemot this year. A marvellous discovery is announced there by a neighbour of Poole's — the composition of crystals and other minerals. The next thing will be to decompose gold, which we may expect to hear of, and then they will know how to make it.

I am glad to hear that William * turns his thoughts to architecture, — one of the ways in which men may leave great monuments, and there are not many ways. The country, by God's blessing, will yet escape destruction; it will be rich enough for anything; and though the Parliament Houses were burnt ten years too soon for him, there will be churches, and colleges, and palaces, and bridges for him to erect. "We shall never live to see it," said one old person in this country to another, talking of something that might happen some years after; — "*Nea*," the other replied, "but *m'appen* we may hear tell!" But in that state of existence wherein every one is his own balloon, you and I may make an excursion from some other world to look at William's works in this. God bless you.

R. S.

* Mr. Rickman's son, — to whom I am obliged for the use of his father's letters.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Sept. 9. 1836.

DEAR SIR,

I found these proofs on my return from Lancaster yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Tate's suggestion concerning the "Homer" is well worth attending to. His character as a schoolmaster was such that by adopting it *as his advice* you will recommend this part of the work to scholars. And, with separate title-pages, some sets of the translation are likely to be purchased by students, and some also to make Grimshawe's edition less incomplete.

I am obliged to the printer, not only for rectifying the oversight about the poem of which Hayley had printed an extract, but also for correcting (p. 40.) an error in Mr. Croft's volume, which made nonsense of the passage, and which had perplexed me. The correction is unquestionably right.

I have now some reason to hope that in the course of the next three months I may inspect both Mr. Bagot's letters and Mr. Hill's, which are the only collections of any importance that we have not obtained.

Mrs. Johnson has just written to me. She says: "How grieved I have felt that I could not contribute to your valuable work! I am sure it would have delighted me to make you a partaker of the interest with which I trace every line that relates to our beloved Cowper that is in my possession; but my dear husband was so express on that point—he had such a dread of seeing any more in print relating to his mental malady, or the delicate history of his private life, mixed with painful statements respecting family matters. How those letters of Lady Hesketh's escaped from his treasured relics I cannot conceive! I must confess to you, dear sir, that the situation in which I have been placed with my brother-in-law, Mr. * * * * * (to whom *I*

have not given anything), has been peculiarly delicate, and has hindered me. You will, I trust, understand me." Except the Teedon letters, Mrs. Johnson, I think, could communicate little with which I am not acquainted. I know that Dr. J. Johnson thought him a hypocrite, and that a set of hypocrites were feeding upon Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, after her faculties began to fail. Teedon's Journal is now the remaining document which I most wish to see. It is in the hands of Mr. Gauntlett's family, and we will endeavour to procure a sight of it, if (as I hope) I should be in London in December.

Yours, very truly,

R. S.

Sept. 10. 1836.

DEAR SIR,

My reason for altering the arrangement in these sheets is that I might class together (and, as well as I could guess, in their natural order) the poems which relate to Cowper's early love. On these I mean to lay some stress in a brief Preface to this volume, as of much interest in themselves, and giving a peculiar value to this edition.

This day's post has brought me a letter from Malta, in which Mr. Frere communicates to me thirteen stanzas of a poem, which he supposes to be the one mentioned (I know not where) as having been written by Cowper, in the manner of John Gilpin, but many years before. He has retained them in his memory from a scrap-book, into which the whole poem had been pasted as cut from a newspaper. They are quite good enough to be genuine, and the internal evidence is almost conclusive.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 14. 1836.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

My journey was of no use in the trial, such evidence having been objected to, on grounds which might well have been disputed, if it had not been thought to yield the point. The circumstance, however, of our being prepared to deliver and substantiate an opinion that the letters produced in the handwriting of the testator, as proofs of his capacity, were not, and could not, have been the composition of one person, was deemed of consequence by the parties for whom we were willing to appear. In another respect the journey has answered my purpose, and shown that (if no ill intervene) I may leave home without scruple or any serious inconvenience. My intention, therefore is, about the middle of next month (by which time I shall have finished a fourth volume of "Admirals"), to set out with Cuthbert for Bristol, making some flying visits on the way. There I shall take up my quarters with Cottle for a few days, and show Cuthbert what nobody else could show him, the scenery of my boyhood and youth. Thence we shall proceed to the uttermost parts of the West; and after depositing him on our return therefrom at Tarring, I hope to reach London early in December.

I trust that you will find as much benefit from the progress of science, in the treatment of your eyes, as I did on a different occasion when under the surgeon's hands. Sir W. Alexander has probably restored more persons to sight than all the oculists that ever lived before him. Restored sight, however, requires so much care that you must not again expose yourself to the glare of Pandemonium; and it will be no evil to have leisure for bringing forth your own stores. That my own eyes have held out so well I believe is owing to

their having been little exposed to strong artificial light. I write always by one candle, and with no other in the room. Lamps at a London dinner distress me, which is proof of the injury which such sort of light would have occasioned me, if I had been much exposed to it.

That passage in Mr. Newton's letter which has fastened upon your mind is indeed a noticeable one. The more I know of the ultra-religionists the more I dislike them, and the more clearly perceive the injury which they have done and are doing to religion, which, rightly understood, is not only the most important of all things, but the most reasonable also. It is because I know *them*, and acknowledge *this*, that the said ultras heartily dislike me. I had an obliging letter from one the other day, the Rev. Peter Hall (late of St. Luke's, Chelsea), to tell me that I had done more harm to the cause of religion than any writer of the age.*

A week's work upon the letters in Jekyll's possession, and a morning or two at the Museum, will despatch my business in London. God bless you.

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Sept. 15. 1836.

My dear Sir,

The letters of which Mrs. Johnson speaks are those of Lady Hesketh to her husband, copies of which you obtained from Mr. Upcott. How they should have got into a stranger's hands she might well wonder. The passages in them which spoke bitterly of poor Mrs.

* It is because there has been much talk about what was with held in the "Life and Correspondence," that "Pahat" and "Jedephary" are published in this series. The world now knows the worst; the talkers of inner rooms are silenced. Of such as these it was that Horace spoke, i. *Sat.* iv. 96., referring to Capitolinus, and Aristotle, in his "Rhetorics," stamps them for ever: "Τοιοῦτοι δὲ οἱ τεχνικώτατοι καὶ ἀδικώτατοι· τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς γὰρ βλάπτειν πειρῶνται, κ.τ.ἑ., lib. iii. 15. § 10.

Unwin I suppressed. Mrs. Johnson writes to me from Bedford, where her address is with Geo. Lewins, Esq. Since she left Clifton, she has lost by consumption the last of her daughters,—a young woman who had been married only a few months before the disease manifested itself.

I know not where a set of the "Gospel Magazines" can be found. Some odd volumes were all that I could be supplied with when composing the "Life of Wesley," and Longman borrowed those for me. A complete series of Newspapers and Magazines would be not the least useful part of a national library.

Provided "John Gilpin" comes next to "Tirocinium" it matters not whether it be at the end of one volume or the beginning of the next.

I send with to-day's proof the Contents as far as they go. Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. If I get at Mr. Jekyll's collection in December, as I now hope to do, we may then safely call ours a Complete Edition of Cowper's works. It will be worth while when you advertise the first volume of the poems to state that no other edition has ever contained the "Anti-Thelyphthora," or can contain those Early Poems which relate to Cowper's first attachment, and of which you have the copyright.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Sept. 23. 1836.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

In writing the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," and referring of course to my Spanish books, I find reason to suspect his veracity as to matters of fact in the relation of his first voyage to Guiana. He was never scrupulous about the means to whatever end he had in

view, and therefore, in the hope of enticing others to adventure with him, boldly repeated reports which it was impossible that so knowing a man could believe.

But my suspicion relates to a matter of fact. He says that he burnt the city of St. Joseph in Trinidad, and took prisoner there the Governor of Guiana, Antonio de Berrio. Now there is not only no mention of this in the Spanish historians, but it appears by them that Berrio could not have been in Trinidad at that time, his authority there being disputed, and another governor, who claimed under a different authority, in possession.

The only motive for falsehood in the case could be that of gaining credit for what he related concerning the riches of Guiana, and El Dorado on Berrio's authority.*

It has not been observed in any life of Raleigh which I have met with, that, while he was endeavouring without success (1695-6) to raise a force for the conquest of the golden empire, an agent of Berrio's was holding out the same allurements in Spain, and with extraordinary success. The fate of the expedition which he took out shows what would have happened to an English one if Raleigh had been listened to; I shall therefore bestow upon it a day's work. God bless you,

R. S.

To Charles Cradock, Esq., Paternoster Row.

Keswick, Sept 29. 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

Both these proofs arrived this morning. If the printer has more trouble than might have been expected with these Poems, it is because I never looked critically

* "My suspicion about Raleigh is, that Berrio never was his prisoner; and that he chose to represent the person whom he had taken as Governor of the Province in order to make his expedition appear of more importance."—*MS. Letter from R. S. to J. R., Oct.* 9. 1836.

at any poet whose verses it was so difficult to punctuate as Cowper's. This, however, will not be the case with his blank verse. It is in his long-rhymed poems that long sentences are formed by an accumulation of short, one after another, till commas seem colons, and colons pant after them in vain.

The text, I trust, will be more correct than in any former edition since the first. The spelling is sometimes restored where he evidently means the word to be pronounced as he has spelled it; and where it was a grammatical question I have always preferred his English to that of any subsequent Editor.

Yours, &c., R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Bedminster, near Bristol, Nov. 6. 1836.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Here we arrived on Thursday night, having left home on Monday the 24th last, and made four visits on the way. Hence we depart on Saturday next (the 12th), and the course of our movements will bring us to Tavistock in about a month from that time, according to our plans and present probabilities. When we reach Helston I shall see my way more distinctly, and I will write to you from thence. We shall look at Fowey, if the weather be favourable; go to East Looe, for the sake of seeing an old friend, who is now in that neighbourhood with her married daughter, Mrs. Farwell (the wife of a clergyman); and then I come to you with the magnanimous intention of remaining little less than a week.

Murray has asked me to review your book. I told him in reply what had withheld me from *proposing* so to do; and added that if he would insert a certain paper which had been very cavalierly set aside, at such time as might suit my convenience for annexing a conclusion to it, I would immediately, after my return home, be-

gin upon your letters. This he gladly consented to; and it will now be a great advantage for me to see Tavistock and your Tors, as well as a great pleasure.

I am now once more in my birth-place, the second time for twenty-five years; and this morning I go to the church which I used to go to with my grandmother, and which I have not entered since the year 1782. To-morrow I shall show Cuthbert the house in which she lived, and which was the very paradise of my childhood. It has been greatly changed, as you may suppose, but some of the more remarkable features remain; and when I was there in 1831 I recognised some of the fruit trees which my grandfather planted, — who built the house, and died ten years before I was born.

Landor is residing at Clifton at this time; he agrees with me that no city in England is to be compared with Bristol for singularity and beauty. Of this I am sure, that no one ever more dearly loved his native place than I do, though I expect and hope to end my days where I shall be gathered to my children — not to my fathers.

My kindest regards to Mr. Bray. I have some expectation of seeing John Jones in Bath. He has never seen me, and having formed a notion for himself that I was a very well dressed and venerable old gentleman who wore breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles, has since been told that the portrait of me in Galignani's pirated edition (which some one has given him) is an excellent likeness. How glad I shall be to see him, and to see your Mary! I know not whether I have more bitters or sweets to partake in this journey,— possibly, and indeed probably, the last that I may ever take into what we used at Bristol to call the West — but then I know that the bitters are wholesome.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Bray.

Yours, most truly,

Robert Southey.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Bristol, Nov. 9. 1836.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have been unlucky in missing you for the second time in my movements. You will have heard at Wynnstay how near I was to that place in the latter end of last month.

My brother, who was at Keswick last summer, urged me to leave home for awhile; yet I should hardly have made up my mind to do so, if a subpœna had not called me to Lancaster. That served as an experiment; and as my absence then produced no inconvenience, I resolved upon making a wide circuit, and taking Cuthbert with me to show him the scenes of my own childhood and early life, before I deposited him at Tarring. Here we are accordingly, and here we have been walking about the neighbourhood since Friday morning last.

This was one motive for my journey. Another is to see the only remaining relation of my own name who is older than myself (my aunt), and she is now on the brink of the grave, from mere old age. Taunton is her place of abode, where she has for a few years occupied a small house by a most extraordinary tenure. The woman who owned it, and with whom she lodged, left it to a son in the East Indies, with a proviso in her will that my aunt should reside in it rent-free till he returned to England and took possession of it. He was seized with a fever, got into the jungle when he was delirious, and is supposed to have been carried off by a tiger, as he has never been heard of since.

From Taunton we visit Poole at Stowey, and Sir Thomas Acland at his house near Porlock, which is his favourite residence. Then we work our way down the north coast (which I have never seen farther than Ilfracombe) to the Land's End, and to Derwent

Coleridge at Helston. We come up the south coast, and after sundry visits on the way, expect to keep our Christmas with my old college intimate, Lightfoot, to whom Philpotts gave a good living (much to his own credit), merely because of his character.

I shall be in London about the second week in January for a fortnight, my business there being to avail myself of the permission which you (through Rogers) obtained from 'Jekyll. On my way hither I devoted two days to a similar business with Mr. Egerton Bagot, and have brought from thence some very interesting letters. One of them, the earliest of Cowper's letters that has been or is likely to be found, was written soon after he had left school, to Bagot, who was then in college.

Here I have found out who the Welsh attorney was who desired to partake the gale with Cowper, and have transcribed two of Cowper's letters to the said Welshman. His name is Churchey*, and he published a huge quarto volume of poems, which I remember to have seen at a stall at the upper end of Chancery Lane, kept, as I long afterwards heard, by Spence, of agrarian notoriety.

I am heartily glad to hear that the German waters have relieved you. Indeed, in disorders of this kind, such remedies seem almost to be indicated as well as prepared by nature. My own circumstances remain as they were, and are likely to remain so.

But I must break off; for more than sufficient for the day is the business thereof. God bless you.

R. S.

* William Churchey, of Brecon. The title of the volume is "Poems and Imitations of the British Poets, with Odes, Miscellanies, and Notes." London, 1789, 4to.

To Miss Katherine Southey.

Killerton, Nov. 25. 1836.

MY DEAR KATE,

How we have been drawn out of our course to this place you shall hear; but first and foremost, as this change will delay our arrival at John Derwent's, and I am (as you may suppose) anxious for letters, let me desire you to write without delay, and direct to the Post Office, Exeter. By Sir T. Acland's advice I give this direction as a chance of receiving the letter sooner.

Our last was from Taunton. Poole came there for us on Saturday 19th, and we *flied* with him over Quantock to Stowey. He intended to have taken us a little out of the way, for the sake of calling on Mr. Crosse the philosopher, whose discoveries excited so much astonishment at the Bristol Wittena-gemot; but, behold! the fly stopped upon meeting Crosse himself, on foot and out of breath. A woman had lost her shawl on the road. A man was suspected of having made off with it, and Crosse, who is a magistrate as well as an experimental philosopher, was now acting as constable and thief-taker, and was only delayed in his pursuit of the culprit by the sight of his friend Poole in the fly. We were introduced; the woman, the shawl, and the thief were perfectly put out of mind, and he informed us that he had just made a discovery which exceeded all his former discoveries; but it was a secret. He could not make it known yet; he did not dare to, till a full and complete account could be prepared: it would be most injurious to let it transpire; yet if we would keep the secret faithfully and discreetly;—in short we were bound over to secrecy, not by oaths, indeed, but by injunctions, and by that honour which in honourable minds is more binding than all injunctions, and not less sacred than oaths, however solemn;

— and then the secret of this most wonderful of all wonderful discoveries, — this most astonishing of all astonishing results, — this most miraculous of all the miracles of science, was confided to us; a secret not before imparted to human ears, nor yet to be imparted; a secret compared to which the secrets of freemasonry are a jest, the Eleusinian Mysteries themselves but as a child's riddle, yea, and that secret, heretofore the secret of secrets, known only to Henry Taylor and myself, is itself a mere nothing. O Kate! O Bertha! it has burnt ever since upon my tongue and my lips whenever Mr. Crosse's name has been mentioned. It is burning at my fingers' ends at this moment. I marvel that the very pen between them is not scorched and shrivelled. But you know my invincible taciturnity, and need not be assured that what has thus been confided to me shall never be uttered, whispered, or written by me till the astounding fact itself shall have been divulged to the world!

Well; having engaged the arch-philosopher to dine with us on Monday, we proceeded to Stowey, and entered upon very comfortable quarters at Poole's. Mr. Ward and his son dined with us that day. Sunday we went to Stowey Church, and afterwards called upon Sir Peregrine Acland, at Fairfield; he is a mild and very obliging man, his wife a sweet woman. After fourteen years' marriage they had a daughter, who lived only three or four years, — a little prodigy on whom they doted, and whose loss they have taken too deeply to heart. The poor child died after a very short illness of water on the brain. They have another daughter, at present in good health, but who is not to them what the former was; and they have a son about a year old, whose life is not to be desired, and not to be expected,— for, unless I am greatly mistaken, he has the same mortal disease upon him, but in its chronic, not its acute form.

A double design had been formed upon me there. A monument had been bespoken from Chantrey, and Poole was commissioned to ask some lines for it from me. Of course I could not but promise them. Singleton, the painter, was in the house, and Sir Peregrine promised Poole a picture, if he could prevail on me to sit for it. Behold me once more under a painter's hands! One long sitting carried the portrait far enough for it to please everybody; and if it be finished with as much success as it has been commenced Sir Peregrine means to have it engraved.

We then *flied* to Stogursey just to see the Church and the ruins of the Castle, and then returned home to dinner, where Mr. Baker, the most learned of living men in fish, was one of our party. Monday we *flied* to Allfoxden, the owner whereof, Mr. St. Aubyn, dined with us, and Sir Peregrine, and the arch-philosopher. Tuesday, Poole *flied* us all the way to Sir T. Acland's Somersetshire seat of Holnicot. On the way we touched at St Awdrey's, a fine old house, once belonging to the Malets, but lately purchased by Sir Peregrine, who went thither from Fairfield to receive us. It is a very beautiful spot, though we lost much of the sea view. From thence he accompanied us to Dunster, one of the finest scenes in the West of England. There Sir Thomas met us, mounted Karl, and rode with him the six remaining miles, while Poole and I proceeded in our vehicle: evening closed before we arrived, and when we got into his grounds, the driver knew not which way to go; stupid directions, not to be understood by any who were not well acquainted with the place, were given him. Poole and I got out of the carriage, and were as much like the Babes in the Wood as two elderly gentlemen could be, when by good fortune up came a horseman, who proved to be an Evangelical clergyman, * * * * by name, Cumberlander by birth, coming to dine with us, and there ended our distress.

Wednesday, we had first two miles' walk, then two miles' gigging, then six miles' walk. We parted with Poole after the first walk, which was in Sir T. Acland's grounds. The rest of the expedition was to Culbone (where the woman married all the men in the parish), and to a still more remarkable spot, called Glenthorn, where Mr. Halliday has built a beautiful dwelling about half-way up the cliff. The first path to it (six miles) is along the cliff at that elevation. I never remember any days' journey that impressed me more. Sir T. brought us here yesterday, alluring me out of my course that I might see the vale of the Exe, which we followed from the place where it takes its name to Tiverton. But our portmanteaus were sent by a stage coach, which has not delivered them. This is no inconvenience, because we had so packed our bags as to provide against such a disappointment; but I shall have a fret at the stomach till I see them again. Karl is gone with Sir T. to Exeter while I am writing, and we are to make a morning call to-morrow at Ottery, and on Charles Kennaway, who is with his brother at Escott. Monday we go to Mrs. Hodson, and shall dine one day with the Earl, who is looked for at dinner here to-day, and who, if he comes, will frank this letter. Lightfoot will be our next resting place; from here we make for Barnstable, and so to Linmouth and Linton, and must then turn back to Barnstable, in order to resume our purposed way down the north coast. Sunday the 4th we shall pass with Lightfoot, and before the Sunday following we shall reach Helston. But do you write without delay to the Post Office, Exeter. And now God bless you all. My love to your dear mother. Karl is delighted with all that he has seen in the north of Somerset and in Devon; and I am as well pleased as I can be anywhere but at home. As for getting out of a land of recollections, that I cannot do anywhere. Think of my finding at Glenthorn my brother's old servant, Thomas, living there

in service with Mary his wife. It would have done you good to have seen how rejoiced he was at seeing me.

R. S.

To Miss Bertha Southey.

Helston, Wednesday, Dec. 14. 1836.

BERTHA!!!

That exclamation and those notes of admiration are called forth by the sight of a pen, which I must endeavour to describe accurately, forasmuch as without an accurate description, faithfully drawn up and attested by a credible witness, you would not, could not, and ought not to believe that such a pen is in existence. Well, then, I say, and Karl will subscribe and *square* to it, that there is now upon this table a pen, made of a tolerably good goose-quill, and which might have been a very decent pen if it had been left *in puris naturalibus*. But the pen has been drest, — yes, Bertha, actually drest; for from the place where the bore of the feather ends, and the thick part begins, that thick part has been covered with a tight green silk pantaloon (N. B., not pantaloons, a feather not being forked), and this pantaloon is ornamented with small white beads, and at the end is a pendent tassel of green sewing silk with one bead on the single thread that connects it with the termination of the pantaloon. This is a faithful description, and therefore, I say again, in admiration and astonishment — Bertha!!!

Now, then, my dear B., I take up the history of my peregrinations where Karl is to leave off.

. . . . . .

So wild a spot as Boscastle I have seldom seen, and you can hardly imagine. A little straggling town in a steep glen, with a stream like a mountain stream running in the bottom. The glen is wild in its features, and would be beautiful if there were no habitations

there. But the houses have no marks of opulence about them, nor of comfort, though there are marks of activity enough to show that it is, you cannot imagine how, a thriving place. A great quantity of slates were lying about, a great number of earthen ovens, and huge piles of timber. Mr. A. walked with us to the port: so small it is, and so situated in a gorge of the rocks, that after the remarkable ports we had previously seen, we looked at this with wonder. There is room only for one vessel at a time, and that but a small one, within the breakwater; and even within the breakwater there is so little security in rough weather that the sloop which we saw there was fastened by moorings as strong as those which are required for a 32-gun frigate. How any sloop can enter unless in the finest weather seems marvellous; there is as little room for a sloop to swing between the rocks as there is to swing a cat in a closet, and the breakers are tremendous upon the whole of this coast. Here, moreover, there are what are called "blowing holes,"—holes in the rocks through which the wind is continually forcing the waves. We saw this very remarkable and rememberable place under sufficient discomfort of wind and showers.

R. S.

To Miss Katherine Southey.

Killerton, Dec. 17. 1836.

My dear Kate,

Your letter of Monday last arrived yesterday, and in company with it came a fearful packet, containing no less than eight proofs of "Sir Walter Raleigh," whose cunning head (I am sorry to say) is, as far as I am concerned with it, still upon his shoulders.

Now to proceed with our travels. Having taken leave of Mr. Avery and Boscastle, we proceeded to-

wards Tintagel, otherwise called Bossiney—one or both of which names you may find in the map. Mr. Avery advised us by all means to stop on the way, and go to a waterfall; it was the greatest curiosity, he said, in this part of the country, and Davies Gilbert, whenever he travelled by this road, went to look at it with fresh pleasure. We were to leave the carriage when we came to a bridge at the foot of a long hill, and then follow the stream for about half a mile. The driver stopped at a point where a road turned off up a hill; that being the place, he said, where strangers got out to see the waterfall. Some men at a house hard by confirmed this, saying it was about three quarters of a mile along the road, and there were then two or three fields to cross. This road proved to be so all but impassable for dirt, that we called to mind Mr. Avery's directions, and, concluding that the way which he had advised us to take might probably be better as well as shorter, and could not possibly be worse, we returned to the carriage, and drove on to the bottom of the hill, where the bridge, and the stream, and the path by it, appeared as he had described them. We congratulated ourselves too soon: the path ceased, and then the only choice left was between swamps at the bottom and whins on the hill-side; the most eager snipe-shooters would hardly have ventured to wade through the one, and no person in any penetrable clothing could have forced a passage through the other. We gave up the pursuit in despair, and, being thus fairly defeated, consoled ourselves, inferring that we could not have lost much, for though the glen was beautiful in itself, the stream was inconsiderable, even at this rainy season, when it was as full as it ever by possibility could be; you could in several places leap across it. Be it, however, known that, plausible as this inference may appear, it was altogether wrong; a print of the waterfall has been shown us, and justifies all that had been said of its

beauty,—the water, about mid-way in the cataract, or fall, passing through a natural arch of rock.

On we went to Tintagel—the most wretched place that ever deserved to be called a rotten borough. The little old hostess of a miserable public-house seemed to be dismayed at our arrival, and made it doubtful whether anything in the way of food could be procured us, while we were looking at the ruins and the port, and awaiting the chaise from Camelford. Tintagel, which is the most romantic ground in Cornwall, did not disappoint us. There, as at Boscastle, we were annoyed by rain, and still more by wind; but even in fine weather we should not have attempted to reach that part of the scene which cannot be approached without danger, a fall being inevitably fatal. The ruins are impressive, because of their situation and the traditions connected with them,—which you may find in some of the first chapters of "Morte d'Arthur,"—and, being ruins, they add to the dreariness of the spot: I had said the desolation also; but it is not desolate, for large quantities of slate are shipped here; and though there is nothing in the shape of a pier, nor any protection for what may almost be called its harbourless harbour, cranes are erected there. We entered a cavern, through which you may pass in a boat at full sea, or on foot at low water; it is no place to tarry in. I never felt so chilling a wind as came out.

By the time we had returned to the public-house (some half mile distant), dinner, such as it was, had been made ready, the old woman relaxed into good humour, and hearing us mention the waterfall, which we had not been able to see, she produced the view of it of which I have spoken. Two hours had been allowed as the reasonable time within which the chaise from Camelford might reach Tintagel: three elapsed, and what was to be done? To remain at Tintagel was impossible, for wretched as the accommodations were, they were

pre-occupied by one who had business there. Camelford was five miles out of our way. The driver intended to return to Bude that night,—twenty miles, to which five would have been added by taking us to Camelford, and the whole road bad. Upon consulting with the landlord it was agreed that the best course, both for us and the horses, was, not to wait longer for the chaise, but proceed the thirteen miles to Wade Bridge, the greater part of the way being good turnpike road. Already the evening was coming on, and owing to the darkness we were unable to see a quarry, which we had been enjoined by Sir Thomas to look at, and by that the road passes. For the horses' sake we had to walk up a very long hill in heavy rain; that hill, moreover, brought us upon the good road, and we got on easily to Wade Bridge,—a decent little town when compared to those which we had lately seen. Here a new difficulty occurred. It was necessary to reach St. Columbs that night, eight miles farther, and they had no other conveyance for us than a phaeton; how the baggage could be packed upon such a conveyance was the question, and, blockheads-like, we were devising how, when Karl exclaimed, "What upon earth should prevent us from taking on the fly? The driver is to sleep here, and the horses which take it to St. Columbs will bring it back to this place to night." Henry Acland wrote a note to the Bude landlord to justify his driver for assenting to this reasonable accommodation, and we got to St. Columbs by nine o'clock.

Sir Thomas had written to Polkinghorne, Champion of Cornwall (in wrestling) and landlord of the Red Lion at St. Columbs, to have beds ready for us. Never did the arrival of humble guests excite such stir in an Inn, and never was there so much stir to so little purpose: no preparations of any kind had been made; it was long before anything could be had to eat, longer still before the beds could be made ready; and as for fires in the

bedrooms, the attempt, which was made in all of them, succeeded but in one, and in that very imperfectly.

In December, 1795, on my way for the first time to Portugal, my uncle and I passed some days near St. Columbs, at Nanswhyden, the house of his friend and fellow collegian Hoblyn, who to my surprise I now learnt is still living. Nanswhyden was burnt to the ground some thirty years ago; it was one of the finest houses in this part of Cornwall, and there it was that I first met with that good "creature," black currant rum. Your poor dear mother received a long letter from me with the St. Columbs post-mark. There, too, it was that I met with the curate who sent me afterwards a specimen of his poem intitled "Paradise Found," and communicated his intention of writing another epic, which he had not determined whether to call the "Cookead," or the "Otaheitead." This very man is the Mr. Tremayne who suggested to Pinkerton some further improvements on *his* improvements of the English Language, as noticed in the notes of the last volume of "Cowper's Letters."

The Champion of Cornwall despatched us on Tuesday morning in a fly with two horses to Trevice, an old mansion once belonging to the Arundel family, but now the property of Sir T. Acland, and let with 500 acres of good land to a most respectable yeoman, Tremayne by name. He also had been written to, and was prepared to welcome us with such a breakfast, and such genuine old English hospitality, that it would have done your heart good to have witnessed one and the other. The house is as venerable as its old tenant, one of the finest halls and finest rooms I ever saw, in a state of keeping which just preserves them from decay. Here we might have been provided with board, lodging, and welcome as long as we pleased. After breakfast, however, we bade farewell to our hospitable entertainer, and proceeded to Perranzabuloe.

But of that place, I must not attempt to write at the fag-end of a letter. Suffice it for the present to say that we parted with Henry Acland at Bedouth, and reached Helston at six o'clock. The pleasure it has given me to see Derwent what he is, is enough to repay me for coming to the Land's End. You would like his wife, his little boy, and his wife's sister Kate, who is the more to be liked for her likeness to our dear Miss Hutchinson.

I must now tell you of our further arrangements. Monday we go to the Land's End, Derwent with us, and dine and sleep at W. Le Grice's*, a school and college friend of S. T. C's.; Tuesday we return here; and Wednesday Karl and I depart for Truro, where we sleep at an inn, and where, on Thursday, the Falmouth coach is to take us up, and carry us to Liskeard: the Fawells will meet us there, and, as they live only eight miles from Liskeard, we shall be in time for dinner. Friday we stay with them; and Saturday they are to convey us within one step of Tavistock.

The Derwents are going to Plymouth for the holidays. We remain at Tavistock till Friday, the 30th, and then go to them. There we stay Saturday and Sunday. Monday I hope to meet Lightfoot at Kingsbridge, and get with him to poor Mr. Luscombe's; stay Tuesday there, go to Archdeacon Froude on Wednesday, stay Thursday, and get to Exeter on Friday, with the expectation of getting to Miss Bowles' on Saturday night.

Farther than this I cannot lay down my course, except that I have resolved not to go into Norfolk, but to make that a separate journey at a more convenient season, when, for the sake of seeing all Cowper's ground, I may at the same time pay a visit to John Lightfoot;—this before I write the supplementary volume, about

* The mention of Mr. Le Grice's name gives me an opportunity of correcting a mistake in Vol. I. p. 381.: "His intimacy with Coleridge was uninterrupted," are his own words, so that Southey was mistaken.

which I will not hurry myself. You may well suppose that I long to be at home and at my wonted employments. We are both well, thank God, and, for myself, I appear in my allotted character of Lion with most lamb-like resignation. There cannot be a better behaved Lion. Miss Trevenner tells me that a knot of people in the street being asked what they were looking at, replied "that they were waiting to see the Lord Southey get into a carriage." God bless you all.

Your dutiful father,

R. S.

To Miss Bertha Southey.

Tavistock, Christmas Day, 1836.

MY DEAR BERTHA,

I have stolen half an hour before bedtime to begin a letter, which there was no possibility of doing the whole of last week.

You may have seen a book advertised by the title of "The Lost Church Found." Sir Thomas Acland gave me a copy of it, and that book sent me to Perranzabuloe, whither we proceeded from St. Columbs, after breakfasting with a fine old Cornish yeoman at Trevice, a fine old mansion in its first stage of decay.

There is a tract of sand upon this part of the north coast of Cornwall, three or four miles in length, and from one to two in breadth, a perfect desert, where the sand would extend over the adjacent lands, were it not that a little stream protects them; for when the wind sets the sand in motion it falls into the stream, and so is carried off. In some places the bent grows, which is the best, or rather the only means by which so loose a soil can be fixed; but the rabbits prevent the extension of this useful sort of grass; and if, by a not unlikely chance, the water of the stream should be drawn off by one of the mines in the neighbourhood, a good house with a good estate, and a village adjacent would

soon be overwhelmed. Two churches had successively been buried in these sands; it was known exactly where, and the oldest of them has lately been brought to light by excavation, — a British church, not larger than that at Buttermere, and of a much ruder construction, no mortar or cement of any kind having been used in it. That it must have been erected at least a thousand years ago is certain, and had it not been as completely buried as Pompeii, not a vestige of it could possibly at this time have remained. It was entire when first uncovered, but the most curious parts have been barbarously taken away, and the sand has again half filled it. All about, the sand is strewn with small fragments of human bones in the last stage of decay, decomposition having proceeded so far that they are almost skeletonised themselves, like those fallen leaves of which only the fibres remain; a stick, I am told, if thrust a few inches into the sand, is drawn up coated with that lime which the decayed bones have deposited there. It is evident, therefore, that there was once an extensive cemetery here, though it is now difficult to conjecture from whence the population could have been supplied; and the smallness of the place of worship renders so large a burial ground more remarkable, but that may be accounted for by some supposed sanctity in the spot.'

Except Stonehenge, I do not recollect any place that has impressed me more; we were within hearing of the loud sea, within sight of a deserted building belonging to some old mines, and of nothing else but the ruined church, and the foundation of (probably) the priest's cell, upon a scale proportionately small,—the bones, and the sand in some places perforated with rabbit holes, in others without a blade of bent, heaped in hills like huge waves by the action of the wind, and then again in ripples like sand under water, or like what water itself forms under a light motion of the air.

From the size of some of the holes, I think the king

of the rabbits keeps his court there, and drives in state through an archway to his palace. Small snails are found in great abundance here; one wonders on what they can feed.

The carriage had been sent on to the village or mining town of Perran, where we came to the skirts of the sand; and having seen the church, and a stone cross by the remains of the other church also, we crossed the desert, descended to the shore, and walked along the coast, crossing several *adits*, which are streams of water from the mines,—drains, in fact, of clear but poisonous water, from the nature of the minerals.

Monday morning, Dec. 26.

At Perran we were in the land of mines and miners. Opie was born in a village near this place. One of his nephews of the same name has shown the same turn for painting, and seems likely to succeed as a portrait painter. You can conceive nothing more deplorable than the appearance of the country in these districts: scratched everywhere in search of mines, and covered, where the search has been successful, with what has been thrown out from the excavations, on which, because of the poisonous nature of the minerals, nothing vegetates; so that the surface of the ground, when thus strewn, is condemned to incurable sterility,—incurable at least for many generations. There is, however, nothing loathsome as in the coal and forge countries: the operations here are clean, and the engines and buildings are rather picturesque than otherwise, and have nothing hideous about them. We reached Redruth between three and four o'clock, and there parted from Henry Acland,—he proceeding in a gig to Truro, there to catch the mail for Exeter that night. Both Karl and I had taken to him cordially, and I think it very likely that he may come as a "cathedral"* to pass

* This term has been explained before.

his next long vacation at Keswick. We took chaise for Helston, and about six o'clock arrived at John Derwent's door.

Now I have to remove from your minds the suspicion which you have (not without apparent reason) been led to form, respecting the character of the person to whom the pen in the green silk pantaloon belonged. The history of that finest of all fine pens we did not ask, and it was not communicated to us. But I am bound to say that we saw no one in that family to whom such a pen could seem fit, nor who seemed fit for such a pen. . . . . .

During our stay at Helston we walked one morning to see the remarkable lake formed near it by a little stream; the sea throws up a great bar or sandbank at its mouth, and thus effectually dams it, till either the weight of water from within breaks the dam down or the people open a passage. The lake thus formed is from three to four miles long, seven if measured by its bends and bays; the shores about as high as those of Esthwaite, of which, indeed, it reminded us. The bar had been cut not long ago, and it had been again thrown up; but so much rainy weather has filled all the streams, that the water was very high, and it was supposed that it would soon force its way out. We walked along the bar, and, at the cost of a thorough wetting under a succession of heavy showers, accompanied with high wind, saw the whole well and to advantage, if not comfortably. The distance was some seven miles. During the next night the bank was broken down, and in the morning the greater part of the lake had disappeared. There is a scheme for turning this intermitting lake into a port, which, it is said, would improve the permanent beauty of the scene, as well as make it a source of much prosperity to Helston; but it would destroy a natural curiosity which is unique in this island, if indeed there be a similar one anywhere else, and, moreover, it *might*

destroy a species of trout peculiar to this peculiar water, the loss of which fishers and fish-eaters would deplore.

. . . . . .

Your affectionate father,

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Stockleigh Pomeroy, Jan. 3. 1837.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Our journey to this place was accomplished without impediment or difficulty of any kind. We went eleven miles from Oakhampton, along the Exeter road, and then turned off by a cross road to Crediton. I am clearing off some arrears of the pen here. Our places are to be taken for Southampton in Thursday's night coach, which will probably arrive in time for the morning coach to Lymington, whither we are bound. Whether I shall proceed from thence to Sussex, or go first to London, depends upon the tidings which I am anxiously expecting of my daughter. At all events I hope to reach home by the middle of February: there I shall have much to do, and there I earnestly wish to be.

I have now to thank you and Mr. Bray for all your kindness. The week which we passed at Tavistock Cuthbert and I shall always remember with pleasure. The season was indeed unfavourable, and it was winter with me also. I may, and indeed hope to, see your country (properly *yours*) under a more cheerful aspect, at some future time: but it is not to be expected that you should see me so; and you must judge of what my spirits have been rather from my writings (which have always faithfully represented them), than by what you have seen of me, for you have seen only what is left.

My son joins with me in thankful remembrances to Mr. Bray. It will not be very long before you will

receive monthly mementos of me. My compliments to Mr. Hughes, and kind regards to Mary, whom it has given me more pleasure to see in your company and in her own nest, than I can express.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Bray,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Feb. 22. 1837.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

You will not wonder that I failed in my promise to you, and will readily forgive me for it, when you are told that I reached home the day before yesterday, after just seventeen weeks' absence, and a circuit of about as many hundred miles. I never was absent for so long a time before. So protracted a course of travelling began to counteract one of the motives for which it was undertaken, and to exhaust my spirits instead of recruiting them. I found it expedient therefore to put off several intended visits till a more convenient season, and make the best of my way back from London, instead of elbowing into Suffolk and Norfolk.

My next journey shall be undertaken with the special purport of confining it to Norfolk, and a visit (on the way) in Northamptonshire, which will quarter me within a morning's ride of Olney.

Now let me tell you the sum of my proceedings since Cuthbert and I took our departure from hence on Monday the 24th of October: we got no further than Kendal that day; Tuesday to Chester; Wednesday to Lord Kenyon's, on the borders of Flintshire, near old Bangor, a place noted in our history for the massacre of the monks. There we remainded Thursday; went on Friday to Mr. Parker's, near Oswestry, and on Saturday to Mr. Warter's (the father), five miles

from Shrewsbury, where we made our Sunday's halt. Monday the stage took us by Colebrook Dale and Madeley (which I was glad to see for Fletcher's sake) to Birmingham; and we made immediately to Mr. Egerton Bagot's house, Pipe Hays, six miles from that huge town. Mr. Bagot was a stranger to me; but I had been introduced to him by letter, by a common friend, and as he was a Westminster man, nearly of my own standing, we had topics enough of mutual interest. My business there was to peruse Cowper's letters to his father, which he would not trust out of his own hands. Two days sufficed for this; and what I found there was well worth the time there spent. We left him after dinner on the same day, and spent the evening at Edgbaston (one of the suburbs of Birmingham) with Mr. Riland, a clergyman with whom at different times I have had some correspondence, who married a sister of Sir Charles Wolseley, and whose father was a remarkable person, much connected with Martin Madan, Mrs. Powley, Mr. Venn, and the religious movement of those times. That night we slept in Birmingham at the Hen and Chickens, and were off next morning by a Bristol coach, out of which coach we were burnt as it entered Gloucester. It rained heavily at the time, but we had not far to walk; and while we were dining, another coach was made ready.

We took up our quarters that night with my old friend Cottle at Bedminster, about a mile from Bristol; and there we remained till November 11th. On the Sunday I went to Bedminster Church, and was placed in the churchwardens' pew, immediately opposite the spot where my grandmother's stood, when I had been last in that church, five and fifty years ago. The church had been repaired and newly pewed since that time; but I remembered some of the monuments, and there was the old view from the windows which I once knew so well. I took Cuthbert one day to my grand-

mother's house; my grandfather built it between the years 1740 and 1750. It has passed into the possession of several owners, since it was sold at his death; but, changed as it was, I could still recognise some trees of my grandfather's planting, and some of my uncle's. I showed Cuthbert also the house wherein I was born, and what had been my father's shop, and the places in Bristol where I had been at school. And we went eight miles to look at Corston, my first boarding school — of which you will see a frontispiece view, and a vignette likewise, in the edition of my poems which is now preparing. The house at Westbury — where I lived one year, and wrote more verses in that year than in any other of my life — has been levelled to the ground. Walter Landor was with us on some of these pilgrimages.

On the 12th November we passed through Bath, where I had not been since the year 1798, and proceeded to Chippenham, where Bowles met us. We stayed with him, in his delightful parsonage at Bremhill, three days, went on the Wednesday to Wells, and, seeing Wookey Hole, the cathedral, and Glastonbury, the next morning went on to Taunton, where my dear and excellent aunt, at the age of eighty-six, is calmly and cheerfully waiting for her release; her sight is dim, and she is somewhat infirm, but in full possession of her intellect. Old age never could appear more venerable nor more consolatory.

My old friend Poole (more especially the friend of Coleridge and Davy) met us at Taunton, and took us over the Quantock hills to his house at Stowey. On the way we met with Mr. Crosse, whose discoveries in chemistry excited so much admiration at the Bristol meeting, and we heard from him confidentially of the recent production of insects in one of his experiments, which has since been divulged sooner than he wished by some person less trustworthy than we proved our-

selves to be. We stayed with Poole from Saturday to Tuesday, on which day he accompanied us to Sir Thomas Acland's seat on the borders of Somersetshire. There he left us on Wednesday morning, and on Thursday we went with Sir Thomas down the valley of the Exe, by a new and most beautiful road, to his Devonshire mansion six miles from Exeter. There I must stop,— making a note that this sketch of our proceedings breaks off here.

I found all at home as well as, for our object, could be expected—for all others, as could be wished. A heavy arrear of letters is now to be cleared off, and a heavy accumulation of business. You will have received the fourth volume of the "Admirals." I have to prepare my poems for monthly publication without delay, the first volume being to follow the last of "Cowper" in July or August. "Wesley" must go to press, and more "Admirals" be put on the stocks. In short I am at this time the busiest of authors. Tell me that you have forgiven the postponement of my visit, and then I will go on with the tale of my circuit, and tell you more of my engagements and prospects. Remember me most kindly to your friends, and believe me always, my dear Neville,

Yours, most affectionately,

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, Feb. 23. 1837.

My dear Mrs. Bray,

I reached home safely on Monday last, after an absence of just seventeen weeks, and a circuit of nearly as many hundred miles. No mishap, indisposition, or ill of any kind had befallen either Cuthbert or myself, during our long companionship; and no other disappointment, except that we found it impracticable, be-

cause of the rains, to get within sight of a waterfall near Tintagel, and that the snow precluded all access to your Tors. I found my daughters as well as could be wished, and their poor mother not worse than I was prepared to expect. Some consignments of books had arrived before me, but not the "Gentleman's Magazine;—*that* may possibly arrive by to-day's carrier. Your letter came the day after me franked by Inglis from Woburn, and thus coming on the day when we have no London post. The ballad and the portrait in verse are being now transcribed in the room under me; and having thus promised, I shall lay down the pen and re-read your letters of January 5th and February 16th, before I reply to them.

This having been done, the first thing to be said is, that if Sir Francis Freeling were to rise from the dead, he could no longer frank a pair of boots; and no living person or existing office in these kingdoms will now frank slippers. Let those, therefore, which you kindly intend for me, wait for an opportunity of conveyance to No. 1. Harley Street, and there, at my brother's, Cuthbert will find them, and bring them with him, when he comes home at the end of June.

Next it must be said that the mode of binding practised in this house is not applicable to your purpose. What we do here is, to repair and strengthen books in boards, and then fit them with garments in which they take their place in the Cottonian Library.

My cattéry consists at present only of Thomas, Baron Chinchilla and Grey de Rythen, his spouse and half-sister Knurra-Murra-Purra-Hurra-Skurra, and the elder half-brother of both, who is an out-of-door free-booter, and whose name is Chaka-chekka-chikka-cheeka-chokka-choaka-chowski. The late reigning cat was His Serene Highness the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowlher, and Skarack — N. B., his second title was

derived from the accident of his birth having taken place in the house of a Barcliff.

And now, the two poems having been transcribed, and the measure of the slipper cut, it is time for me to make up my packet, clog and coat myself, and sally forth to face the storm. So with my kindest regards to Mr. Bray, and never forgetting your good Mary, believe me always,

My dear Mrs. Bray,
Yours affectionately,
R. S.

Answer to an expected challenge.

Sir, — I have the honour of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and do myself the pleasure of replying to it without delay.

In affairs of this kind the partners ought to meet upon equal terms. But to establish the equality between you and me, there are three things which must be previously done, and then a fourth also becomes necessary, before I can meet you in the field.

First, — you must marry and have four children; please to be particular in having them all girls.

Secondly, — you must prove that the greater part of the provision which you make for them, depends upon your life, and you must be under a bond of 4000*l.*, not to be hanged, not to commit suicide, and not to be killed in a duel, — which are the conditions upon which I have effected an insurance of my own life, for the benefit of my wife and daughters.

Thirdly, — I must tell three direct falsehoods, concerning you, upon the hustings, or in some other not less public assembly; and I shall neither be able to do this, nor to meet you afterwards in the manner you propose, unless you can perform the fourth thing, — which is —

That you must convert me from the Christian religion.

Till all this be accomplished, our dispute must be carried on without the use of any more iron than is necessary for blackening our ink and mending our pens; or of any more lead than enters into the composition of the "Edinburgh Review." I have the honour to transcribe myself,

Sir,

Yours, with all proper consideration,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Kenyon, Esq.

Keswick, March 28. 1837.

MY DEAR KENYON,

The Influenza laid me so completely *up*, that is to say, *down* on the sofa, for some days past, that I was in no condition to answer your inquiries for Mr. Charley. His name I never heard before, but a civil application is always entitled to a civil reply, and one coming through you to something more. Here, therefore, are such dates and matters of fact as he has occasion for:— I was born August 12th, 1774, in Wine Street, Bristol, where my father kept a linen-draper's shop. Great part of my childhood was spent at Bath with my mother's half-sister, Miss Tyler. At six years of age I went as a day scholar to a school on Mill Hill, kept by Mr. Foote, a dissenting minister of the General Baptist persuasion. He died in the course of the year, and I was then placed at a boarding-school at Corston, near Newton St. Loe; the master's name was Flower. There I remained another year, and then to my great comfort returned home, and was sent as a day-boy to a school in the Fort, kept by William Williams, a Welshman. There I continued about four years, happily enough living for the last two with my aunt, who then removed

to Bristol. Little scholarship, however, was to be learnt at poor old Williams's; and about the age of twelve I was removed, and then went every morning to a private tutor, who had three or four other pupils. Lewis, was his name, and he now holds the living of Long Ashton. He taught me well for about a year, and then in the spring of 1788 I was placed at Westminster, my uncle, Mr. Hill, taking upon himself from that time the cost of my education. I left Westminster in 1792, was entered at Balliol College at the close of that year, and left Oxford in 1794. My first poems were published that winter, a small volume, in conjunction with Robert Lovell's. November 1795 I married; and "Joan of Arc" was published in the course of that winter, while I was on the way to Lisbon, through Madrid.* In the summer of 1796 I returned to Bristol; early in 1797 removed to London, and entered at Gray's Inn; there I kept terms, and left on account of my health. I went again to Lisbon in 1800. In 1801 I returned to England. My first child was born at Bristol in 1802, upon whose death, in the summer of the following year, I finally left that city, and coming here to visit Coleridge, here I set up my rest. In 1813 I was made P. L., and bedoctored, if I remember rightly, in 1821. After that time there are no other dates that can be of any use to Mr. Charley, and the last of my publications shows the course of my literary life. There is a memoir in Galignani's edition full of lies, the source of which is one in the (Old) "New Monthly Magazine." Colburn wrote to ask leave to engrave my portrait for that magazine, and to request some outlines of my life. I told him my brother would lend him a bust, which he might have engraved, but as for the life of a living author the less that was said

* "I corrected the concluding sheet of the poem, left the preface in the publisher's hands, and departed for Lisbon by way of Corunna and Madrid."—*Preface to "Joan of Arc,"* in collected works. The original MS. journal of this expedition is before me.

the better, beyond a few dates, which dates I sent not so fully as you have them here. What does Colburn do but borrow the bust and set an artist to make a *portrait* from it; he put the dates into the hands of Payne Collier, who got acquainted with my wife's sister (then living in London), and, by a persevering course of questioning, without letting her know the motive for his inquiries, got from her all the details he could, and worked them up into a longish memoir, full, as you may suppose, of misapprehensions and mistakes.*

. . . . . .

God bless you,

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, April 5. 1837.

My dear old Friend,

I am more grieved than surprised at the event of which your letter has this day informed me. Where an incurable disease existed, no termination could have been more to be desired, in all its circumstances, of which the time of its occurrence is not the least striking. In such cases, we soon learn to look upon it as a relief when that event has taken place which was continually to be apprehended.

It must be nearly thirty years since I saw your poor brother, when, after my visit at Hale, you and I dined at his parsonage, from whence I proceeded to Salisbury on my way to the west. It is just two and forty since he, and I, and poor Thomas, made our expedition to Setubal and the Arrabida. In less than a fourth part of that time, according to the ordinary chances of human

* Note by J. Kenyon : "With his usual modesty, my admirable friend Southey omits the having been elected M. P., and his having refused the baronetcy." — *J. K.*

life, you and I shall meet with those who have gone before us.*

The task upon which I have lately been for the most part employed, has brought before me a train of recollections extending almost through half a century. In preparing my poems for the press, arranging them in the order wherein they are permanently to appear, and giving them the last revision that it is likely (or indeed possible) that I should ever bestow, the days that are gone have passed before me as vividly as in dreams, and I have forcibly felt the changes in myself, and in everything about me. In the smaller pieces I have made no alterations than such as were required to get

* Since the insertion of his last letter, this good man has been called to his rest. A more kind, amiable, affectionate, nature never lived!

"*Di, majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,*
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver!"

He was my guest, year after year, till unable to travel,—it needs not to say for how many years! From him, and from other old friends of Southey, the family are in possession of *every fact* of his life; but they have studiously avoided introducing what, at present, would compromise names they wish to spare. Trivial items they have left to low-bred puritanical *parvenus*, — mere *poachers* on the demesne of literature. Poor Lockhart! When an old friend *rumped him*, and he winced under it, it was not generally known that he was not responsible for *all* that was said of Southey. It has been now publicly stated, and repeated in my presence, that a wish was entertained to sing a *Palinodia*.

"Stultorum *incurata pudor malus ulcera celat!*"

And here, though hardly worth noticing, I take the opportunity of stating that my reference to the "Grenville Catalogue," in the note, Vol. ii. p. 5., is strictly correct. The rare and costly volumes are in my library, and they were referred to. The reference to the "Q. R." was merely given as *more easily accessible*, and the line of the Acrostic (a typographical error excepted) is printed as I intended to print it. The three first words beginning with *capitals* were to be printed as such; the rest in *italics*. An *et cetera* and *inverted commas* only were wanted to show where the quotation from the note in a book so common as the "Quarterly Review" commences.

rid of faults in language; as for amending juvenile compositions in any other way, the attempt would be absurd. But with regard to "Joan of Arc," the case was different. That poem was written in 1793; it was nearly re-written as it passed through the press in 1797.* By that time I had so far advanced in the art of poetry, that the greater part of what was added then required very little correction; the rest was full of barbarisms of language. I set patiently to work, and, in point of style, have made the whole of a piece. If you saw the interlined copy †, you would wonder at my patience.

I am now writing a General Preface; you may look for the first volume on the 1st of August. The printing has begun, and I expect the revise of the two first sheets by to-morrow's post. They require the more careful revisal, because they are to be stereotyped. This is Longman's determination. I take it for granted that publishers understand such affairs better than I can do; and when a very large sale is necessary to ensure a fair profit upon a book at low price, I suppose that the additional outlay in stereotyping is more than compensated by striking off 500 copies at a time instead of 5000.

You will have "Joan of Arc" in the first volume, as being both a juvenile work and that whereby I first obtained notoriety. Then come two volumes of "Juvenile and Minor Poems," including my old friend "Wat Tyler:" it becomes me to include this, and is, moreover, prudential, that the pirated edition may not claim the merit of containing what the author wished to suppress, —one of the most taking items, always, in the advertisements of piratical booksellers. Vols. iv. and v., "Thalaba" and "Madoc;" vi., vii., "Ballads and Me-

* This does not necessarily contradict what is said in a previous page, and I leave it as in MS.

† This copy was given to Mrs. Southey, and came to me with other MSS. and curious volumes.

trical Tales," including "Paraguay;" viii., ix., "Kehama" and "Roderick;" x. "Pilgrimage," "Lay of the Laureate," "Vision of Judgment."

My aim, you see, has been to arrange the poems chronologically as they were written, so far as this was compatible with a convenient classification. Moreover, the booksellers wished some regard to be paid to variety. There will be a good deal which has not been before collected among the "Minor Poems" and the "Ballads."

The business of setting my house in order—for so this may be looked upon at my time of life—will occupy me fully for some time. I talked with Murray when I was in London about the "Peninsular War," and remonstrated with him upon the impolicy of not having completed the octavo edition, not forgetting to remark upon the injustice to those who have purchased four volumes, in full reliance upon having the remaining two in due time. I required him to remedy this neglect, and told him that if the "Quarterly Review" had materially damaged Col. Napier's history, he had damaged mine still more by thus, as it were, suppressing it, instead of running it, as it was his interest to do, against Napier's. And I told him that if he would complete the octavo edition, I would then take Napier's history and the Duke's "Despatches," which Colonel Gurwood has published, and whatever else has been published since the completion of my work, and correct mine wherever I could discover that it needed correction, and improve it by all the additional information which I could collect from these publications: he might then publish it in a cheap form, as the book which Englishmen hereafter would always regard as the history of the most glorious war in which England ever was engaged. Accordingly, he has completed the octavo edition, and sent me Gurwood's collection. I am very well pleased with this, because

the book is good enough to deserve all the pains I can possibly take for improvement.

The influenza laid me up about a fortnight ago, and I am not yet rid of it, though sufficiently recovered to get out of doors. Poor Kate has been a fellow-sufferer, and is not so far advanced in recovery. My poor Edith continues in the same hopeless state, sometimes restless for several days,—then, again, quiet and silent,—quite manageable in everything, except that the presence of any stranger in the house disturbs her, so that it would be impossible for us to admit any company. I am interrupted by the arrival of the "Hist. de Jeanne D'Arc" from Longman,—a work in four volumes, published in 1817, and containing all that could be discovered concerning her: it will vex me, no doubt, to find how much there is of which I could formerly have made good use, and would have given a limb for it; now I can only gather from it some notes. God bless you, my dear old friend. Remember me to your dear daughters, and believe me always,

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, April 12. 1837.

THANK you, my dear Rickman, for your late communications, which, like all former ones, either strengthen me where I am on right ground, or show me the way to it when I am not. Some thanks are due also to Mr. Hayter for the opportunity which he forced upon you. If I mistake not, I met him at Woburn, when I was there with my uncle in 1813.

We shall agree to differ upon the Factory Question very easily, because there will be little difference between us when we look at it in all its bearings. I should

expect as much discomfort in home weaving as in large factories, as much injury from overworking, and nearly as much from the nature of the occupation. The parental relation is wofully altered when the parent becomes the task-master. Something of this may be seen in boarding-schools.

If it were possible to introduce habits of cleanliness among those who may be called the unclean part of mankind, nothing would conduce more to their improvement in other respects. Much might be done in spite of unclean employments. A clean house is almost a certain proof of good character in a labouring occupant.* Some attention might be paid to this matter in Sunday and other schools, and if a few lessons were read there upon the good old saying "Cleanliness is next to godliness," such lessons might be of more use than the greater part of those which are taught there.

We are suffering severely from this protracted winter. The spring seed is rotting in the ground, and they are carrying ivy up the mountains to the sheep. You know we had no hay last year in these parts.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, May 15. 1837.

My dear Wynn,

Who would have thought that you and I should ever have rejoiced in Sir F. Burdett's return for West-

* See "The Last of the Old Squires," c. xi. p. 141. Dean Raleigh (nephew of Sir Walter), says, in his Sermons, "Those that have sooty houses, or curst wives, they are never well longer than abroad." p. 248, 4to. 1679. The author of "The Last of the Old Squires," quotes these lines from Sir John Davies: —

"The man loves least to be at home
That hath a sluttish house."

minster! Like many others he has done his full share in preparing the mischief that has taken place; but no one also has stood forward so manfully to stop (if it be possible) its progress.

Have you seen a book called "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," by a Mr. Williams. Among many curious subjects for reflection which it suggests, the resemblance in some respects to the conversion of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is very striking. The revolution which is going on in those islands seems to me not only the most interesting of all that are taking their course in the world at this time; but as that which is likely to be of most lasting importance.

"Joan of Arc" is nearly through the press. To alter the plan in any respect was impossible without recasting the poem, which would have been far more trouble than it was worth; but you will like all the substitutions, and will perceive that in some cases where I thought only of removing some fault of language or feeble expression, the old inclination for poetry has revived. I suppose the volume will appear at the beginning of August, but the Longmans wish to get on as far as we can with the printing, that there may be no interruption of the monthly issue.

I have had the influenza twice since my return, not severely, but it still makes itself felt in a soreness of the arms and shoulders. We are going on *quietly* here, which is all we can hope for.

It has often been in my mind to bring forward an opinion that executions should no longer be public. Nothing but mischief, and of the worst kind, arises from making a spectacle of them. I would have them performed within the walls of the prison, in presence of certain official persons, and of such friends as the sufferer might desire to have present; the bell tolling as usual, and a black flag hoisted when all was over, but no public notice given of the day. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, May 20. 1837.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

I have been reminded of you twice in the course of this day. Do not infer that you are not often in my mind, for in truth many circumstances lead me frequently to speak, and more frequently to think of you; but to day I was first apprised of Mrs. Lockhart's death by the newspaper; and this evening, with our yearly consignment of tea from London, your friend Mr. Twining sent me the portraits of his father and uncle, and the copy of a very interesting and characteristic letter from the latter to the elder Dr. Burney. This civility I owe to a note in my edition of Cowper, which note, however, I owe to Mr. Gorham, whose initials are not given (as they are to all his other notes), merely because the note contained a reference to one of his own publications, which made me think it better to withhold them.

I am sorry for Lockhart; he has all the outward and visible signs of deep feeling, but whether he has that which alone can support and comfort him, I know not. For his wife, whatever her education may have been, the discipline of affliction which she has undergone will have had its full effect upon her, and there is no cause to sorrow for her. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" You must not, however, think that I am weary of life myself, nor that the uses of this world will seem to me stale and unprofitable while it may please God that I should continue fit for them.

Since you heard from me last I have had two attacks of influenza; they were not severe, but it was long before the disease was dislodged from my throat and chest, and I feel it still in my arms and shoulders. The weather as yet has done nothing towards removing it; the wind continues to come either from the north

or east, and I remember no season so backward during the four and thirty years that I have resided in this place.

You will ask what I am doing. The "Life of Dr. Bell" takes up a large part of my time; I have nearly prepared the last volume of "Cowper," which will contain all the remaining part of his letters; and I have two separate volumes to produce concerning him, under the title of "Cowperiana," which will include the lives of Mr. Newton and Madame Guyon. The collection of my poems in monthly volumes is also in the press, and "Joan of Arc," which leads the way, has had more time bestowed upon it than it would be worth upon any other score than that it made me first known to the public. So I have corrected as many of its original crudities as were corrigible, weeded out its faults of diction, and endeavoured to make the whole in keeping with the better parts. Some resolution was required for undertaking and going through a task of this kind, but I have had the satisfaction of feeling that my hand has not lost its cunning. The publication will not commence before the month of August; but half this volume is printed, and Longman wishes to be as forward as he can with the press, that there may be no irregularity in the monthly delivery. I have set about this with the same sort of feeling as if it were for posthumous publication. A good sale might be of considerable importance to me and mine, otherwise I have nothing either to hope or fear from it.

We hope to have Cuthbert home for his holiday at the end of June. It is intended that he should enter at Christ-Church in October, and begin to reside in January. I wish him to consider the University as a turnpike through which it is necessary that he should pass and take a ticket; but he is not to run races, not to fret himself about honours, only to go on steadily and regularly (which he is very well disposed to do),

and take things quietly. He is liked wherever he is known, and this not from any endeavour to make himself agreeable, but for his disposition and natural manners. Miss Bowles, with whom we passed a week, says she never saw so lovable a creature; and he says of her that he never took so much to any one in so short a time. I wish you knew them both.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, May 24. 1837.

My dear Wynn,

Cannot a distinction be made between works which derive their chief value from the power of intellect bestowed upon them, and those which are mere job-work or mere patient drudgery? In fact, there is this difference, that books of science always require to be accommodated to the progress of science; they have their day, and every chemist, or mineralogist, &c., builds upon the labours and discoveries of his predecessors. What you say about dictionaries, is very just. But of such books the booksellers have in fact a perpetual possession, the expense of printing them being such that for such a work as Johnson's a combination of the whole Row is required.

I am glad you were amused with the second part of the "King of the Crocodiles" and with "Roprecht." I have at least a dozen stories equally good in their way, waiting for some mood of cheerfulness to bring them forth. My bodily condition, thank God, is very materially improved, and, in other respects, I begin to feel as if I should be myself again.

Have you seen Carlyle's "French Revolution?"—a book like which there was nothing in our language before, nor is likely to be again. Yet in spite of its ultra-

Germanism and Pindaric prose, there is a great deal of wisdom in it and a great deal of good feeling, alloyed with not a few crotchetty opinions. Withal I have not often read a book that interested me so much — the more, no doubt, because of the interest which that tremendous course of events excited when we read of them day by day. God bless you.

R. S.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, May 27. 1837.

MY DEAR H.,

I am very sorry for Lockhart's loss. It will make it more painful for him to proceed with poor "Sir Walter's Life,"—a task sufficiently painful in itself. I could add some explanatory notes to the second volume. I wish he had printed that part of one of my letters in which my reasons for not accepting his proposal of introducing me to the "Edinburgh Review" were given; for I never doubted that that letter laid the foundation for the "Quarterly Review." Not as proposing any such scheme (for I dreamt of no such), but because it made Scott dissatisfied with his own conduct in still contributing to the "Edinburgh." I kept no copy of the letter, but very well remember that, after it was gone to the post, I half repented of having sent it, lest Scott should be hurt by the manner in which I had expressed myself.

God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I have to write to Inglis about the Copyright Bill,—at his desire.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, May 29. 1837.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Inglis has written to ask if I have anything to suggest concerning the Copyright Bill. I did suggest to Talfourd that the proposed term should commence from the author's death, and this, it seems, he has adopted. I thought, too, that if he could get a sixty years' lease we could as well get one for ninety-nine; but probably he knows best what it may be prudent to ask for. If there be a growing sense of equity in the nation, sixty years will not run out before the justice of restoring to the author his old fee-simple in his own works will be acknowledged.

After all it is mortifying to reflect how little the benefit will be in proportion to the desert. Voltaire's works would, perhaps for ever, form the best literary estate in France; Lord Byron's, for another generation, in England. Burn's "Justice" and Taplin's "Farriery" no doubt were the most productive works of their age. When M.'s affairs were in a bad way some few years since, and the Conscript Fathers in the Row were talking over the copyrights to which he could trust, they fixed upon Mrs. Rundle's Cookery Book for the life-buoy which was to save him from sinking.

There is hope enough, however, in my disposition to make me please myself with the thought that if the Bill passes it will benefit my family materially.

How are your eyes? God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, May 31. 1837.

MY DEAR WYNN,

John Parker has made the drawing, and I am glad to find that, though he began his letter by recom-

mending Mathraval as a fine subject, before he finished it he rode to Pennant Melangel, which he had never before seen, and was so pleased with it as to pass two days there. One of the yews, he says, is the most picturesque tree of its kind that he remembers to have seen.

I saw Talfourd in London about the copyright question, and he has taken my suggestion, that the term should commence at the death of the author; otherwise there would be different terms for the works of the same person. When he talked of sixty years I proposed ninety-nine, as a term well known in leases. However, I shall be thankful for the shorter term, which will not expire, if there be a growing sense of justice in the nation, before the legislature will be ready to grant a perpetuity.

There must have been at least one generation during which Taplin's "Farriery" was more productive than "Shakspeare;" Burn's "Justice" is still more so than "Milton;" and all authors of the present age, not excepting Lord Byron and poor Sir Walter, have been distanced by Mrs. Rundle.

Nevertheless, help me to as long a term as you can.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, June 11. 1837.

My dear Neville,

A wet day keeps me from church, and part of the time which I should have passed there will certainly be better employed in writing to you than it could have been in hearing (I must not say listening to, where listening is impossible) a drowsy sermon, delivered in a drowsy tone.

You have had a sketch of our travels as far as Killerton. Reaching it on a Thursday, we remained there

till the Monday following, and had at dinner, on one of those days, my old schoolfellow the Earl of Devon, the ex-Captain, and now Reverend, Mr. Scoresby, famous for his exploits in killing whales and for his scientific knowledge, and Mr. ——*, the author of a paper upon Cobb Walls, in the last "Quarterly." On the Sunday we had morning service in a small chapel above half a mile from the house—so old, that it must very soon be taken down, lest it should fall. It is rather a family, than a village, place of worship. Just without the enclosure stood one of the finest elm trees on the estate. In the afternoon we were at the parish church of East Clyst. Monday, we took our leave of Sir Thomas at Exeter, with the prospect of seeing him again in a few days, and we proceeded to Mrs. Hodson's (formerly Miss Holford) at Dawlish. Her house was on the beach, and a storm some six weeks before had washed away the terrace and the road in front, and shown that the situation was a dangerous one; for the cliff rises so immediately behind, that there is no possibility of escape. We were there two days, on one of which that hurricane occurred, which, I believe, is the most violent that has been experienced in England since the great storm. We were so close to the sea, and the sea so loud, that standing at the windows to behold the waves, we did not hear the wind; but such a stormy sea I never beheld from the shore. It seems that considerable fears were entertained for the row of houses whereof ours was one. We were not aware of this, and therefore, when we saw the turn of the wind, were far from supposing that it might be regarded by us as a providential one. The effect was most striking. The storm was impelling the waves right upon the beach before us, when suddenly it veered, tossed the waters about like a whirlwind, and covered the whole surface

* The name is not inserted in the original MS. At the moment Southey had forgotten it.

of the sea as with smoke. After this turn, it presently abated.

The destruction of trees in this part of Devonshire was very great. Among others, the great elm which Sir T. Acland had shown me with so much pleasure only the Sunday before, was thrown down, and killed a cow in its fall. Three hundred trees were blown down at Killerton, and among them some of the finest cedars there. On the Thursday, we breakfasted at Mr. Hoare's (brother to Sir Richard H., and to the banker in Fleet Street), who is uncle both to Sir T. and Lady Acland. There Acland met us, and conveyed us to Mamhead, where Sir Robert Newman is fitting up one of the most gorgeous houses in England, in one of the finest situations in the South of Devon. The decorations are in Moorish taste, with a profusion of gilding and the brightest colours. The Earl of Devon met us there by appointment, and taking leave of Acland with some expectation of seeing him again, we went to Powderham Castle, where we again met Scoresby and the historian of Cobb at dinner, and where we slept that night, Friday. Lord Devon conveyed us back to Exeter, and there my good old friend Lightfoot met us, and we went to his rectory at Stokeleigh Pomeroy, three miles from Crediton. With Lightfoot, who is one of my oldest and dearest friends (we were fellow-collegians), we passed three clear days. His youngest son acts as his curate; and it gave me great pleasure to perceive that the young Nicholas Lightfoot and Cuthbert appeared to take as cordially to each other as their fathers had done, three-and-forty years before.

On Tuesday we got into the Barnstaple stage at Crediton, and slept that night at Barnstaple, breakfasted at Ilfracombe the next day, and proceeded to Linton, where we slept and passed Thursday morning in seeing as much as the weather would allow us to see about Linmouth and Linton. Except in our land of

lakes, there is nothing more beautiful in England. We returned by a straight line to Barnstaple that day, and slept at Bideford, saw Clovelly on Friday, and were quartered by Acland's introduction on Mr. Buck at Hartland Abbey, who is looked upon as the leading man among the Conservatives of North Devon. Acland said that if he could he would meet us on the Saturday at Bude Haven (where he has built a church, an inn, and some lodging-houses): he should like, he said, to have the pleasure of entertaining me in three counties. And, in fact, we had hardly cleaned ourselves in the inn, before he and his son Henry came galloping up. The son we had not seen before. We passed the Sunday at this wild little port. In the evening Sir Thomas departed to catch the mail at Launceston, and so return home; and he left Henry to visit part of the north coast of Cornwall with us, and the remains of the British Church at Perranzabuloe, which, not many months before, had been cleared from the sand under which it had for many centuries been buried.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, June 18. 1837.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

The Pimlico omnibus arrived this morning; and that it was a very welcome arrival you need not be told, for it "stands to feasible" that it should be so. Your drawing of the Summerhouse brings the place vividly to my remembrance, and I wish it could be introduced in the edition which is now in preparation. But the Conscript Fathers have not that motive for going to a considerable expense in engraving which influenced their neighbours Baldwin and Cradock; a * * * * competition put *them* upon this mettle, and their great object was to outdo their rivals, in a point upon which every person

who compared the two works, could not but perceive and acknowledge their superiority. The Conscript Fathers proposed vignettes only, and consented to a frontispiece merely because I represented that to make the book less attractive than any other which had been published in the same way, would be understood as a confession on their part, that they did not think the likelihood of its success sufficient to warrant the expenditure. The truth is that it has not been undertaken because there was a demand for it, but in the hope of creating a demand, and because the alternative was either to make the adventure, or allow Galignani to have the market to himself.

What has this to do with the Summerhouse? This: the Summerhouse could only have been introduced as the vignette to the volume which contains Joan of Arc, and the vignette for that (being the first volume) has, no doubt, been engraved by this time. It is to be the monument of the Maid of Orleans, either in that city or in Rouen — I know not which; but I expect to receive it, and one or two others of the engravings, in my next parcel from the Row, expectable to-morrow.

Thank you for what you have added concerning Brixton, all of which you will soon see in type; for the proof shall pass through your hands on its return. I expect the conclusion of the poem by every post: it is one of the passages which have been newly written, and much to my satisfaction. You do not notice the General Preface, which I sent also for your inspection.

To-morrow I hope to obtain an audience of Tommy the Cockbaine,—King of Tailors. There arrived for me on Friday stuff for a summer coat, which, to my vision, appears black, but Bertha declares it to be puce, which, if it be, there must be a negro variety of flea-kind. Concerning the making of this coat, there is to be a consultation. The North Pole* chose the stuff; the said

* Cuthbert's *sobriquet* for the time.

Pole purchased also velvet for a waistcoat, but the making of that waistcoat being the finest by far that ever encircled my corporeal trunk, is a matter of too much importance to be ventured upon before the North Pole arrives in person.

The parcel with the "Doctor, &c." which ought to have arrived on Friday the 9th, has not yet come to hand; such is the irregularity with which coach parcels are conveyed. There has been a note from Lord Mahon, acknowledging the volume, commending it highly, and expressing in the civilest way a most entire belief that I am the author. If people will think so, why so they may, I can only take it as a compliment, taking at the same time especial care not to encourage them in their supposition, nor do as Porson did when he was pleased to receive credit for the "Devil's Thoughts."

The annotations on the "Religio Medici" are believed to have been written by a Mr. Thomas Keck of the Temple. But as you have formed a friendship with Sir Thomas Browne, you should get Wilkins' edition of his works, which was published two years ago in four handsome octavos, admirably edited. The first volume consists chiefly of correspondences never before printed. If I were confined to a very small number of authors for the rest of my life, Sir Thomas Browne would be one.*

Did I request you to give Gerard Andrews Sir Charles Burrell's name as a subscriber to the "Tribute?" It seems but a sorry number that Lord Northampton has obtained; two or three women of fashion would make his tens into hundreds presently. I sent him my "Brough Bells" for the volume. That poem comes into the sixth volume of my works; so he may have the first use of it without any objection on that score.

I have expended more time in correcting "Joan of

* See Life and Correspondence, vol. v. p. 332.

Arc" than it is worth, were it not for old acquaintance sake, and in consideration of what I owed to it in point of reputation. However, it has brought my hand into play again, and if you compare this edition with the latest in your possession (the fourth is the last), you would find interspersed some pieces as good as any that I have written. It is amusing to see how the "Monthly Review," which praised this poem so effectually on its first appearance, turned against me afterwards, and literally *blackguarded* "Madoc." No editor need wish for richer materials than he who edites my works after my death will find in the various attacks which were made upon me during so many years.

Tuesday, 20th.

Yesterday brought me a letter from Dr. McVicker, of New York, saying *inter alia* that he never entertained a doubt concerning the authorship of the "Doctor, &c." that the book has no warmer admirers than himself and his family, and that an aunt of his, refusing to read so choice a favourite except in his choicest garb, has accordingly sent to London for her copy.

I send herewith the Preface. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, June 27. 1837.

My dear Rickman,

The death of the King is so far a lucky event for his Ministers, that it enables them a while longer to shift off measures which they dare not press, and are not allowed to abandon. Whether it may prove of any other advantage to them, time will show. I have lived long enough to look with great composure upon public affairs. And indeed, so far as I can see, the prospect seems good.

Cuthbert arrived on Thursday last, having made good use of four days in Derbyshire on the way. Except the Peak Cavern and Speedwell Mine, I have seen no more of that county than what lies on the high road; Dovedale I know only by prints, and by the resemblance which it is said to bear to one of the defiles in the Black Forest which opens upon Friburg in the Brisgau. The features in Germany are upon a larger scale, both rocks and river, but of the same character. If Chantrey should live to execute his wish of cutting one of the rocks in Dovedale into a statue, the stature would not much exceed that of a full-grown giant in romance; but in the Hollenthal, a colossus might be cut out. But Chantrey will never get free from employment, and is moreover in danger of dying from plethora, to which he is so predisposed by his make, that hard fare would hardly have preserved him from it, though what are called the good things of the world may too probably accelerate the catastrophe. However, it is not much to be regretted that he should not try his skill, admirable as it is, upon a rock; for a statue so formed could not possibly last long against the effects of frost.

I am keeping house with the hay asthma, which, affecting me less than usual in the form of catarrh, makes itself more sensible in the chest. It is, however, rather from precaution than necessity that I have for these ten days refrained from going out. How are your eyes? God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, July 2. 1837.

MY DEAR G.,

The first thing upon which I must touch is that which is of the first necessity. Is it of any use to send up the certificate, for my pensions, or must I wait for

any matter of form? For the Laureateship, I know that one of the appendages to that wise measure of Catholic Emancipation (which has so beautifully proved the obligation of an oath upon gentlemen of *that* persuasion) requires me to make a journey to the quarter sessions, and there swear I know not what.

Thank you for the trouble you have taken with the Preface; it was returned to me by H. Taylor, through a misapprehension of my intention, before it had been sent to you. All your proposed alterations shall be duly perpended, and as many of them adopted as may seem good; but I must premise that a preface of this nature being wholly personal, it would be mere affectation to avoid the use of the great I and the possessive pronouns. One of the castrations, inflicted upon my papers by poor Gifford, which has most vexed me, was a defence of the great I, with which I commenced an article upon poor Henry Koster's Travels in Brazil. You would have found it quite as rememberable as Voltaire's remark, and with more reason in it.

Dr. Sayers was an only child. James Sayers was his nearest kinsman and principal heir. The joke about "Valhalla" is good, but your story about it is inaccurate, for the book was published at Norwich under the author's own eye.

The word which you could not decypher is *choicest*, which you would have guessed if I had not (as I suppose) left out the word *garb*, *dress*, or *form*, whichever it is, that should have followed it. Dr. Mc.Vicker is a clergyman (not a physician), and will probably, if he lives, be a bishop. I have seen no American whom I liked better, or of whom I thought more highly.

I thought I was to keep the "Summerhouse," and therefore deposited it in a portfolio instead of returning it. The "March to Moscow" will have its place among the "Ballads," vol. 6. By altering *must* to *may* your objection is a little weakened; but, after all, who would

see anything vindictive in such a composition? or how should Buonaparte be spoken of but vindictively by any one who appreciates him and his actions according to the plain notions of right and wrong. Did you read the saying of a sailor in the newspaper the other day, upon seeing some niggers driven towards New Orleans for sale? "I say Jack, if the devil does not catch them fellows that are driving them there niggers, I don't see what use there is of a devil."

The third volume of "Records" will come in my next parcel whenever that may be. If it should not, I will inquire for it.

As for eagerness of spirit in composition, my dear Grosvenor, whatever ardour of that kind I once possessed has long since been expended. For many years whatever I have written has been composed slowly and deliberately, I might say almost dreamingly at times. Thus it was that the "Colloquies" were so many years in hand; perhaps every paper that I wrote for the "Q. R.," since the first three or four volumes, cost me thrice the time in composing that it would have cost any one else, to say nothing of the time employed in reading for the specific subject.

You ask if there are any school-boy verses among the "Minor Poems." There are two odes both written before I left school, besides engrafted passages, one of them from a Bible exercise, which I gave up, in English.

Monday, July 3.

George Nicol has sent me his version of the "Bears," fulfilling thereby an expectation which I had confidently expressed to Bertha and Kate, that a child's book would be made of that great history. He has done it very well, and I shall write incog., by the hand of one of my daughters, to thank him accordingly. I much admire the manner in which the *defenestration* is shown (N.B., *defenestration* is an historical term), and also the

family portraits in the house of the Orsini. Their family pictures might furnish some good satires, upon a scale large enough for likeness. Johnson, *e. g.*, as the scholar of the race, Thurlow in his wig and robes, Abernethy, and whatever remarkable persons have been noted for ursine manners. Churchill, I see, he has got as Hogarth designed him. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, July 5. 1837.

My dear Rickman,

Your opinion of hereditary likenesses of mental as well as bodily constitution agrees altogether with some notions which you will in due time see brought forward in their fitting place. No curious observer can doubt the fact. I dare say there are English families in which pride is as hereditary as the thick lips in the house of Austria. Mr. Shandy is the only person as yet who has philosophised upon the means of removing such defects, by paying a little of that attention to the human breed of which so much has been employed upon sheep and oxen.

The other day I had a visit from Mr. Appleton, who, till he retired from the charge on account of his declining years, was the representative of Boston in the Congress. Speaking of slavery in America, he said it was not unlikely that the issue would be insurrection, and the extermination of the negroes in consequence. There would have been little opposition to the abolition of slavery, he says, thirty or forty years ago; but the demand for cotton has made the slaveholders regard the right of having slaves as something of more consequence to them than Magna Charta was ever held to be by Englishmen. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Aug. 20. 1837.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

My last letter brought us as far as Bude Haven, a remarkable place, where much money has been spent upon a canal which carries sand into the interior for manure, half composed of shells. Sir T. Acland, to whom much of the ground belongs, has built an inn there, a church, and some lodging-houses. It is, however, ill fitted for a bathing place, because, though nothing can be cleaner than the water, there is one of the heaviest seas upon the whole coast of England, and bathing would be dangerous in any but the finest weather. Our next day's journey from thence, with Henry Acland for our companion, was to Boscastle and Tintagel, two of the wildest little ports that ever were constructed by man. In the former there is room for only one small vessel: how it gets in seems wonderful, and when in and under the protection of the pier, it is necessary to secure it by chains, head and stern. Yet there is an appearance of business and activity about the place, and we were told at Bude that a Mr. Avery on whom we called here, was the greatest timber merchant in England. The very exaggeration shows that he must be a considerable person in that line; and the fact is that, having agents or partners in other places, he chooses to reside in this wild spot, being a native of it and used to habits of greater frugality than he could indulge in if he lived in a port where merchants are expected to make an appearance suited to their station.

The day was a boisterous one, so that we had the coast scenery in all its grandeur; but there had been so much rain that it was not possible for us to reach a waterfall, the features of which are singularly beautiful, though it is upon a small scale. We made a persevering attempt; but the mire was too deep and the

swamp impassable, and this, with some other delays, prevented us from seeing a slate quarry, which we had been exhorted not to miss; but evening had closed before we got to it, and we proceeded in the dark from Wade's Bridge to St. Columb's.

One and forty years before, I had passed some days near that little town on my way to Portugal for the first time. The living was then held by Mr. Hoblyn, an old friend and fellow-collegian of my uncle, who always visited him on his way through Cornwall. Nanswhyden was the name of his house. It had been built by his uncle, who had fitted it up in the costliest manner with a profusion of foreign marbles, and formed a fine library there, which was sold at his death. It was said to be the best house in Cornwall at that time, and probably more money had been expended on it than upon any other in that country; but about twenty-five years ago it was burnt to the ground. In that house I first tasted black-currant rum, which is made by half filling a bottle with the ripe fruit, and filling it then with rum: in the course of two years the acidity and colour of the fruit are completely extracted; and then, with sugar and hot water, it makes one of the pleasantest and wholesomest mixtures of its kind. I have never been without it since I had a house of my own. My uncle liked it so well that he always had a stock from the time that he settled in England; and if it be not too late I advise you, Neville, to make some forthwith, that the knowledge and use of this good beverage may be extended.

Next day we breakfasted at Trevice, the old mansion of the Arundels, now occupied as a farmhouse by a tenant of Sir Thomas Acland's, for whose sake we had a most hospitable entertainment. The house is a most venerable one, with one of the finest halls I ever saw, but in that state of incipient decay which is painful to see,—knowing it to be irremediable,—though it might

have stood for ages if the fortunes of the family had not passed away. After breakfast we proceeded to Perranzabuloe, where a British church, which had been buried by the sand about the twelfth century, had recently been brought to light.

The name signifies (St.) Perran-in-the-sands; the site being a reach of sand-hills thrown up by the sea, three or four miles long, and some mile and a half in breadth. The church is very small, undoubtedly one of those rude stone structures which superseded the wattled walls of the earliest British Christians; but the saint was buried there, and, probably, for that reason there had been an extensive cemetery there. Fragments of human hones, so far decomposed that scarcely anything but the cellular texture remains, are strewn about everywhere; and if a stick be thrust deep, that sort of lime adheres to it which this decomposition has deposited in the soil. I never was upon any ground that impressed me more; and Cuthbert and Henry Acland were impressed in the same manner. The feeling was of the same kind which I had experienced at Stonehenge, and should no doubt feel were I to visit the Pyramids. Few persons will have felt it at Perranzabuloe; the sands had begun to reclaim their old possession, and the church, which had suffered from spoliation since it was uncovered, will very soon be, if it has not already been, buried again.

We rejoined our chaise at Perran, and at Redruth parted with H. Acland. He made his way to Truro, there to catch the mail and return to his father in Devonshire. Cuthbert and I proceeded to Hellston, where Derwent Coleridge is master of the Grammar School. I had not seen him since he first went to Cambridge.

Yours most affectionately,

R. S.

August 27.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Aug. 27. 1837.

MY DEAR JOHN MAY,

I heard of you from the Doctor, who arrived here this day week on his circuit, and took his departure on Wednesday. I should have accompanied him as far as Furness Abbey, if my shoes had not unluckily quarrelled with my feet in descending a mountain the day before his arrival; and when shoe leather and toe leather disagree, the weakest, as in most disputes, is the sufferer. This has cost me eight days' confinement to the house; and it will be two or three more before I can venture to walk freely.

Can you not make your arrangements so that your visit to Tarring may take place when Cuthbert is there, which he will be in about a fortnight? From the middle of September till the latter end of October, you would find him there; and it would be a great pleasure to me that you should see more of him than you could do when he is passing through town. He is to matriculate in October, and we hope he may pass his Christmas at home. The railways already make such a saving of time and expense upon the journey, that it will be worth while for him to come home for short vacations. The moral good which the railways will occasion by enabling friends and relations to meet who could never otherwise have met, or only with serious difficulty and expense, goes far in my mind to counterbalance some of their apparent evils. It will very soon be but a day's journey from Kendal to London; and if I live till that time, I shall think little of going to town for a week.

You ask about my employments. "Cowper" is off my hands, and I shall not take up the "Cowperiana" for some weeks to come. The "Book of the Church" also will be cleared off with the next proof. I have only had to correct the sheets, adding the references: the latter

pains has been taken long ago; the rest was only an affair of time. The first volume of my poems is printed, all except the prefatory part, of which I expect the proof every day. This volume has cost me much pains, as you will see by comparing it with the last edition of "Joan of Arc." The second volume also required a great deal of correction, most of which I have given it; and five sheets are printed. "Wat Tyler" takes his place here, that no one may complain of its omission. A short advertisement introduces it. I know not yet whether the "Devil's Walk" will come more conveniently into this volume, or into the third. "Dr. Bell's Life" is in good progress; and I shall soon be engaged again with the "Admirals."

The fourth volume of the "Doctor, &c." has been sent me like the former, and with "from the Author" in the same disguised hand. I like it quite as well as its predecessors, which is saying much. But when is there to be an end of the book? for, as for the author running himself dry, you see what he says upon that subject; indeed one may perceive that he lays in as fast as he lays out. The termination should seem to depend upon his humour in some degree, but more certainly upon that of the public, who are likely to be tired long before he is. I think it likely that the book will die of a slow decline, though with a galloping *consumption* it might last as long as the author himself. For, in the common course of things, when a work is published volume by volume, the sale continually diminishes; more sell of the first than of the second, and the longer the series the greater the falling off upon every succeeding volume. Some persons die, others fail to complete their sets; and of a work like this it is not to be expected, when it gets beyond a fourth volume, hardly, indeed, beyond a third, that people will be found to purchase a long set at its present price. They who buy fashionable novels in three volumes, price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*,

which is the ordinary extent and price, must have more money than wit; and I suspect that those who would be willing to purchase at the same rate a book which is not fashionable, but only talked about, are likely to have more wit than money, and therefore cannot be purchasers. My notion is that the author will go on as long as no loss is sustained upon the volume, supposing it may be for his interest to do so, with a view to a wider sale when it is printed in a cheap form (two volumes, perhaps, comprised in one), and to a permanent demand when it has established its place in English literature as a work *sui generis*. I am amused at hearing that it is ascribed to me, but certainly shall not take credit for it, like Porson.

Henry tells me that if I live till the year 1840, there will be a considerable addition to the sum for which my life is insured; and the question suggests itself whether it would be advisable to insure my life (in some other office, of course) till that time to the amount of the contingent bonus, so as to convert that contingence to a certainty. Can you tell me what the bonus is likely to be, and what such an insurance would cost, I having entered upon my 64th year on the 12th of this month. Give me your opinion, too, upon this question. My own is that if the bonus be considerable, it would be prudent in my circumstances to secure it.

Among my employments I omitted to mention a reviewal of "Mrs. Bray's Letters" for the "Quarterly Review:" those letters have brought me again into communication with it; I am also about to review the new edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works, one of my favourite authors.*

I see Mr. Gillman announces "Memoirs of S. T. C.," which I dare say will be quite as objectionable as Cottle's, but in a very different way. In days of old, when

* About two pages only were written. The MS. is before me.

an author was dead and buried *Requiescat in pace* might have been written on his tombstone; but those days are past, and he must expect now to be dissected and embalmed, to have his rags presented as relics, and to be canonised by his devotees. The confusion of time and circumstances in Cottle's book shows me how little that appears to be the most authentic materials for biography can be relied on. Greater mistakes of this kind no writer ever committed; any one who should draw from it, as far as it gives an account either of Coleridge's life, or of mine, would be egregiously misled. This book, and the "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott," and "Charles Lamb's Letters," bring to me many painful recollections. I could explain some things in all of them, and add more. As for my own biography, it has been suspended, almost as much for want of heart as for want of time. There is a joy in looking forward; but it is purely painful to look back. God bless you, my dear old friend. My kindest remembrances to your daughter.

Yours, most affectionately,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Oct. 3. 1837.

My dear Wynn,

A long time has elapsed since you have heard of me, or I of you. Yet you have never been a day out of sight, for your portrait (one of the best that ever was engraved) hangs in full view of my evening seat.*

* It now hangs in my dining-room; and to me it has a double value, so much does it resemble my lamented friend, the late Sir Henry W. W. Wynn. I have as much pleasure in paying such tributes as these, as I have in recording obligations for all literary courtesies in foreign lands. Americans have never forgotten that *tone* in the "Q. R." which Southey laboured to obviate. My departed friend, Henry Wheaton,—one of America's most distinguished sons,—told me this.

What have I been doing the while? The question is more easily asked than answered; for what with frequent distractions, large demands upon little leisure (many of them from persons who have no right to draw upon it), an inclination for doing too many things at once, and when anything ought to be done a propensity, as was said of you know who, *to be doing something else**,—owing to these and other causes I seem to have done little, though in truth I am never unemployed.

The irksome part of my task with the poems is over, —that of tinkering the early pieces. The mere sight of some, God knows, is painful enough, when my present circumstances contrast so miserably with the recollections which they call up. I have completed the revisal of "Thalaba," and begun that of "Madoc." The versification in the former has been improved in many places; in the latter there is little that I can mend; and in the remaining long poems I have chiefly to beware of altering for alteration's sake. This, however, is not a besetting sin with me.

The editor has sent me the first volume of a collection "Des Documents Inédités sur l'Histoire de France," published by the King's order, and under the care of the Minister of Public Instruction. The volume is very curious, containing a contemporary history of the Crusade against the Albigenses in Provençal verse. I have never seen a book better edited in all respects. The metre is remarkable,—stanzas of unequal length

* The following playful description of his friend can give no one pain, so graphic is it: —

"Wynn is in Wales; and wherever he is, he is always, as Elmsley most happily said of him at Oxford, — *doing something else*. He is always in that state of bother and confusion which you would expect in a man who, before he was married, used to begin doing half a hundred things before he put his breeches on, and who used to have books, pen, ink and paper, breeches, gallowses, neck cloth, and rolls and butter, all upon the breakfast table at the same time." — *MS. Letter to Dr. H. H. Southey, Feb.* 3. 1813.

from ten to forty or fifty lines all upon one rhyme, except a short line at the close, which sets the rhyme for the following stanza. The unknown author seems to have been an honest man of very considerable genius. He sets out with a pious hatred of the heretics; and it gradually gives way to his feeling of horror at the atrocious cruelty of their persecutors.

Oct. 10.—I have been dutifully employed this whole evening in correcting the pronunciation of Mathraval.

Oct. 18.—This morning has brought me your letter. It has come to a mournful house. My poor wife is now sinking fast—thank God, without any suffering either of body or mind, but miserably weak, and more emaciated than I could have supposed any living creature to be who retained any power of motion. Life has been to her for the last three years like an uneasy dream; and it cannot be long before she will wake from it in a better world. Such a release has long been to be wished; and yet it has been dreaded, for she has become as a child to us.

We have been married two and forty years; and a more affectionate and devoted helpmate never man was blessed with. There never was a tenderer or more careful mother; and, thank God, she has always had reason enough left to be sensible that her children were devoted to her.

God bless you, my dear Wynn. I am much shaken, and shall be more so; but I know where to look for comfort and to find it. The loss has long been sustained, the worst is past, and what remains is but one sharp sorrow, which must end in thankfulness.

R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Keswick, Oct. 6. 1837.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I think if you had known the existence of the enclosed etching I should have heard of it. The drawing was taken from the life, just before he left Wintringham, by his fellow-student there, Mr. Edward Westoby, now settled as an artist at Scarborough. Though a stranger to me till now, even by name, he has just sent me a beautiful miniature painted from the original drawing,—a sketch of the church and parsonage at Wintringham, some sketches about Olney, the lithographed copy of a letter of Cowper, and a likeness of Mrs. Powley. If you have not seen this before, and the likeness should satisfy you, it will indeed be a treasure.

In the course of a fortnight you will receive the first volume of my poems; and you will see in it one addition more to the number of unfortunate portraits already abroad. My brother, the doctor, who has taken much interest about it, is annoyed at this first failure, which, however, I am not, because I expected it, and because it is pretty clear that where so many accomplished artists have failed, it is very unlikely that any should succeed. The two Prefaces are what you will read with interest. The only interest to be found in the poem is what will be taken by those who look at the alterations either curiously or critically,—curiously, to see the modification of political feelings, critically, to observe the emendations of style.

God bless you, my dear Neville. I have no time for more, for my hour for walking has arrived. My kindest regards to your friends.

Yours, most affectionately,

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 10. 1837.

MY DEAR G.,

Will you take in the North Pole once more for two nights' lodging, on Saturday and Sunday next. He is bound for Oxford, in no comfortable state of uncertainty as to what may be his lot there. The fashion for Ch. Ch., it seems, has occasioned competition even at entering. More names are on the Dean's list than rooms can be found for. The equitable mode of proceeding should be that they should be admitted in the order of their application, provided always that they were not deficient in the ordinary qualifications; but they make it an affair of competition in this stage, there being already far too much in the present course of education at Oxford.

This is not all the mischief. The man who is admitted now may have to wait twelve months before he can begin to reside, for want of rooms, and this is just so much time lost for his degree. My own opinion is that if there is, in the first place, a chance of being sent back at Ch. Ch., and, secondly, a certain loss of time, he had better be entered at some other college; where there will be neither difficulty nor delay.

Queen's has been thought of, as having fellowships for natives of this county. He and Edward Hill will discuss the *pros* and *cons*, and determine as they may think good. My sole motive for fixing on Ch. Ch. at first, was because of Edward's being there; otherwise so far am I from having any predilection for it, that I should prefer any respectable college; any except those halls, which are either a refuge for the destitute, or a nursery for Evangelicals.

If you can take him in, let him know it by a line to Tarring, which will reach him on Friday, and comfort

the cockles, that just now are not in a comfortable state. My love to Miss Page. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 23. 1837.

My dear Rickman,

Your notes upon Lord Bacon are deposited with other precious materials in a cabinet drawer appropriated for them. I am very glad to have my own suspicions converted into certainty by them. Coleridge used to talk of writing a treatise to be called, with better reason than Milton's, "Iconoclastes." Bacon's would not have been one of those reputations which he would have assailed; and indeed he was more addicted to set up idols than to demolish them.

I often urged Davy in his best days to write the life of Roger Bacon. It would have been a more lasting memorial of himself than anything he has written.

You will indeed be worthily employed in saving the Church property from the danger to which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have exposed it. The folly of these times is to tamper with what is well, and to leave ill alone.

One would suppose the Church to be very popular by the appearance of a "Church of England Review" and a "Church of England Magazine;" and to-day the first number of a "Church of England Gazette" has been sent me. The Reviews and Magazines are now, like opposition stage-coaches, ruining each other. In consequence of over-competition, first they lower the payment to their writers ("Frazer's Magazine" does this); and now, I am informed, in the "Church of England Quarterly" they request them to write gratuitously for some numbers to come, that is, till the concern breaks down.

It is likely that I shall not be a sufferer by Baldwin and Cradock's failure. H. Taylor asked Stephens' opinion upon the matter; and he very kindly got his brother, who is a solicitor, to call on Cradock. It appeared to him, on inquiry, as it had done to me, that they have taken care to secure me; and to effect this, they did not send me their bills upon the completion of the work. The copyright thus rests with me, and without my assignment they cannot dispose of the property of the edition; it yet must be disposed of, and, being worth considerably more than my claim of 1000*l.*, they who are winding up the affairs, it is supposed, must pay me, to enable them to effect the sale. God bless you. Our long tragedy is now drawing to its close, and, thank God, without any suffering of body or of mind.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 17. 1837.

My dear Rickman,

The only English book resembling in its design Zuinger's "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ," that has ever fallen in my way, is one which I dare say you have seen, — Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World, or a General History of Man." I don't know when it was first published; but there was a quarto edition (one volume) in sixpenny numbers when I was a schoolboy.

But there must be many books of this kind in all modern languages. They were the store-houses from whence sermons*, declamations, and essays were supplied with ready examples, and second-hand erudition. Zuin-

* Any careful reader who will compare Hammond's "John Baptist's Warning" (vol. iv. p. 490. &c., folio) with Jeremy Taylor's "Invalidity of a late or Death-bed Repentance" (vol. v. p. 462. &c., *Heber*), will at once come to the conclusion that they had before them some storehouse such as this.

ger's is probably the most extensive; it was built upon that of Conrad Lycosthenes, and is even over methodical in its arrangement; the worst fault for you would be the smallness of the type. But it contains universal history down to the year 1600, cut into shreds—a very learned man having thus employed all the leisure of his life in laboriously arranging a common-place book for general use.

Life is not long enough for men to read Greek and Latin authors in the original, if they are read for any purpose, except such authors only as are read for their manner as much as their matter; and these are very few. I have read many of the Byzantine historians in a French translation. But upon any point of importance, and especially upon any difficult passage, a translation is scarcely ever to be trusted. Your farther notes upon Bacon are placed in the depôt.

God bless you.

R. S.

To the Rev. G. C. Gorham, Maidenhead.

Keswick, Nov. 22. 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your communication, though it is vexatious to find that any letters should have been overlooked. The defect, however, shall be supplied, if the "Cowperiana" should, as I hope, be brought forward. But you are aware that Baldwin and Cradock have become insolvent.

Mr. Newton's letters to Mr. Thornton are no longer in my possession. They were returned as soon as I had made use of them; and among the, as yet, unused extracts there is nothing relating to Dr. [Samuel] Johnson.

My general rule was to print Cowper's signature as I found it.

Mr. Wordsworth met a gentleman at Rome, who

said that he had a large collection of Cowper's papers, and that he was one of his nearest relations. The name I have forgotten, but it was not one which I had ever heard of in connection with Cowper. Of course I have requested that inquiry may be made.

It would have given me much pleasure to have met you when I was last in town. I am sorry that the circumstance which prevented that pleasure should have been a mournful one.

Farewell, my dear sir,

And believe me,

With many thanks for all your communications,

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Dec. 7. 1837.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

I should sooner have replied to you, if letters had not poured in upon me, — not a few being from persons of whom I had long lost sight; but in whom the tidings of my poor Edith's death, when they read of it in the newspapers, revived a painful recollection of the days that are gone. Too many of these I have had to answer.

My affairs with Baldwin and Cradock are *in statu quo*. The money is in jeopardy; but I believe they mean well towards me, and it seems likely that eventually I shall be paid. Be that as it may, the matter will never cost me any vexation, inasmuch as I have nothing for which to blame myself in the business. Not that I take any credit for this sort of philosophy, which belongs as much to my disposition as to my way of thinking and of life. "Patience perforce" was what I heard of every day in Portugal, — the most useful of all exhortations, and, moreover, the most easy to put in practice, for it *must* be practised at last, whether you like it or not.

How the edition of my poems may answer, remains to be seen. The Longmen wrote me word, about ten days after the first volume had been published, "that they had printed 1500 copies, and had only 350 remaining;" but they added, "that no doubt many were in the hands of the trade; still," they said, "this was very satisfactory," and they thought it not unlikely that a second edition might be wanted. They have stereotyped the book, which implies more expectation of a good sale than I have ever entertained: 1500 copies would afford very little profit therefore, what with the additional expense thus incurred in the first instance, the engravings, the enormous cost of advertisements, and the low price of the volume; but the great outlay is at first, and upon a second impression the profit would be considerable in proportion. It is a great satisfaction to me, whatever the success may be, that I undertook thus to revise this portion of my works; it was what I owed to myself and to my children, and if it had not been done now I should never have had heart to undertake it.

You mention Cottle's "Recollections." Nothing ever made me so fully aware how incorrect the most careful biography must inevitably be, than what I saw in this book, and in the "Life of Sir Walter," and in poor Charles Lamb's "Letters." Some years hence any one who should undertake to write my life, as I have written Cowper's, would think there could be no better authority than what was to be found in these works,—directly, indeed, in the one, and incidentally in the other two. The confusion in Cottle's "Recollections" is greater than any one would think possible. He has only his memory to trust to, never having made any notes with a view to be-Boswelling his friends. Coleridge's letters to him were not fully dated; and in consequence he has confounded times, places, and circumstances in a way which must utterly mislead the unlucky biographer who

goes to his book for materials. Foster the essayist was the person who chiefly incited him to this publication, and who has now reviewed it in the "Eclectic." Foster is a fierce Puritan in politics, who would kiss the axe that beheaded him; and in religion he is a Calvinist of the deepest die—engrained.

Cottle himself is one of the kindest hearted of human beings, and, at the same time, unites in his character the extremes of simplicity and vanity. The book shows something of this. I was in time to make him strike out a good deal; but as to rectifying his mistakes, that was impossible. In the old Queen of Portugal's time, an engineer was sent to inspect the Bugio, a castle at the mouth of the Tagus, and report what was necessary for putting it in an effective state. His report was comprised in three words,—*A new fort.*

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes.

Yours, very truly,

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 22. 1838.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

Cuthbert and Kate have just taken their departure. I thank God the weather has changed in good time for their journey, the thermometer, which two days ago stood at 16°, being now at 40°. They hope to reach town on Wednesday; and Kate will remain at her uncle's till the Saturday or Monday following, according as she may feel herself sufficiently rested for one day's journey more. Cuthbert must be at Oxford by the Saturday's coach.

Bertha and I are thus left with Mrs. Lovell, who is never visible at breakfast, and not more than half the week at dinner. As to all purposes of companionable society, we may be considered as left to ourselves,

Cuthbert will return in about ten weeks for the Easter vacation.

Poor Gilbert*, when he drew out the scheme of my nativity, pronounced of me that I possessed "a gloomy capability of walking through desolation." That capability is now put to the proof; for this house is desolate indeed compared to what it was when you were here some sixteen years ago.

Kate will be a great comfort to your god-daughter, who has seen neither of her sisters since her marriage, and has often grievously wanted the assistance of one. I hope and pray, also, that the journey may prove beneficial to my poor Kate, who is very much shaken by what she has gone through. Better and more dutifully devoted children no father was ever blest with, nor ever man

* The following came to me amongst Mrs. Southey's papers, in Southey's handwriting: —

"By Lord Seymour:

"Were not the obliquity of the forehead much less arched than intense, the judgment expressed in this countenance might be equal to its imagination; nor could its invention be so out of proportion to the memory which it is known to possess. Far removed from a phlegmatic, he approaches to a choleric disposition; and though he cannot be accused of revenge, he may be at least suspected of temerity. His mind is capable of being filled in an instant with the most extensive subject, which he is more adapted to embrace or improve than to analyse or divide his ideas. The man who can give a definition of a genius can write a character of Southey; but he who can write the character of Southey may not be able to define a genius. Sunday, March 17. 1793."

On referring to G. C. Bedford's letters, I find one dated Ball. Coll. March 16. 1793, in which are the following lines: —

"The gifts which she gave me I with gratitude take,
Nor what Nature has made me shall Oxford unmake!

. . . . . .

Like the hour-glass before me, the sands of life run,
Beginning to end where their course is begun."

They are inserted merely to show where the above extract was written.

with a truer and more affectionate helpmate than I have been,—very few with so many years of as much happiness as is consistent with the common lot of humanity.

You will read with some interest the Preface to "Thalaba," which will be ready for you at the end of this month,—and that to "Madoc" which comes next. Something more interesting, however, to you than any of the notices in these prefaces relates to the ballad of the "Well of St. Keyne." The extract from Fuller's "Worthies," which gave me the foundation for that poem, was made in your little room in Bedford Square. Recollections of this kind meet me in every page of these volumes,— the when, and the where, and the wherefore,—the days that are gone,—and the old familiar faces.

But the most painful part of my task is over. None but those who know under what circumstances it was performed can imagine how singularly painful it must have been. Yet it is a great satisfaction to have performed it. On the whole I look on the "Minor Poems" with sufficient complacency; such as are mere exercises or sportive effusions have no harm in them, and the better pieces represent what I was and what I am,—you can bear witness how faithfully.

It remains to be seen how the publication will answer.

Thursday, 25.—I hope my poor Kate is by this time in London, or at least that she will reach it in the course of this day. The frost returned the day after her departure, and yesterday was one of the coldest days here that I ever remember. The Sarsar blew all day,—nothing but the Sarsar could have been so piercing. To-day there is no wind; but it freezes hard, and though I should not be glad to change places with a white bear in the vicinity of either north or south pole, I should like to change skins with him while this

weather lasts. Herbert Hill is here: he leaves us on Monday. I am now so much alone that, were it not for the habit which I still retain of reading proof sheets aloud, I should almost forget the sound of my own voice.

God bless you, my dear old friend.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 3. 1838.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I remember not only your alteration of the "Treasure House," but also your preventing a conjectural alteration from passing through the press at Bristol, which would have destroyed the meaning of the passage, poor Danvers and Davy having concluded that "Soloman's dead eye" ought to have been his "dread eye,"—ingenious but wrong.

I remember, too, that most of the details of costume by which Joan of Arc was so greatly improved in the second edition, were drawn from your old Joshua Barnes's "Edward III.," and from your volume of Stowe, ignorantly by me supposed to have been the work of its editor, and quoted accordingly in that edition as by Edward Howes.

Have you seen Warner's "Literary Recollections." I got it from a catalogue for a few shillings, for the sake of what it contains about Christchurch and Lymington. Men who never write well upon other subjects do so when they are writing from their own vivid recollections, and are too much in earnest, too much in a natural state of feeling, to think about writing a fine style. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. J. W. Warter.

Keswick, June 5. 1838.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

I would have given a good deal to have been at Tarring when Mrs. Dodson was there. You call her a funny woman; but a sweeter creature than Bessy Lamb was when I knew her in 1791-2 God never made. She was then twelve years old, shortened, and in a slight degree crippled by a paralytic stroke in her childhood; but a lovelier countenance never was seen. Her elder brother (long since dead) was one of my most intimate friends at Westminster; and I spent two Whitsun holidays at their house,—days of which I still sometimes dream. The second brother, who has succeeded to the estates, and is I believe a D.D., I have no liking for and whether the third be living I know not,—he was a mere boy in those days,—but I would go a long way to see Bessy. I learnt to ride upon a white pony of hers, Fanny by name. The sunniest days of my youth were those which I passed at Mountsfield.*

When I tell you that I walked fifteen miles to-day over some of the worst walking ground in the country (about half of it is a part of Borrodale which I had never explored before), you may conclude that I am in good condition. Kenyon and Unser Robinson have volunteered as companions to Karl and myself for a month's excursion in Normandy and Bretagne. I shall not be able to leave home before the middle of July, because no great progress has been made with the

* Speaking of the Lambs of Mountsfield, near Rye, in a letter to G. C. Bedford, Southey says: "Their eldest daughter must be now nearly seventeen. She has lost the use of one leg entirely. When I knew her she was a charming girl, with that susceptible disposition which, feeling pleasure and pain acutely, is likely to render the possessor miserable, because the quantum of misery is perhaps the greatest. Perhaps a boarding-school has altered her." — *Bristol, August* 29. 1796.

"Admirals." The mere business of carrying a volume of poems through the press every month consumes more time than you would suppose. Two more, however, will complete that task, and the fifth volume of our friend will be published whenever that person pleases for whom there has so long been a rod in pickle.* The

* Southey was fond of all his printers, and the scraps which follow were written out by him and sent to Miss Caroline Bowles at Lymington: —

I.

"O ho! Mr. Pople,
If you were a printer at Constantinople,
And I were the Grand Seignior,
I very much fear
You'd be nail'd by the ear
To one of the posts of your door!
"1810."

II.

"My good Mr. Strahan,
If you were a printer at Ispahan,
And I was the Persian Sophee,
Well spankt on your brawn,
My slow Mr. Strahan,
I certainly think you should be!
"1819."

III.

"It would serve you right, you William Nicol,
To put a rod in very strong pickle,
Intending therewith your toby to tickle,
If you do not print faster, William Nicol!
"1834."

"Three poems, all designed as hinters,
At different times for different printers,
Requiring them to mend their speed,
For which there was great cause indeed.
Because so very slowly they proceeded,
That Job might have objurgated as we did!"
"Robert the Rhymer."

concluding chapters and the contents and mottos are in his hands.

At Murray's special request I have written a reviewal of "Lord Howe's Life." He paid me for it (which is all I care for), and seems to have laid it on the shelf. I am only sorry, because I had mentioned Admiral Griffiths's pamphlet in a way that would have pleased him.'

The Hills have been disposing of such of their father's books as they had no use for. Warter will think it a good symptom that I have purchased his set of "Muratori," thirty-six folios, and all the Spanish books which I was not possessed of before. Shelves will be put up in the old nursery, of which I have taken possession; and by stowing such books as are least likely to be wanted in Mrs. Lovell's room, I shall find accommodation for as many volumes as I am ever likely to obtain by purchase, or by droppings in of unexpected parcels.

Herbert is so well pleased at the Bodleian, that it goes far towards reconciling me to his disappointment about the new church. He has a decided turn for literature, and for that branch in particular which may be cultivated with more advantage in his situation than in any other. He tells me he has recovered some fragments of "Chaucer" in looking over some of the manuscripts there. No doubt there is much to be found in those mines and he will find a growing interest in the pursuit.

Your gay lavender bag is placed across the arm of the sofa, to regale my olfactories after dinner, while I read myself to sleep. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, July 9. 1838.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I find in the "Agricultural Survey of Shropshire" a paper of Telford's* on the "Inland Navigation of the County of Salop, 1800." He speaks much in favour of railways in their judicious use, and recommends that in all future surveys "it may be an instruction to the engineers that they do examine the country with a view of introducing iron railways wherever difficulty may occur with regard to the making navigable canals."

Do you remember a scheme that was tried upon a canal near Bath about 1794 for saving locks, by enclosing the barge in a *caisson*, and sinking or floating it from one level to another? Weedon or Weldon was the engineer's name. The scheme failed because the reservoirs could not be (or were not) made strong enough. I saw it in different stages of its progress, and knew something of the engineer, who died of consumption at an early age.

In this paper of Telford's a method is mentioned of conveying heavy goods from a high level into a tunnel by means of two perpendicular pits, each 10 feet diameter and 120 feet deep. It was not found to answer so well as the inclined planes.

I have found a good story of a skew bridge at Caen. There is a bridge not far from Calais, on the road from St. Omer's, over two canals which cross each other: the bridge consists of two intersecting arches. I am so

* Telford was called in to survey the Church of Old Saint Chad, in Shrewsbury; but, on seeing the dangerous state of the north west pillar beneath the tower, he said to the churchwardens, "We will consult on the outside, if you please, gentlemen!" This was told me by one who was present; and he added, that Telford spoke it in the broadest Scotch. His advice was not taken, and the church fell. See Blakeway's "Hist. of Shrewsbury," vol. ii. p. 245.

ignorant of such matters that I ought not to speak of them. At Chippenham I used to admire a bridge that served for three roads; and there is an old one of the same kind at Croyland, of which I have seen prints.

You may be sure that I shall take all possible care to keep clear of what I do not understand.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, July 16. 1838.

My dear Sir,

I am very much obliged to you for the "Shakspeare" (which is very beautiful), and for the other books. Are you aware that Dyce printed a play of Fletcher's which had never been printed before, in 1830? "Demetrius and Euanthe" is its title. I saw it mentioned some time ago in a catalogue. I dare say you will find no difficulty in obtaining his permission to incorporate it in your edition.

It has occurred to me that you might comprise in a somewhat thinner volume than your "Shakspeare" the whole of our old ballads; a most desirable supplement it would form to Chalmers' or Anderson's poets, and a most precious volume in itself. If you think this worthy of consideration I should very well like to edit such a volume, and will write to you upon the plan which should be pursued.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

Robert Southey.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Keswick, July 30. 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

First I must thank you for a haunch of venison, which will be eaten this day. Next concerning the ballads. There are two ways in which they might be arranged, — 1. by classifying them, 2. by giving the existing collections in chronological order, as they were published. The second mode seems to me the best, because the history of this branch of our poetry is better traced by it, and because each separate collection affords a resting place which is always agreeable to the reader. Whether the volume should contain old songs as well as ballads must be determined by the quantity of materials. I wish there may be room for them. Modern ballads must be altogether omitted. A selection may be made from the "Garlands," and even from the "Broadsides," of which no doubt there are collections in some of the public libraries, and probably in private hands. The Preface would be a curious Chapter of Literary History, and there should be some prefatory notice to every separate collection. It would be most desirable to include Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border," which, after Percy's, is the most important collection. Indeed, the work would be incomplete without it. But here the point of copyright is to be considered, and of *propriety* also, in another sense. This is the only collection concerning which any delicacy could be felt in making use of it, at least I know of no other. Upon this we must feel our way. I shall add notes wherever they are needful; and have good reason for expecting to make some valuable additions from the Bodleian, where a near relation of mine, much given to such pursuits, is one of the librarians. This must suffice at present as an outline of my inten-

tions. I am now in all the discomfort of preparing for my journey.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours, very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Rev. Neville White.

London, August 26. 1838.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I have too long delayed thanking you and Mrs. White for all your kindness and hospitality. Four pleasanter days it has seldom been my lot to pass, and very few that will leave such cheerful recollections, while anything can be cheerful. My journey, after you saw me seated in the Norwich mail, was prosperous throughout. From the Post Office I drove to Mr. Rickman's, breakfasted there, hastened to see my old friend Bedford, whom I found greatly recovered from a most dangerous fall; got into the Southampton coach, in which I had taken the precaution of having a place secured; and at half after nine was on the road to Southampton. There my difficulties began. I expected to reach Southampton in time for the Lymington coach, as I had ever before done; but behold, there was no Lymington coach connected with that in which I had come from London. It happened to be the day of the races at Southampton, so that all the flys were in full occupation; and it was not till after the delay of about an hour that I procured a gig, with a very civil driver, himself the owner, and an excellent horse, who had been all day upon the race-ground, and was consequently not in the best trim for a journey of eighteen miles. The road, however, was as good as road can be, and I got to my destination about ten o'clock, when I had been given up. This was an uneasy stage, because I knew that my non-arrival, at the time appointed

would be a cause of anxiety. However, all's well that ends well, and I passed a few days to my heart's content with my old friend Miss Bowles, on the skirts of the New Forest.

We are now all assembled for our continental journey. The four insides of a Dover coach are taken for to-morrow morning. These will be occupied by Mr. Senhouse, Kenyon, Cuthbert, and myself. Capt. Jones is gone before us to Calais, and there Robinson is to meet us. I was fortunate enough to get sight of my brother in one of the intervals of his journeys. He is in good health and spirits; his family are at Brighton. I have been at Longmans', and find that what the booksellers mean by "doing very well" is just what I anticipated. The edition has not paid its expenses, yet it is doing "very well." No doubt it is for them at present, and eventually, I dare say, it may do well for me.

All the preparations for our journey are made. I dine with Chantrey at six this day, and when I return shall have nothing more to do than to finish packing, and close my portmanteau. The journey is likely, I trust, to set me fairly up in health and spirits, both which never fail to suffer after a few days' abode in London, for want of fresh air and repose. I do not mean sleep, but that quietness and composure which can only be found in the country. The excitement which our journey will produce is of a wholesome kind. I hope to keep a journal dutifully, as on all my previous journeys.

And now, my dear Neville, God bless you.

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Bertha Southey.

St. Malo, Sept. 15. 1838.

MY DEAR BERTHA,

Here we arrived yesterday, all safe and sound, thank God, having accomplished thus much of our journey with all possible good fortune, and in continued fine weather. Here we are detained to-day for want of post-horses; this at the worst is but the loss of a day; and such a detention could not have happened where we were in more convenient quarters, nor had more remarkable sea-scenery close at hand; for nothing can be more picturesque than the numberless rocks, some of them fortified, others forming sufficient fortifications in themselves. In one Chateaubriand is constructing his own tomb—a vain man of considerable talents, perhaps I might say genius. He is a native of this place, and this fancy, which is consistent enough with the sort of *charlatanerie* that marks his character, is much admired by his countrymen here, and will not be regarded as *charlatanerie* hereafter. The monument is in good taste, simple as it ought to be, and in another generation the state of feeling which induced him to choose such a spot for his last resting place is that which those who visit the monument will bear away with them. Whatever may become of his literary reputation, this work will endure. On Thursday, 13th, we went to Mount St. Michael, a day's expedition. In this, as in everything, the weather and the time served to our wish; upon wind we were not dependent, and we seemed utterly to have weather at will. The English mount is the more beautiful object, the French the grander; the rock is larger, and there is a great superstructure of buildings; but it is rendered more impressive than the Cornish Mount by its situation in a wide plain of sand at low tide (it was during the neap tides that we were lucky enough to make our visit), or standing alone in the

sea when the tide is in. The rock contains at this time 400 inhabitants, living in a little town at its base (what may be called the ground floor), 200 troops, and 680 prisoners — criminals condemned to longer or shorter terms of imprisonment in the dungeons or in the workshops. The Governor's house is in the upper part of the buildings, and on the summit of all is a large church, which suffered considerable injury by fire a few years ago. We saw everything except the dungeons and the workshops, both which we all declined seeing.

I must not forget to tell you that Karl's fleshly cockles were tantalised with such a sight at St. Michael's as, perhaps, is nowhere else to be seen. I know not how many sacks of cockles were brought in by the fishermen, neatly packed in bags or sacks of network, each containing no doubt a certain calculated number. Alas, they only served to "show his eyes and grieve his heart."

The mount itself, when we looked back upon it from the Jardin des Plantes at Avranches, and from a noble terrace under the old walls of that town, was one of the sublimest objects I ever beheld, rising "alone in its greatness" amid the sands, and as evening closed becoming more literally than Milton's words intended or imported a *visionary* object. So much for description, which after all requires the aid of prints to render it intelligible. Karl has provided himself with some, and I intend to make some purchases at Paris.

. . . . . .

Tell Mr. Campbell, with my kindest remembrances to him and Mrs. C., that I have actually purchased a blouse. Tell it at Portinscale and publish it in the streets of Keswick. Karl has also enriched his wardrobe with one. Betty will be astonished at my blouse, and astonished she would be at seeing a table d'hôte of fifty-five persons waited on by three young women more alertly than I ever saw men wait at the best appointed table. Nor would she be less surprised to see the business of this

great hotel, where one person is employed all the morning in killing fowls, partridges, and pigeons, another in plucking, and a third in drawing them. The business of preparing the dinner begins with the day. When I came down stairs at seven o'clock the master and mistress were shelling the peas and dressing the salads. The mistress is an Englishwoman from Staffordshire, a very pleasing well-behaved person, formerly lady's maid in some great family, where her husband was French cook. One of these female waiters shifts the plates as nimbly as if she were playing at battledore and shuttlecock. I never saw anything like her dexterity; it seemed to be as much a display of nimbleness and skill as a matter of business that she was carrying on.

The journey has been a most agreeable one in all respects. I am in good condition; but it must be owned that it will be a great comfort to come again into a country where there are large washhand basins and footpans, and plenty of water, for the French are not a cleanly race.

Once more, God bless you all! R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Buckland, Lymington, Hants, Oct. 14. 1838.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I returned to England three days ago, by way of Havre and Southampton, after something more than six weeks' absence. The expedition was in all respects as pleasant as could be wished; the weather so fine, that we had never more rain than sufficed for laying the dust, and that rain fell always in the night. We landed at Calais, and there engaged two carriages; the one a calèche, carrying two of our party, the other a berlin, carrying four. After reaching Abbeville, the country was new to me; and after leaving Abbeville, we turned aside through some bye-ways to the field of

Cressy, and, if there be truth in the local traditions, went into the very windmill in which Edward took his station while the Black Prince won his spurs. One of our companions, Captain Jones, of the navy, after seeking unsuccessfully for the hollow way into which part of the French horse plunged and suffered severely in consequence, came unexpectedly upon it himself, in a different direction. He satisfied himself at least upon this point, and I was better pleased to agree with him in what really seemed highly probable, than to raise any doubts. We proceeded to Dieppe that evening, and the next day walked to the Chateau d'Argues, one of the finest ruins I ever saw. Rouen was our next point, then Havre. There we embarked for Honfleur, then to Caen, Bayeux, Coutance, Granville, Avranches, Mont St. Michael, Dol, St. Malo, Dinant, Rennes, Vannes, Auray,—the nearest accessible place for any wheeled carriage,— to Carnac. I was not disappointed either in the magnitude of the stones, nor in their number, and the extent of ground over which they are arranged. This I had looked to as the most interesting object in our whole tour. Buckland, or some of his friends, had been surprised at finding there some stones like flint in hardness, and of a red colour, all of which had evidently been rubbed down to different angles. This puzzled them, because no plain pebbles of the same kind were to be found there, granite being the stone of the country. Upon showing them to Chantrey, he sent to his own yard for stones just of the same character, which had been rubbed down in like manner,—being used by his men for polishing the finer parts in sculpture. He therefore supposed that the people who raised the stones at Carnac must have employed these pebbles for some purpose of the same kind, and he desired me to look about for some of them. I had no occasion to do this, for the driver of our voiture brought me some. The purpose for which they

were used was, I have no doubt, that of polishing the celts — those weapons being the only things which the people cared for polishing.

Next, we crossed the Vilaine by a ferry at Roche-Bernard, where they are erecting a suspension-bridge. Nantes was our next point; Ancenis, Angers, Saumur, Fontevraud, Chinon, Azile le Rideau, Tours, Amboise, Blois, Orleans, the sources of the Loiret, Chartres, Versailles. At Paris our expedition closed, and Cuthbert and I made our way once more to Havre. The diligence was our conveyance now, in the coupés of which we passed some seventeen hours, and the night following in the steam-packet, — thus on the following morning completing a tour in which no accident nor unpleasant circumstance of any kind had occurred to interrupt our enjoyment. I have derived from the journey all the benefit that I hoped for, and layed in a good store of recollections as pleasurable as any recollections can be to those who have undergone such changes as have fallen to your lot and to mine.

Cuthbert is by this time at Oxford. I am tarrying awhile here. It has been a resting-place on all my journeys for many years. Here I can be perfectly quiet, can clear off accumulated letters which have been unanswered during my absence, and can also get through some work, though at the disadvantage of not having my books at hand. Some, however, which would be serviceable, I may very likely find in Sir Harry Neale's library. I may turn my thoughts, also, to such a poem as you have wished me to write with reference to the prospects of this kingdom. It will come better at a time when expectation of anything *ex officio* (if any one expected it) must have ceased. So I shall be neither idle here nor ill employed.

God bless you, my dear Wynn,

R. Southey.

To Mrs. J. W. Warter.

Buckland, near Lymington, Oct. 20. 1838.

My dear Edith May,

How fortunate Karl and I were in our six weeks' peregrination, and in effecting our passage in the steamer from Havre to Southampton, just before the fine weather broke up and the storms began! You have probably heard from one of your sisters, both being not only very good letter-writers, but very dutiful ones also. They may have told you, what it is fitting you should be informed of by myself, that, if all continue well with us till the month of June next, Miss Bowles has consented to cast in her lot with mine for the short remainder of our years. You will not be much surprised at this, knowing how long we have been intimately acquainted with each other, and that it is not possible for two persons to be better suited in all important points,—so perfectly indeed, that all who know her will know that I could not have acted more wisely than in uniting myself with her; and I have reason to believe that her friends are disposed to form the like conclusion concerning her.

My home, I trust, may thus again be made a cheerful one, though its cheerfulness can never be like that of former times, when I had a houseful of children. But I may look for as much contentment as falls to the lot of those who may be deemed most favoured with decline of life; and as far as human foresight extends, I have provided against that loneliness which I must else have felt when any farther diminution of my reduced household might take place.

It was a relief to me when I heard that Warter's illness was in no way connected with the operation. He has only now to regain lost strength; and, at his time of life, it sometimes happens that a serious illness, when

it has been well overcome, proves to the constitution something like a thorough repair to a house.

I sent a box of books from Paris the day before my departure, — not a large one, because I took into consideration that it was easier to fill the box than to find room for its contents when I should reach Keswick. But by stowing the most worthless part of my stores in your aunt Lovell's room, stowage may yet be found for a large addition to my stock. I shall be glad to hear that the box has reached London, for there has been some rough weather since it was sent off from Paris to Boulogne, consigned to Longmans' care. I left Mr. Senhouse at Paris, where he meant to remain about ten days after me. He enjoyed his journey much. You know how fond he is of cathedral architecture, and these noble buildings are so numerous in Normandy that we sometimes saw three or four in the course of a day's journey. The Normans were raised so much in my estimation by their great works of this kind, that I gave one day as a toast "the Glorious Memory of William the Conqueror." I dare say he has never had such a mark of respect paid him since his decease. The two most remarkable objects of our journey were Mont St. Michael and Carnac. The mount was the most interesting to Karl and me, because we had seen the English mount, and were thus able to compare them. Carnac is the largest Druidical monument that is known to exist; the stones are not so large as those at Stonehenge, neither are there any placed like door-posts — ; but in number they are estimated at from four to seven thousand, ranged in parallel lines, and spreading over a wide space of country.*

Normandy is a beautiful province: greater fertility I never remember to have seen, and seldom have I seen

* The curious reader may see a plan of the Dracontium of Carnac, restored according to its probable figure, in the Rev. J. B. Deane's "Worship of the Serpent," p. 367.

anything finer than some of the scenery, considering that it is not mountainous. Indeed, we saw nothing approaching to the size even of Malvern. Part of the coast is remarkably fine, especially at St. Malo. In short, our six weeks were very pleasantly employed, and profitably also inasmuch as I have laid up good store of recollections, and some local knowledge, which sooner or later always turns to account. Cuthbert made good use of his time, and kept his journal more regularly than I did; though my notes, when they are fairly drawn out, will not be thought inconsiderable.

God bless you, my dear E. May. My love to Warter and the Edithling. I shall remain here some little time, and see you on my way to London by taking the Brighton instead of the Southampton coach. I am in good condition for a mountain walk, if there were any mountains within reach. Once more, God bless you.

Yo EL PA;

Or, if you like it better, EL GRANDE PA.

To the Right Honourable C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Buckland, Lymington, Oct. 26. 1838.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I wrote to you from this place some days before your letter reached me; mine, I suppose, therefore, has been retarded by some railway communication, the railway post office having the peculiar advantage that it frequently delays the letters, and sometimes sets the letter bags on fire.

I wish I could have heard a better account of your rheumatic ailments. Yet if you are spared from any farther mental suffering, it may be reasonably hoped that the *mens sana* will bring about a bodily amendment. It is quite certain that mental suffering revives old bodily ailments, as we read of sailors suffering from the scurvy

a century ago, when, in the latter stages of that dreadful disease, wounds which had been healed very many years, opened. Last winter I had very nearly broken down, and an infirmity from which an operation had effectually relieved me for ten years, began to show itself again. Thank God, I am again sound in body and in mind, though not with the same confidence that I used to feel in my own condition. The change of air and circumstances during my six weeks' tour in France was of great use to me. Living so much in the open air made me sleep soundly, and sound sleep saved me from haunting dreams, which were far more distressing than sleeplessness.

The old doctrine of climacteric years is now admitted by most medical men who know anything of the history and philosophy of their own science. Sir H. Halford, you know, has written an essay upon it. Poor Duppa evidently died of that disease; my own brother also. In neither case was there any apparent cause of death but that the lease of life was run out.

I am in my sixty-fifth year, with very little diminution of strength, but with a certain distrust arising from a consciousness that I am no longer lithe of limb. I am, therefore, glad of a substantial staff to assist me in crossing places over which I should have leapt a few years ago. My eyes continue to serve me well. I read small print and use no glasses. On the whole, few men have had more reason to be thankful for the blessings which they have enjoyed. When I look back upon the course of my life, nothing in it appears so remarkable as that I should have experienced no ill consequence whatever from my own imprudence and rashness, and that, in spite of all obstacles and opposition. That I should have won for myself the position which I hold, might have been expected from the way in which I held on in my course. But this never could have been without the assistance which during so many years I received

from you . . . . The Conscript Fathers of the Row said in August that my poems were "doing well, very well indeed;" they meant for themselves, being sure of their profit as publishers: profit to the author there has, as yet, been none; he is to expect his from the future use of the engravings and the stereotype, when such use may be called for, the expense of publication not having yet been covered. This is no very favourable account; however, I am glad the task of correcting and arranging them has been gone through. Farther corrections I shall make from time to time as may seem good, for a posthumous edition, in which also I shall embody some wefts and strays, merely to prevent piratical publishers from profiting by them. At present I have some occasional employment of no unpleasant kind,—a paper for the "Quarterly Review," on "Telford's Life and Works," another on "Guest's History of English Rhythms;" nothing can be more worthless than the first volume, but in the second there is a great deal that is curious. I have also engaged with Moxon (and this was my own proposal) to edit a "General Collection of old Ballads, and Songs, and Carols," in one large volume in double columns,—a proper supplement to Chalmers' or Anderson's "Collection of the British Poets." The way in which I think of proceeding is to begin with the earliest collection of ballads, and give the others in the order in which they were published: this seems to me better, as well as easier, than throwing all the collections into hotch-potch, and then re-arranging the materials according to the subjects. By omitting from each successive collection whatever has been printed in an earlier one, room will be made for a selection from the "Garlands," and for some of the old Priory Garden broadsides, if any should be found worthy of preservation. Prefaces, biblio- and biographical, I shall give to each collection, preserving, of course, in every instance the original prefaces, and in a

general one I shall be in no lack of materials for a good chapter of our literary history. Moxon leaves me to make my own terms. I think of requiring definite payment for the prefatory matter, at the rate of my old "Quarterly Review" payments, that my labour may not be altogether lost; and having secured that, it will be fair, I think, for both parties, that he should take upon himself the whole risk, and we should share the profits. Rogers, who has been Moxon's patron, says, such a collection cannot fail to sell. Without being quite so confident, I think it likely to succeed. I am sure it will be a valuable book, and I shall take much interest in the pursuit.

I hear nothing concerning my Cowperage, and the longer I remain without any information concerning it the less likely does it seem that I should obtain a favourable account. If I lose the whole, as very probably I may, it will be my own fault for not having required progressive and regular payment as the work went on. But I wished to receive the whole in one sum and vest it in the funds.

So much for these concerns: I have no reason to complain; for I have lived happily, and maintained a respectable station in my own neighbourhood, never having been embarrassed, even when my earnings were at the lowest, and when I had no small household to provide for. But without your bounty, and without the timely addition made to my pension by Sir Robert Peel, I must have been reduced to great difficulties in the latter years of my life. Whether my family may ever derive any material advantage from an extension of copyright in favour of authors is what I am not likely to live to see; but that they may profit largely by a posthumous edition of my works, arranged in different divisions, may with much probability be expected. Nothing, I am of opinion, could be gained by attempting even a partial republication during my life.

Yet I should like to bestow as much pains in improving some of them as I did upon "Joan of Arc" and some of the "Minor Poems."

Your Breton cousins are a miserable people: why they should be so I am unable to explain; certainly it is not for any want of industry, nor because their soil or climate are so unfavourable that labour is bestowed upon the land in vain. They actually seem dwarfed by some baneful influence, as of malaria. Yet it is not an unhealthy country, at least it has not been reputed as such. But the men and women look as if they were half fed, and the children seem withered and pined as if for want of sufficient food. I never saw so filthy a race; and they are in as much repute for playing upon the Scotch violin as the Scotch themselves. Of this, however, I am happy to say that we neither saw nor felt any proof. The country is not picturesque; indeed, I have seen nothing like a mountain since I left Cumberland; but there are some parts like the finest Cornish scenery.

There was a Captain Jones of our party who expected by help of a dictionary to recover enough of his mother tongue for entering into conversation with the Bretons, and inquiring into their traditions and such correspondencies as might be traced. He could make little progress in this, and I never saw a man so depressed as he was by the miserable appearance of the people whom, before he saw them, he was fond of calling his cousins. The causes of their physical degeneracy must be purely local, for they make good soldiers and good sailors.

Before your letter of the 26th reached me (I received it on the 30th); I had promised myself to make Llangedwyn in my way home, if you should be there when I turn my steps homeward. In truth I begin to feel that at our time of life we cannot afford to put off an intended visit till that more convenient season which so seldom arrives. God bless you. R. S.

To the Rev. Neville White.

Buckland, near Lymington, Hampshire,
Nov. 18. 1838.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

You will be glad to hear that our expedition to France proved in all respects as profitable and agreeable as we could have wished it to be. We were six in number: Kenyon, a very old acquaintance of mine, whom you may possibly have met at my brother's; H. C. Robinson, who has more than once been a fellow traveller with Wordsworth; Capt. Jones, of the navy, an intimate friend of Kenyon's; Cuthbert, and myself. We engaged two carriages at Calais for the journey, and travelled post, the only modé of travelling by which we could regulate our movements according to our own convenience, take what direction seemed best to ourselves, and remain as long or as short a time at any place as we pleased. These advantages are well worth the additional expense, which indeed was not considerable, not having exceeded ten pounds per week each, everything included. You will see by my journal when I visit you next that I was not idle upon this journey, though less constantly industrious than I have been in former years.

I derived from the journey all the benefit that I had hoped for, and am at this time, thank God, in good health, free from all ailments, and in a proper condition for ascending Skiddaw, whenever Skiddaw shall be in a proper condition to be ascended. Winter seems now to be setting in, and I have a long journey before me, at a most unfavourable season. The course which I purpose taking, if nothing should occur to disarrange my plans, will be to leave this place on the 3rd of December, and make my way from Southampton to Brighton, that I may pass a week with my daughter Edith, if she is in a condition to receive me; but of this I am sorry to say there appears to be some doubt,

for I learn from one of her sisters that she is required to pass most part of the day upon the sofa. It must depend upon her therefore whether I make my visit to her now, or defer it till she may be in a more comfortable state. I can only say with certainty — that is with such certainty as the uncertain condition of human life allows us to presume upon — that whether I go to her at this time or not, my next stage will be from Brighton to London, by which road I can avoid the railways. My stay in London will not exceed a week, and indeed I should not have taken London in my way had it not been that my old friend Bedford is in a very precarious, not to say dangerous, state of health. From London I purpose going by the Shrewsbury mail to pass two or three days with my old schoolfellow Wynn, who has not long since lost his wife. I shall find him either at Wynnstay or at Llangedwyn, which is his own place of abode, and then I shall proceed with all convenient speed to Keswick, where I hope to arrive before Christmas.

Thus much concerning my intended movements. But I have something of more moment to communicate, which I should feel myself wanting in friendship if I did not impart to you, or if I left you to become acquainted with it by hearsay, or by any other channel than a direct communication from myself. Know, then, that I have formed an engagement with Miss Bowles, and, if it please God that all continue well with us, the marriage is to take place in the spring. We have been acquainted more than twenty years, and that acquaintance had matured into friendship at a time when no possibility that it might ever proceed farther could have been looked to on either part.

Generally speaking, I believe a second marriage will be found to be either the wisest or the weakest action of a man's life. A weak action it must be, if engaged in with any precipitance, or if there be any unseemly

disproportion of age, or any circumstances on either part from which any other motives than those of mutual and well founded esteem could be inferred. I am in my sixty-fifth year, Caroline Bowles in her fifty-second. We have long been in constant correspondence.* No two persons could know each other better than we have long done; and I do not think it possible that any persons could be better suited to each other in every point of importance. As regards the prudentials of such an engagement, there will be additional means more than equal to any additional expenditure. But what is of far greater importance, I shall have for my constant companion one who will render my fireside cheerful, and save me from that forlorn feeling against which even my spirits, buoyant as they are by constitution, might not always have been able to bear up. My household will soon consist of only my daughter Kate, and Mrs. Lovell; for Bertha is about to unite herself with my cousin Herbert Hill, I know not how soon. I have provided therefore for Kate's comfort almost in as great a degree as for my own.

Upon this subject I have only to add that my daughters regard it with that proper feeling which you, I am sure, will give them credit for. They know that what is likely to be for my happiness is likely to be for theirs; and so well aware of the suitableness of the engagement was Mrs. Warter, the only one who could properly be said to know Miss Bowles personally, that when I wrote to her upon the subject, she said she must tell me that she had prophesied it, and that it had relieved her from the painful apprehension that I might be left alone.

God bless you, my dear Neville. I cannot enter upon ordinary matters after having entered so much at large upon what concerns me so nearly. Make my

* This Correspondence is ready for publication, and will be supplementary to these volumes.

kindest regards to Mrs. White and your whole flock. I will not forget your daughter's album, nor the autograph for Mr. Utting. Tell me your daughter's Christian name in your next, which it will be good enough to make use of, if, as I hope, I should be able to introduce it with good effect.

Believe me always,
Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Buckland, Lymington, Nov. 27. 1838.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

I am sorry to hear that you have been and still are so mournfully engaged. *Miss* Greenly was in her youth and beauty when I saw her last. I am therefore the more impressed when thus made to think of her in her present state.

You were right in supposing that I should be with my admirable friend Miss Bowles. And perhaps you may not be surprised when I tell you that, if her health continues in its present improved state through the winter and spring, which are trying seasons to her, she has consented to cast in her lot with mine for the short remainder of our days. Were it not for the reasonable hope which the engagement affords, my prospect would indeed be cheerless, for Bertha will ere long have a home of her own. I know not how soon her marriage with my cousin Herbert Hill may take place; but in all probability it will not be long delayed; and my household then will only consist of Kate and Mrs. Lovell, with Cuthbert in his vacations.

I have often said that a second marriage must (generally speaking) be either the weakest or wisest act of a man's life. To render it a wise one, there must be suitableness of age, as well as long and intimate ac-

quaintance, long enough and intimate enough to be assured that such other suitableness of disposition exists as constitutes moral sympathy. These fitnesses existing, you will not think that we act unwisely in agreeing to join company for the remainder of our pilgrimage. Kate, the only one of my daughters who can be affected by it, sees that it will be greatly for her comfort as well as for mine. Mrs. Warter, in reply to the letter wherein I informed her of my purpose, took credit to herself for having, as she said, "prophesied it," and she rejoiced in being relieved by it from the thought of the comparatively forlorn state to which I should otherwise be reduced. It is a matter of equal satisfaction to Miss Bowles's relations, grieved though they must be at the prospect of her removing so far from them all.

I hope to pass a few days with our friend Charles Wynn, on my way to the North,—a journey which I purpose to begin on Monday next, December 3. He writes just in that calm and becoming state of mind in which you would expect to find him. But I am sorry to hear that his daughters are advised to winter at Hastings, in consequence of that failure of strength which is always felt, when that excitement which, in afflictions like these, supplies the place of strength, ceases in the necessity for exertion.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes.

Yours, with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Buckland, April 13. 1839.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I struck out all that I had collected concerning the Round Towers, because it was deemed necessary to curtail the article, and this episodical matter was what

could best be spared. Lockhart afterwards reinserted some of it; and I took care to preserve the whole, thinking it likely that at some time or other I should meet with more information on the subject.

Concerning Irish antiquities I read largely and made copious extracts several years ago. The most curious were from the Brehon Laws, which that muddy-headed General Vallancey published in his "Collectanea."

As soon as a small box of books arrives, which I expect by the carrier shortly, I shall proceed with a reviewal of Sir Thomas Browne's works. If that book had been at hand I should have introduced a very good description of the passage of the Wash, as contrasted with the road by which I crossed it on the way from Newark to Norwich.

I suppose the most remarkable work of this kind is what they call the *Levées* upon the Loire. Most of the credit of this remarkable work is due to our Henry II. I wished very much that you had been with me when I passed over it, for it is a marvellous work considering the age in which it was undertaken. It was undergoing a complete repair, much to our discomfort, and to the great wear and tear of all carriages; ours, however, were so well built that they suffered no injury; but we had for some days to endure the almost intolerable stench of the preparation of hemp by the road-side and on the islands and sand-banks of the Loire. The papers say that Louis-Philippe is taking measures for clearing away the sand-banks which impede the navigation of that river. A good king has he been, the best that the French have ever had, if they knew when they were well off. We used to drink his health with hearty good will on our journey; but my favourite toast used to be "The glorious memory of William the Conqueror." Greatly are we beholden to him; for if Harold had won the battle of Hastings, we might now have been speak-

ing some one of those Teutonic dialects which would dumfound a German or a Jew, instead of that rich composite language which is now our mother tongue.

God bless you,

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Buckland, Lymington, Hampshire,
May 4. 1839.

My dear John May,

I have written to Bedford by this day's post, and there is a note of mine on the way to him, which should have reached him by this time; at present your letter tells me more concerning him than I had heard from any other quarter; and I would fain persuade myself that summer, which appears fairly to have begun with us here, may bring with it a restorative influence to him; for never did I know any other person who seemed to possess such power of life.

With regard to myself, and the subject upon which you will properly expect the first information, I believe I may tell you that if nothing occurs to prevent our intentions, Caroline Bowles will change her name in the course of a fortnight, and I shall have for a helpmate and companion a woman of all others most entirely suited to me in all points essential to our mutual contentment. This connection will be very desirable for Kate also, who would otherwise, in consequence of Bertha's marriage, have felt herself alone. About midsummer I shall bring Caroline home, and that home I trust will again become a cheerful one.

As to my employments, I am finishing an introduction to Beaumont and Fletcher's works, for Moxon, for which he is to pay me at the rate of the "Quarterly Review," and I am proceeding with a review of Sir Thomas Browne's works; farther I do not yet see before me. Cuthbert is keeping his terms at Oxford,

and preparing for his "Little Go;" Kate looking not impatiently but wistfully for my return to Keswick. Give my kindest remembrances to your dear daughters; excuse the brevity of this hasty reply, and believe me always, my dear old friend,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Edward Moxon, Esq.

Buckland, Lymington, Hampshire,
May 6. 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,

A note in reply to yours has missed its way somewhere under a frank. Its immediate purport was to say that I was far advanced in the preface or introduction * (call it which you will). I said also that it might be well to announce our collection of Ballads, &c., for which I possess some materials which the publishers who seek to forestall us are not likely ever to have dreamt of. Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. J. W. Warter.

Ryde, June 6. 1839.

MY DEAR E. MAY,

Boldre Church †, the parsonage of good old Mr. Gilpin in the latter years of his life, rang as loud a peal as could be made by the cracked bells on Tuesday the 4th. The churchyard is one of the most picturesque I ever saw, and the parsonage house is that in which Caroline

* To "Beaumont and Fletcher." The fragments are now in my hands.

† An engraving of it is the frontispiece to the new edition of Mr. Southey's "Chapters on Churchyards." To those who are curious in such matters I may add that, instead of a weather-*cock*, it formerly had a *fish*, to tell the points of the wind, — one of the very few instances in which the old term ΙΧΘΥΣ is retained, intimating that, *Nos pisciculi ex undâ nascimur.*

Bowles passed the happiest days of her childhood. That name she then parted with. Her uncle, Mr. Burrard, performed the ceremony, and Sir Harry Neale, who is also one of her nearest kinsmen, gave her away. The British navy has not at this time a braver admiral or a better or kinder-hearted old man. George III. and his Queen showed their sense of his worth by presenting him with their portraits. I think you have seen the epitaph upon a poor girl who died after long and severe suffering. Sir Harry has placed a tombstone to her memory, having visited her almost every day for many weeks. Caroline wrote the epitaph, and Boldre churchyard has seldom or never attracted so many visitors as on that occasion, which was indeed, in all its circumstances, most affecting.

We shall return to Buckland in a few days; and then, as soon as business will allow (packing and the train of confusion which follows upon a removal), we shall make for Keswick with as much expedition as may be. We crossed yesterday from Southampton to Ryde, which is more beautiful than I had expected to find it. The weather has been very favourable, and we are about to make the best of it. You have heard, I suppose, from Kate, of what she calls the Precedency Faction, which has set so many numskulls by the ears, in consequence of the Count's having married Miss Jackson: an ill-suited marriage in all respects; but nothing can be more absurd, or more uncharitable, than the spirit in which this matter has been taken up by persons who used to pride themselves upon their acquaintance with the Count, and lost no opportunity of bespeaking him for godfather at a christening. I shall not trouble myself about the ill blood which this will breed, but be very well content to find myself in a minority with Mr. Campbell, who may reckon as surely upon my conformity with him as I do upon his with me.

God bless you, my dear E. May,

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Ryde, Isle of Wight, June 7. 1839.

My dear John May,

This would have been a cheerful communication were it not for the condition of my excellent old friend Bedford. My brother can only say of him that he is still alive; recovery is no longer to be hoped for when there is so much suffering. But of all this you are more fully informed than I am. It is but of late years that you have known him, yet it has been long enough for you to appreciate his worth. I have known him most intimately from boyhood, and had always a cordial welcome at his father's house. On both parts the whole of our correspondence, from its commencement in 1791, has been carefully preserved, and completely arranged for use at the proper time.

I have now to tell you that on Tuesday, June 4th, Caroline Bowles was married at Boldre Church, and received my name. Boldre, as you probably know, was good old Mr. Gilpin's parsonage, where he passed the latter years of his life, and Caroline passed the happiest part of her childhood. Her uncle, Mr. Burrard, performed the ceremony, and Sir Harry Neale performed that part of it which consists in giving the bride away. I shall be well pleased when you see how fitting a helpmate has fallen to my lot; one more suitable in all respects it would not be possible to have found.

God bless you, my dear old friend.

Yours, most affectionately,

Robert Southey.

To John May, Esq.

Buckland, July 6. 1839.

My dear John May,

Nothing has ailed me, except several attacks of the influenza, which are so common that one hardly

thinks of mentioning them, especially as I have not had any of the worst symptoms; indeed it was not till yesterday that the cough became troublesome, and already it has well nigh ceased to be so. It is just a matter of prudence not to expose myself to bright sunshine, but to keep house quietly as long as the epidemic continues. There is no privation in this. I have books enough here to employ myself; and I have not only one of the best companions, but one of the truest helpmates that man could be blest with, and whom I had regarded among my most intimate friends for more than twenty years, — how many more my memory will not enable me to ascertain. It will be a great satisfaction for me to introduce you to her. My old friends are falling fast around me, or bearing signs of increasing debility which cannot be misunderstood. Every year lessens their number now, and in losing Bedford I seem to have lost part of myself. Our intimacy commenced in 1791, and when I happened to be in London no day elapsed in which I did not see him. Every letter that I received from him has been carefully preserved, and all that he received from me have been preserved and arranged with the same care; it would surprise you to see such an accumulation. My intercourse with Wynn has been of forty-eight years' continuance; and with you it has been uninterrupted since we met at Lisbon in 1795.

You may fairly infer that I am in good heart and hope for the works which I hope to complete, when I tell you that as soon as we are settled at Keswick I shall resolutely begin upon the "History of Portugal," as a duty which I owe to my uncle's memory. Half the labour I consider as done. But I have long since found the advantage of doing more than one thing at a time, and the "History of the Monastic Orders" is the other thing to which I shall set to with hearty goodwill. Both these are works of great pith

and moment; and I have a review of Sir Thomas Browne's works upon the stocks, and a volume of the "Lives of the Admirals," or "Naval History," whichever you please to call them. These minor affairs will supply Cuthbert's college expenses, and carry him through his course at Oxford. You have thus, my dear old friend, a pretty full account of my proceedings.

God bless you.

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To the Reverend J. W. Warter.

Buckland, Aug. 13. 1839.

MY DEAR WARTER,

We hope to be with you on Tuesday evening, the 20th, if you can receive us for two or three days: then to proceed to London for no longer tarriance, and make the best of our way to Keswick. I have had a pretty fair share of the Flue, and believe that I am now well rid of it at last. My love to Edith; and now that we hope so soon to see and converse with you, excuse this hasty letter.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. Caroline desires her love to Edith.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M. P.

Keswick, Sept. 5. 1839.

MY DEAR WYNN,

The influenza, after I know not how many attacks, has, I hope, left me at last, and little the worse for it; and I am now fairly settled with my books about me, resuming my wonted occupations, and about to proceed with certain works which have too long been left unfinished.

The first of these, are the "Colloquies;" the "History of Portugal" comes next, and then the "History of the Monastic Orders:" for each and all of these I am well stored with materials, and was never in better mood for setting about what has been for so many years among the main objects which I have had in view.

You will infer from this that I am in good heart and with a reasonable prospect of getting through all that I have projected in prose or verse. You, who saw most, if not all, my earliest verses, may, I hope, see my latest. There are some in progress, with which I think you will be pleased.

We have had no disturbances in Hampshire; and in Cumberland it was only the worst part of the population who showed any disposition to riot. How heartily did I wish that you had been in condition to have given them full chase.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NOTE.

In volumes which comprehend so wide a field of literature as these do, there will probably be many mistakes which I have overlooked. Where any such are found, I shall feel very much obliged to any courteous and competent scholar who will communicate with me. On the publication of SOUTHEY'S COMMON PLACE BOOKS *I made a similar request,—and I do not forget, but wish to record, the courteousness of the Bishop of London, who, amidst the multiplicity of his engagements, found time to notice it. So different is the genius of a great* SCHOLAR *from that of* MEN-MILLINERS *in literature,*

Quibus ingenium est immansuetumque ferumque.

INDEX.*

Abbot, Mr. i. 180.
Abbotsford, iv. 324.
Abbotsford Subscription, the, iv. 318. 323.
Abella, Don Manuel, ii. 206. 209. 259, 260. His part in the "Partidas," 206. 260.
Abel's "Travels," iii. 278.
Aberdeen, Earl of, iv. 394.
Abergavenny East Indiaman, wreck of the, i. 318. 321.
Abney Park, iv. 380.
Abyssinia, i. 196. The Jesuits in, 233.
"Abyssinian Annals," the, ii. 96.
Academy, the Portuguese, i. 126.
Academy, the Royal Irish, iii. 383.
Acland, Sir T., iii. 266; iv. 348. 474.
"Acta Sanctorum," the, ii. 429; iii. 50. 97. 356.
Adair, Sir Robert, ii. 347; iv. 192.
Adam, Catholic mythological anecdote of, i. 306.
Adamson, Mr., ii. 98. His "Life of Camoens," iii. 117. 289. 295.
Adderley, Dick, ii. 95.
Addison, Joseph, his "Cato," ii. 217.
"Address," Cumberland, history of the, iii. 147, 148. 154.
Adelaide, Queen, iv. 267.
"Adelphe," Cowper's, iv. 400.
"Advocates' Library," the, of Edinburgh, i. 342. Office of librarian offered to Southey, iii. 92, 93.
Affonso Henrique, i. 134. Sword of, 137.
"Affonso V., Ordinacoes de," i. 115.
Affonso VI., deposition of, i. 135.
Affghans, the, iii. 19.
"Africa, Discoveries in Central," iii. 538. 541.
Africa, the Portuguese wars in, i. 135. The courts and cities of, 238.
"African Memoranda," the, of Captain Philip Beaver, ii. 117. 123.
"Aguirre, History of Lope de," the, iii. 198. 236. 246. 254.
Aikin, Arthur, i. 249, 250. 302. 345. 349; ii. 17. 40.
Aikin, Dr., i. 27. 375. 385; ii. 193. His "Biographical Dictionary," 343. 347. 405; ii. 152; iv. 57. His "George III.," iii. 14.
Airey, George, iii. 501.
Aitzema's "History of Europe," iii. 292. 334.
Albans, Duchess of St., iv. 67.
Albertus Magnus, ii. 57.
Albubarrote, battle of, ii. 79.
Albums, Southey's proposed society for the suppression of, iii. 284.
Albuquerque, his Indian conquests, i. 280. 300. His life, by his son, 280.
Albuquerque, Bras d', (or, Blaise) his life of his father, i. 280.
Albuquerque, Duke de, ii. 206. His death, 216.
Alchemists and alchemy, i. 94.
Alcobaça, i. 129. 137. 141, 142.
"Alderman's Funeral," the, ii. 154.
Allemanni, Luigi, his poems, ii. 27.
Alentejo, i. 110. 145. 154.
Alexander, the ventriloquist, iii. 265.
Alexander the Great, romance of his visit down into the sea, i. 274.
Alexander I. of Russia, ii. 204. 289. 351. 428.
Alexander, Sir W., the oculist, iv. 468.
"Alfieri," Lloyd's edition of, ii. 394. Review of his works, iii. 14.
"Alfred," Cottle's, i. 101. 182.
Algarve, i. 145. 154.
Alison, Sir Archibald, his "History," iv. 337. 444.
Allen, Mr., of Edinburgh, his Spanish history, i. 327.
Allen, John, his exposure of Lingard's "History," iv. 3.
Allen, Robert, ii. 194.
Alliance, La Belle, ii. 417.
Alloway, Mr., of Minehead, i. 78.
Almanzor, tale of, i. 199.
"Almeida, Life of," ii. 88. 178. 205.
Almeida, Tower of, i. 110.
Alps, tour in the, iii. 72.
Alston Moor, road across, iii. 401.
Althorpe, Lord, iv. 338.
"Amadas, Sir," poem of, i. 340.
"Amadis," Montalvo's, i. 379.
"Amadis of Gaul," i. 213. 217. 223, 224. 226. 250. 268. 287. 350. 378; ii. 34.
"Amadis of Greece," ii. 4. 15.
Ambleside, i. 329.
Ambleside, scenery of, i. 288.
"America, Davis's Travels in," i. 246.
America, the French in, i. 7. War with, in 1812, ii. 316. Levelling tendency in, iii. 134. Southey's article on, 417. Religious experiments in, iv. 160.
"America Portugeza," the, of Rocha Pitta, ii. 10.
America, South, our policy towards, i. 406, 407. Non-affinity of the languages of, to those of North America, ii. 21. Condition of medical science in, 46. Language of, 176. Depravity of, 241.
American Indians, how treated by the Spaniards, ii. 165.

* I am obliged to some unknown hand for this Index.

"American Philosophical Society, Transactions of the," iii. 266.
American Spaniards, character of the, ii. 263.
"Americana, Archæologia," iii. 266.
Amerigo Vespucci, "Elogio" on, ii. 56. Bandini's "Memoirs" of, 56, 57. 65. Authenticity of his "Letters" denied, 119.
Amhurst's poem in the "Specimens," i. 422.
Amiens, Peace of, effect of the, iii. 320.
Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, his "Life of St. Basil," iv. 110.
Amsterdam, description of, iii. 496.
Amyott, Mr., iii. 442.
"Analytical Review," i. 27.
"Αναξ ἀνδρῶν. See *Coombe.*
"Anchieta, Life of Father," i. 115. His poems and miracles, 115. His "Grammar," ii. 88. 271. His observations on the natural history of Brazil, 343.
Andalusia, the plague in, i. 123.
Anderson's poems, i. 420.
Anecdotes of —
A monk with visual sight strengthened by spiritual grace, iii. 542.
Antonio, St., iii. 356.
Brazil, Prince of, i. 25.
Catholic mythology, i. 306.
Coleridge at Eton, i. 246.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, i. 85.
Delcau, Madame, iv. 286.
Derwent Coleridge and the seventeen shillings and sixpence, iii. 457.
Hayley's "Autobiography," iv. 450.
Irish boy and a cow, i. 60.
Irish friars of Lisbon, i. 106.
Louis XV., i. 212.
Lawless, Jack, iv. 157.
Lowther family, iv. 77.
Lysons, iv. 75.
Nichols's "Anecdotes," iii. 134.
Plymouth people, i. 111.
Polcas of the Malabar Coast, i. 300.
Schoolboy in Portugal, i. 139.
Seahouse family, iv. 76.
Seward's "Anecdotes," iii. 289.
Southey's aunt, i. 100.
Wynn, Charles, his Theme, ii. 322.
Andrews, Gerard, iv. 517.
Aneurin, i. 167.
Anglesea, isle of, i. 171.
"Anglo-Saxons, History of the," Sharon Turner's, i. 326. 338.
"Annual Register," the, iii. 246.
"Annual Review," the, i. 233. 245. 248. 250. 252. 287. 295. 298. 302. 316. 331. 336. 343. 345. 363. 383; ii. 17. 26. 43. 51. 81. 96. 113. Its death, 155. 186.
Annuals, the, Southey's dealings with, iv. 123.
Anquetil du Perron's Zendavesta, i. 78. 82.
"Anthology, Annual," i. 83. 97. 104. 183. 201. 316.
Anthony, St., procession of, in Lisbon, i. 106. 114.
"Antidius, the True Ballad of St.," quoted, i. 207.
Anti-Jacobin letters, the, of Lloyd, i. 72.
"Anti-Jacobins," the, i. 418; ii. 121.
Antonio Francisco Caetano Christofero, Prince of Beira, i. 25, 26.
"Antonio," Godwin's, ii. 226.
Antonio de Santarem, Frey, Roman Catholic legend of, i. 307.
Antonio, St., anecdote of, iii. 356.
Apollo and Marsyas, i. 22.
Apparitions, i. 64.
Applethwaite, iii. 15.
Appleton, Mr., iv. 522.
Arabian school of medicine, i. 298.
Arabic language, the, in Spain and Portugal, i. 225.
Arabouton, or Brazil-tree, ii. 308.
"Arcadia," the, of Sir Philip Sidney, i. 224. 287. 315.
Arcadia, character of, i. 224.
"Archæologia Americana," iii. 266.
Ardoney, Diego de Toledo Zara, ii. 344.
Ariosto, Southey's opinion of, i. 268.
"Arminian Magazine," the, iii. 64.
Armour, reason of its disuse, ii. 39—41. The armour in the Tower of London, 40. 42. Chain-mail, 41.
Army Bill, Mr. Windham's, i. 383.
Arrabida, i. 115.
Arrabida mountains, i. 110.
Arragon, kingdom of, i. 233.
Arrowsmith, the map engraver, ii. 55. 120. 133.
"Arthur, Prince," ii. 34. 39.
Asgill's examination of the Scriptures, iv. 370.
Ashley, Lord (now Earl of Shaftesbury), iv. 328. 353. 375.
Ash's "Dictionary," iii. 53.
"Asiatic Researches," the, i. 301.
Aspul, George, the musical prodigy, iii. 501.
Association, the Constitutional, iii. 227.
Associations, political, dangers of, iii. 227.
Astorga, the Marquess de, iii. 375.
"Athenæum," the, i. 385. 393. 416. 423; ii. 9. 43. 67. 81. 193. Its death, 186; iv. 363. 449.
Atlantis, tales of, ii. 21.
"Atlas" newspaper, iv. 449.
Attila, the Latin poem relating to, ii. 41.
Attwood, Matthias, iv. 308.
"Aubrey," i. 286.
Aubrey's "Miscellanies," i. 64.
Audrey, Mr. iii. 347.
Augustines, the, in Portugal, i. 25.
Auracan language, the, ii. 22.
Austria, policy of, in 1809; ii. 149. 154.
Autographs, Southey's lines on, iii. 527.
Autos-da-fé, in Lisbon, i. 107.
Ava, leprosy, the, iii. 89.
Avalanche at Skiddaw, iii. 15.
Aveiro conspiracy, the, i. 112.
Avery, Mr., iv. 481, 482.
Awdry, Mr., i. 338.
Aymures, the, of Paraguay, ii. 88.
Azote, oxyde of, i. 95.
Aztecans, their origin, i. 95.

B——, i. 27. 59. 60. 203.
B——'s Lucubrations, i. 29.
B's, the, i. 185.
Baber, Mr., iii. 341.
Bacon, Lord, i. 338. Basil Montague's edition of the "Works," iv. 34.
Bacon, Roger, i. 274.
Badnjoz, i. 177. Siege of, ii. 273.
Bagdad, i. 78.
Baillie, Mrs., her "View of Lisbon," iii. 462. 470.
Baillie, Joanna, i. 295; ii. 115; iii. 353.
Baily, the Newbury Renegado, ii. 40.
Baldwin, Robert, Esq., iv. 461. Letters to (see *Letters.*)
Baldæus, i. 301.

Baldwin and Cradock, Messrs., iv. 516. 535, 536.
Balfour, Mr., his version of Yriante's "Dancing Bear," ii. 26.
"Ballads, Lyrical," of Wordsworth, i. 216.
Ballantine, the bookseller, ii. 139. 140. His "Edinburgh Annual Register," 158. 162. 165. 169. 211. 237; iii. 104; iv. 270.
Bampton Lectures, iv. 114.
Bandini's "Memoirs of Amerigo Vespucci," ii. 56, 57. 65.
Bangor, i. 170.
"Bank of Faith," the, of William Huntingdon, S. S., i. 355.
Baptist Missions in Hindostan, i. 234.
Barbauld, Mrs., i. 304. Her "Essay," 314.
Barbosa, the Rainhas of, i. 160.
Barcelona, seige of, iii. 326.
Barco, D. Martin, his "Life of Vieyra," ii. 209, 210.
Bards, execution of the, i. 253.
Bardsey, island of, i. 167. 243. 247.
Barge-travelling in Belgium, ii. 427.
Barker, Miss (afterwards Mrs. Slade), i. 107, 108. 113. 118. 120. 172. 184. Letters to, (see *Letters*), 194. 195. 232. 251. 256. 272. 332—335. 353. 356. 386; ii. 1. 175. 219. 265.
Barlow, Captain Sir R., i. 36; ii. 68.
Barlowe, Joel, his poem of "Columbus," ii. 153.
Barnardez, Diego, the poet, i. 115. His brother, i. 115.
Barnes, Mr., i. 132.
Barns, Mr., Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
Barros, Joam de, i. 233. 264. 406. His historical dishonesties, 280, 299.
Bartholomew, massacre of, i. 7.
Barré's "Papers," review of, ii. 420.
Barrow, Sir John, i. 336; iii. 105 282; iv. 398.
Barton, Bernard, the poet, iii. 210, 211. 297, 309.
Basnage, the work of, ii. 53.
"Basque Dictionary," the, of Larramendi, ii. 196.
Bassenthwaite, Lake, i. 240; ii. 17.
Batalha, i. 129. 137. Visit to, 142, 143.
"Batavian Anthology," Bowring's, iv. 257.
Bath, corporation of, i. 14. Scenery at, 333, 354.
Bathurst, Lord, ii. 412.
Bayard, "Memoirs of the Chevalier," Miss Sara Coleridge's translation of, iii. 482. Southey's review of, 509.
Bayeux tapestry, iii. 513. 519.
Bayley, Peter, jun., Esq., his literary piracies, i. 245. 254.
Bean, his death, iii. 91.
Beatson's "Military Memoirs," ii. 404.
Beauharnais, Eugene, ii. 400.
Beaumont, Sir George, i. 271. 321; ii. 50. 160, 161. 170. 181, 276; iii. 98. 130. 406. His death, iv. 52.
Beausobre's "Histoire de Manicheisme," i. 339. 359. 368. His "History of the Reformation," iii. 479.
"Beauties of England and Wales," i. 326; ii. 186.
Beavers in Wales, i. 243. Miss Barker's drawing of the Beaver, 272.
Beaver, Captain Philip, ii. 117. His "African Memoranda," 117. His colony at Balama Island, 117, 123.
Beckford's "Vathek," i. 303; iv. 378.
Beddoes, Mr., i. 92, 197. 245. 397. 403. 431. 834. His death, ii. 192. The proposed biography of, 192, 193.
Beddoes, Mrs., i. 191.
Bede, the venerable, ii. 271; iii. 523.
Bedford, Grosvenor C., Esq., i. 1. n. 49. 85. 90. 118. 218. 279. 288. 363. 403. 414. 428. 429, 430; ii. 9. 18, 19. 355. 405; iii. 30. 146. 214. 225. 301. 347. 371. 424. 533; iv. 55. 443. Letters to, (see *Letters*).
Bedford, Henry, Esq., i. 391; ii. 19. 212; iii. 157. 383.
Bedford, Duke of, i. 221. 363; ii. 87. 263; iii. 308; iv. 259.
Beguinage, the, i. 96.
Beira, province of, i. 155.
"Bel and the Dragon," article in the "Quarterly," ii. 236.
Belgians, the, iv. 193.
"Belgica Collectanea," Southey's, iii. 11.
Bell, Captain, his vision, i. 64.
Bell, Dr., i. 418; ii. 237. 250. 255. 289. 298. 377; iii. 130. 226. 326; iv. 222. 327. 339. 344. 355.
Bell, John, i. 182. 135; iii. 125.
Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval ii. 272, 273.
Beloe, Mr., i. 91.
Bennet, Grey, iii. 385.
Bentinck, Lord Frederick, iii. 279, 280. 409.
Bentinck, Lord William, iii. 280.
Benserade's verses, iv. 71.
Benson, Rev. Mr., as a preacher, iii. 449.
Bento, St., Convent of, i. 133.
Berenguer, Count Raymon, ii. 70.
Beresford, Bull, ii. 94; iii. 27.
Bergen op Zoom, taking of, iii. 292.
Berkeley Castle, i. 98.
Berkeley's "Minute Philosophy," iii. 512. 543.
Berlings, the, i. 109.
Bernadotte, ascends the throne of Sweden, ii. 204.
Bernard, St., i. 209; ii. 163. His grand Benedictine scheme, 163.
Bernardines, the, of Alcobaça, i. 142.
Bernier's "Travels," i. 301.
Bernino's "History of Heresies," i. 359.
Berri, Duc de, death of, iii. 184.
Berrington, the historian, iii. 429.
Best, Rev. Mr., iv. 69. His book, 73.
Betham, Miss, ii. 67. 147, 152, 153. 159. 175.
Bettesworth, his death, ii. 68.
Bewdley, i. 19.
Beza's "History of the Reformation in France," iii. 479.
Bible Society, the, ii. 256. 292.
"Bibliographers, the British," iii 49.
"Bibliotheca Britannica," Southey's projected, i. 219. 229.
"Bibliotheca Danica," iii. 334.
Biddlecombe, Mr., i. 39. 49. 75. 94. 220.
Bierzo, the, ii. 86.
Biggs, the printer, i. 39.
Bigland's "Essays," ii. 132.
Bilderdijk, Mr., iii. 490. 517; iv. 9. 46. 92.
Bilderdijk, Mrs., iii. 491. 517; iv. 9. 46.
"Biographical Dictionary," the, of Dr. Aikin, i. 343. 347; ii. 33.
"Biography, French," review of the, ii. 251.
Biscay, Bay of, i. 178.
Bishops, bench of, insulted by Earl Stanhope, ii. 291.
Black, Dr., editor of the "Morning Chronicle," iv. 103.
Blacket, the poet, ii. 172. 174.
Blackstone, Frederick, iii. 533.

"Blackwood's Magazine," iii. 467. 514; iv. 302.
Blake, Admiral, ii. 254.
Blake, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 275; iv. 27.
Blenheim House, i. 16.
Bligh, the midshipman, story of, i. 55, 56.
"Bloody Gardener," song of the, ii. 332.
Blomfield, Dr. (now Bishop of London), iii. 478. 498. 501.
Bloomfield, Robert, his poetry, ii. 174.
"Blue and Yellow," story of the, iv. 151.
Blue Devils, the, i. 230.
Boaden's tragedies, i. 67.
Boccacio, i. 325.
"Body of God," description of the procession of the, i. 104. 114.
Boddingtons, the, ii. 196.
Boethius, his "Philosophia," iii. 80.
"Boica, Monumenta," the, iii. 419.
Boiling Well, simile of the, i. 270.
Bolingbroke's "Voyage to the Demarara," ii. 130.
Bolton, Mr., of Windermere, iii. 323. 325. 329.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, i. 180. 205. 227. 244. 279. 318. 357; ii. 48. 78. 83. 113. 123. 129. 149. 165. 169. 179. 184. 203. 216. 221. 230. 251. 254. 270. 289. 305. 311. 314. 326. 352. 400. 403. 405. 412. 415, 416. 418; iii. 310. His death, iii. 263. Preparations made in England to repel his projected invasion, i. 221. 253. His abdication, 350. Scott's "Life" of, iv. 40. Hazlitt's "Life" of, 40.
Bonaparte, Jacopo, his account of the sack of Rome in 1527, iii. 287.
Bonaparte, Louis (King of Holland), his "Documents" respecting Holland, iii. 524.
Bonaparte, Lucien, his poem, ii. 224. 231. 381, 385. 418. His conduct, 418.
Bony Well, the, ii. 229. 231.
Booksellers and literature, iii. 247. Revolution in bookselling, 523. 526.
"Borja," the, i. 212.
Borrodale, i. 171.
Boscastle, iv. 480.
Boswell, James, ii. 425. His death, iii. 303. Notice of him and his family, 303, 304.
Boswell, Sir Alexander, iii. 303, 304.
Botelho, the poet, iii. 15.
Botocudos, the South American tribe, ii. 201.
Boucher, Jonathan, his "View of the Causes and consequences of the American Revolution," iv. 91. His "Archæological and Provincial Dictionary" left unfinished, 91.
Bourbons, the, ii. 340.
Bourgoing's statistical account of Spain, ii. 105.
Bourrit, Mr., i. 192.
Boutet, or Soutet, the French captain, i. 35. 37.
"Bow-Begum," history of, i. 49.
Bowdler's "Shakspeare," iii. 13.
Bowles, Rev. Mr., iii. 216. 222.
Bowles, Miss Caroline (the second Mrs. Southey), iii. 139; iv. 13. 77. 81. 304. 556. Her "Widow's Tale," iii. 385. 404. Her "Ellen Fitzarthur," 404.
Bowness, William, the Keswick man, iii. 459.
Bowring, Sir John, iv. 257.
Boys compared with girls, ii. 65.
Boys, the Abbé du, i. 401.
Boyse, the poet, ii. 51.
Bradford, scenery near, i. 354.
Braganza Revolution, the, i. 135; ii. 76.
Brahminical system, the, i. 301.
Branksome, i. 345.
Bravery, natural to man, ii. 221.
Bray, Mrs., iv. 202. 207. 211. 247. 343. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Bray, Mr., iv. 367.
Braybrook House, iii. 146.
Brazil, i. 98. 401. 406; ii. 46. 76, 77. 128. 200, 201; iii. 315. Failure of the Mines of, i. 124. Spices of, 125. Removal of the Portuguese Court to, 48. Natives of, 49. 71. Language of, 176. Natural history of, 343.
"Brazil, Arte da Grammatica da Lingua da," of Figuera, ii. 205.
Brazil-tree, the, ii. 308.
"Brazil, Travels in," Koster's, iii. 16. 48.
"Brazilica Corographia," the, iii. 115.
"Brazil, History of," i. 401. 406. 414; ii. 10, 11. 34. 49. 57. 67. 78. 81. 98. 123. 130. 133. 142. 146, 166. 191. 193. 207. 215. 246. 268. 307. 320. 326. 347. 381. 386. 399. 409; iii. 47. 61. 81. 92. 110. 120. 125. 130. 132. 135, 136, 137. 140. 152. 173. 178. 181. 256. 267. 278. 288. 293.
Brewer, Mr., his death, iii. 180.
Brewers, the great, iii. 144.
Bridgewater, high tides at, i. 92.
Brigida, S., her revelations, i. 265.
Brissotines, execution of the, ii. 100.
Bristol, i. 92. 154. 221. iv. 252. 473.
Bristol Church of England Tract Society, established, ii. 249.
"British Critic," the, i. 91. 287; ii. 67. 414. Its new form, iii. 512.
Brito Freyre, his work, ii. 72.
Brittany, iii. 513.
"Britton's Cathedrals," review of, iii. 539; iv. 129.
Brixton, i. 70, 71. Southey's recollections of, ii. 355.
Broadway, i. 17, 18.
Brooke, Mrs. (Maria Del Occidente), her poem, "Zophiel," iv. 214, 215. 361.
Brooksbank, his religious opinions, iii. 122
Brothers, Richard, i. 370.
"Brothers, The," of Wordsworth, i. 210.
Brotherswater, ii. 153.
Brougham, James, iii. 148. 151. 299.
Brougham, Lord, i. 342; ii. 110. 151. 224; iii. 63. 88. 166. 188; iv. 206. 209. 223. 225.
Browne, Sir Thomas, his "Religio Medici," ii. 32. New edition of his works, iii. 426. 443. 446; iv. 517.
Browne, Wade, Esq., his death, iii. 287. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Browne, the traveller, iv. 368.
Brownes, the, ii. 17.
Bruce, Robert, Gordon's "Famous History" of, i. 290. Harvey's "Life" of, 290.
Bruce's "Travels," i. 279. His historical inaccuracy, 280; ii. 149. Review of, ii. 96.
Bruce, Captain William, iv. 37. 51.
Bruges, description of, ii. 427. 429.
Brunswick, Duke of, i. 12.
Brussels, visit to, ii. 428. Visit of the Emperor Alexander to, 428. 429.
Brutus, dramatised by Lee, ii. 66. Painted by David, 67.
Brydges, Mr., ii. 51.
Brydges, Sir Egerton, ii. 136. 394; iv. 383. 416. 434.

Buccaneer, origin of the name, iii. 12.
Buchanan's "Travels," review of, ii. 48.
Buckingham, Duke of; his poem on Felton, his father's assassin, i. 428; iii. 308; iv. 45.
Buckingham, Duchess of, iv. 45.
Buckingham, Marquis of, his patronage of O'Connor's work, iii. 61. 64.
Buckminster's "Sermons," iii. 441.
Buddha, mythology of, borrowed from Christianity, i. 339.
Buenos Ayres, Mr. Kindel's journal kept in, ii. 239. Misgovernment in, 240. Character of the inhabitants of, 264. Their wild legislation, 360, 361. "History of," iii. 114.
Balama Island, Captain Beaver's colony at, ii. 117. 123.
Bulkeley, Mrs., i. 114.
Bull-fights, i. 116.
Bullion question, the, in 1811, ii. 224. 300.
Bunbury, Sir H., iii. 64. 165. 182. 191; iv. 365.
Bunbury, Mr., his death, ii. 223.
Bunbury, Mr. (son of the last), ii. 223.)
Bunjy, or Bungy, or Benjy, or Bengy, Miss, i. 194. 255.
Buonarotti, M., his "History of the Babœuf Conspiracy," iv. 180. 210.
Burdett, Sir Francis, ii. 214. 272, 273; iv. 505.
Burdettites, the, ii. 212. 214. 272.
Bureta, Countess of, the Zaragozan, ii. 272.
Burke, Colonel, in South America, ii. 201, 202.
Burke, Edmund, i. 203. His logic, ii. 189. His works published in 8vo., iii. 269.
Burn, Mr., i. 401, 402; ii. 11; iii. 279.
Burnet, Bishop, his "History of his Own Times," iii. 393, 394.
Burnetski, Count, i. 305. 321; ii. 26. His "Polish Letters," i. 416.
Burnett, George, i. 52. 156. 181, 251. 365; ii. 13. 138.
Burney, Captain James, i. 219. 228. 401; ii. 53. 65
Burney, Dr., iv. 310.
Burney, Martin, i. 321.
Burns, Robert, i. 420. His "Works," edited by Allan Cunningham, iv. 373.
Burrard, Sir Harry, iii. 416; iv. 82.
Burton, in Hampshire, i. 39. 41.
Burton, Robert, his Grub Street works, ii. 311, 312.
Bury, town of, iii. 410.
Butchell, Martin Van, iv. 378.
Butcher, Mr., ii. 383.
Butler, Dr (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield), iv. 241.
Bute, Lord, i. 140. 244.
Butler, Mr., iii. 379. His answer to Southey's "Book of the Church," 462. 467. 482. His "Life of Erasmus," 514. 531. 534. 535.
Butler, Alban, his "Lives of the Saints," iii. 103.
Butler, Lady Eleanor, of Llangollen, ii. 230. 234.
Buttermere, i. 329; ii. 154; iii. 262.
Buxtorf's "Synagogne," iv. 176.
Byron, Lord, ii. 387; iii. 34. 137. 142. 225. 232. 238. 293. 312. 340. 344. 346. 430; iv. 112. 288. 324.
Byzantine historians, the, ii. 39. 41. 158. 162.

C——, the Spanish luminary, i. 27.
Cadaval, Duke of, i. 105.
Cabildos, the, ii. 200.
"Cabinet Cyclopædia," the, iv. 122, 151, 164. 170. 183.
Cadell and Davies, the publishers, ii. 26.
Cadiz, the plague at, i. 123. Its unhealthiness, 124.
Cadwallon, i. 171.
"Cain, a Mystery," Lord Byron's, iii. 293. 295.
Calais, siege of, in 1436, ii. 215.
Calas, death of, i. 7.
Calcutta, bishopric of, iii. 369. 371. 376, 377. Accepted by Reginald Heber, 393.
Caldas, i. 141.
Caldcleugh's "Travels," iii. 479.
Caldron Snout, ii. 286.
Caledonian Ball, iii. 432.
Caledonian Canal, the, iii. 378. 384.
Calicut, conquest of, i 300.
"California Historia de," ii. 216.
Callimachus, epigram of, i. 49. *n.* Translation of, 50.
Calvert, John, ii. 117. 350; iii. 148. 154. 299; iv. 42.
Calvert, Mrs., iii. 240.
Calvin, John, i. 360. Spread of Calvinism in England, 371.
Calvin's "Letters" in the "Courier," ii. 350.
"Cambrian Register," the, i. 286. 291. 294.
Cambridge, epidemic fever at, ii. 407. 424. Visit to the town of, iii. 410.
"Cambro-Briton," the, iii. 351. 369.
Camden Downs, i. 17.
Camoens, poetry of, i. 26, 27. 243. Hayley's translations of, 26. His fate, 131. Adamson's "Life" of, iii. 117. 289. 295. D. Jose's Maria's edition of the "Lusiad," 321.
Campbell, Horse, ii. 92, 93.
Cannibalism, iii. 11.
Canning, Right Hon. George, i, 116; ii. 86. 149. 160. 170. 275. 382. 391. 396. 405; iii. 31. 120. 324. 329. 501; iv. 85.
Canova, iii. 130.
Capel Cerrig, i. 170.
Caracean deputies, ii. 240. 241. 247.
"Caramuru," the Brazilian poem of, iii, 316.
Carillons, the, of Ghent, iv. 200.
Carlisle, Nic., i. 49. 71. 219. 270. 275. 322. His lcarization, 90. His tortoise, 351.
Carlisle, projected insurrection in, iii. 166.
Carlyle's translations from the Arabic, ii. 89, 90. His "French Revolution," iv. 509.
"Carmen Annuum," Southey's first, ii. 339.
"Carmen Nuptiale," the, iii. 26. 47.
Carol, Colonel, ii. 206. 212.
Caroline, Queen, iii. 183. Case of, 206. 218. 220.
Carpio, Bernardo del, tale of, i. 199. 208; ii. 72.
Carte's "Life of Ormond," iv. 119.
Carter, Mrs., her translation of Epictetus, i. 259. 400; ii. 1.
Cartwright, Major, his saying, iv. 363.
Carvajal, D. Louisa de, sketch of her life, i. 368. 392.
Carysfort, Lord, i. 289. 364.
"Carysfort," mortality on board the, i, 295. 305.
Casas, Las, i. 95.
Casaubon's "Letters," iii. 438.
Castanheda, the historian, i. 233. 264.

Caste, the Hindoo system of, i. 285. 299, 300.
Castelcicali, ii. 223, 224.
Castlereagh, Lord, ii. 170. 402; iii. 142.
Castro, Jaõ de, i. 128.
Catalan writers, ii. 70, 71.
"Catalonia, History of the War in," Spanish, iii. 357.
Catarina, St., in Brazil, ii. 202.
Caterpillars, hairy, said to sting the hand, ii. 346.
Cathcart, Lord, ii. 305.
Cathedrals, or Cambridge men, iii. 266.
Cathedral history, remarks on, iv. 28.
Catholic, Association, the, iii. 468.
Catholic Committee, the, ii. 305.
Catholic Declaration, the, iii. 32.
Catholic emancipation, i. 145. 356. 416. 426; ii. 276; iii. 31. 160. 312. 398. 480; iv. 130. 158.
Catholic legends, iv. 40.
Catholicism in Portugal, i. 106. Its demoralising influence, ii. 241.
"Cato," Addison's, ii. 217.
Cato's "Letters," i. 367.
Cats, Jacob, i. 71. 430.
Cats, Southey's, iii. 216, 217. 240—243. 470; iv. 88. 496.
"Caubul," Elphinstone's, iii. 19.
Causey Pike, the mountain so called, i. 302; iii. 403.
Caves, the Yorkshire, ii. 288.
"Cecilia," the romance of, i. 66.
Cedam, footstep of the, i. 360.
"Celestina," Charlotte Smith's novel of, i. 179.
"Celtic Researches," Davis's, review of, i. 336.
Cenis, Mount, iii. 72, 73.
"Censura Literaria," the, ii. 186.
Cervantes, his petition, iii. 126.
Cezimbre, height and castle of, i. 110.
Chagas, Padre Antoniodas, iii. 399.
Chalcondylas, history of, ii. 39.
Challenge, answer to an expected, iv. 497.
Chalmers' "Collection," iii. 528.
Chamberlaine, ii. 201.
Champion's Fragment of "Ferdusi," ii. 41. 96.
Chandler's "Greece," i. 339.
Channing, the Rev. Dr., iii. 321; iv. 160.
Chantrey, Sir Francis, iii. 130. 303. 312; iv. 133. 478. 519.
Chapelain's "Joan of Arc," i. 34.
Charitable trusts, abuses in, i. 53.
Charlemagne, poems on, i. 206.
Charles Martel, St. Eucherius's vision of the punishment of, i. 307.
Charles II. of England, article on, iii. 398. 402.
Charles VI., of Spain, i. 21, 22. His Queen insulted in Madrid, 22.
Charlevoix, ii. 57. His "History of St. Domingo," 310.
"Charlotte, Princess, Funeral Song on," Southey's, iv. 283.
Charterhouse school, ii. 289.
Chastillus, ii. 149.
Chateaubriand, i. 207; iv. 551.
Chatham, Earl of, iv. 118.
Chatsworth, i. 17.
Chatterton, Southey's opinion of, i. 420.
Chatterton subscription, the, i. 97. 145. 187. 205.
"Chaucer, Life of," Godwin's, i. 245. 254.
Chesterfield, Lord, his song in the "Specimens," i. 419. 425.
"Chili, History of," by one of the ex-Jesuits, ii. 134.
Cholera Morbus, the, iv. 225. 227. 230. 242. 245. 249. 262. 269. 285. 290, 291. 293. 300. 308.
Christ Church, Southey rejected at, i. 6. 203.
Christchurch, Hampshire, i. 30. 33. 179. 379.
"Christiad," the projected poem of Henry Kirke White, ii. 184.
Christianity, end of the reign of fabulous, i. 3.
Christianity, difficulties or facilities of introducing, iv. 161.
"Christian Observer," the, ii. 7. 62.
Christophe, Madame (formerly Queen of Hayti) iv. 144.
"Church, Book of the," Southey's, iii. 230. 294. 317. 342. 348. 353. 371. 387. 390, 391. 414. 438. 462. 464. 469. 474; iv. 26.
Church Establishment, Southey's apprehensions for the, ii. 291.
Church, national, duty of a government respecting, iii. 429.
Church, books relating to the history of the, iii. 426.
Churchey, William, iv. 475.
Cibdareal, Bachelles F. G. de, his "Centon Epistolario," ii. 87.
Cid, the, i. 199. 208. 347. 349. 357. 364. 373. 377. 382. 386. 404; ii. 10. 11. 13. 15. 22. 34. 43, 44. 67. 71. 78. 81. 85. 99. 193.
Cieça, Pedro de, his work, ii. 72.
Cintra, its beauty, i. 118. 120. 128. Convention of, ii. 100. 108. 116. 120. 164; iii. 6. 13.
Cistercians, the, i. 209.
Ciudad Rodrigo, battle of, ii. 273.
Clarendon, Earl of, iv. 261.
Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," iii. 95.
"Claridge, Richard, Life of," iii. 214.
"Clarissa," Miss Barker's hypothesis concerning, ii. 297.
Clarke, Stanier, his "History of Maritime Discovery," i. 238. His "Life of Nelson," ii. 180. 184, 185. Appointed historiographer, 281.
Clarke, Adam, his reply to Herbert Marsh, ii. 256. His biblical erudition, 363. "Life" of, iv. 356.
Clarke, Mrs. ii. 129.
Clarke, Dr. his "Travels," ii. 302.
Clarke's "Christiad," iv. 413. Notice of the author, 413.
Clarkson, Thomas, i. 245; ii. 43. 147. 153. 255; iii. 304. 373. 376; iv. 145.
Clarkson, Mrs., i. 245.
Claverton, scenery at, i. 354.
Clavigero's "Mexico," review of, ii. 14.
Clede, La, i. 135. 233.
"Clelia," the French Romance, ii. 66.
Clercq, Mr. Willem de, iii. 415.
"Clermont, Acts of the Council of," ii. 157.
Climate, influence of, i. 91.
Clinton, Fynes, iv. 191.
Clive, Mr., iii. 145. 266.
Cobbett, William, ii. 165. 214. 272; iii. 51. 68. 69. His "State Trials," 186.
Cochin saved by woodcutters, i. 300. Loureiro's account of, ii. 305.
Cochrane, Admiral (afterwards Earl of Dundonald), i. 327; ii. 11. 118.
"Cock and a Hen," Southey's, iv. 116.
Cod liver oil, iii. 151.
Codex Argenteus, the, i. 226.

Coimbra, mail-coach to, i. 112. Beauty of the situation of the city of, 136. The interior of, 136.
" Coimbra Journal," the, ii. 382.
Colburn, Henry, the bookseller," iv. 450.
Colchester, Lord, iii. 376, 377.
Coleridge, Edward, i. 83.
Coleridge, George, notice of, i. 81, 82.
Coleridge, Mrs., senr., i. 83.
Coleridge, S. T., i. 67. 78. 81. 103. 108. 118. 122. 153. 165. 174. 183. 185. 216, 217. 228. 231, 232. 235. 237. 239. 246. 250. 253, 254. 257. 270, 271. 279. 297. 299. 310. 321. 338. 357. 365. 377. 381. 391. 400. 408. 410. 416; ii. 16. 35. 48. 114. 119. 128. 182. 183, 184. 188, 189. 192, 193. 195. 212. 242. 247. 257. 270. 299. 317. 332. 386. 408; iii. 67; iv. 381.
Coleridge, Derwent, iii. 286. 457.
Coleridge, Henry, iv. 222. 307. His " Life of Swing," 222.
Coleridge, John, ii. 415; iii. 49. 336. 342. 344, 345. 348. 350. 353. 383. 455. 509. 511; iv. 67. 106.
Coleridge, Mrs., i. 335. 400. 410, 415; ii. 159. 190. 378; iii. 1. 106.
Coleridge, Hartley (Moses), i. 241. 311. 355; ii. 30. 38. 279. 386. 407. 424; iii. 140; iv. 382.
Coleridge, Sara, i. 400; iii. 5. 286. 301. 432. 452.
Coleman, Mr., i. 75.
Collier, Jeremy, his Church history, iii. 429.
Collier, Jeremy, his " Annals of the Stage," iv. 238.
Colling, Mary, her poems, iv. 211, 212. 216. 228 247. 266.
Collingwood, Admiral, ii. 313.
" Colloquies upon the Prospects of Society," Southey's, iii. 177. 207. 230. 337. 251. 311. 437. 485; iv. 56. 63. 84. 87. 136. 153. 207. 224. 288.
Collyer, Dr., his " Lectures," ii. 131. 133. 182.
Colnaghi, iii. 82.
Colonial policy, Southey's opinions respecting, ii. 263. 301.
Colonization, necessity of, iii. 174.
" Columbanus's Letters," iv. 48.
" Columbus," Joel Barlowe's poem of, ii. 153.
Combermere, Viscount, iv. 111.
Commodore, origin of the word, ii. 70.
Common Council, its reply to the King's answer to a petition, ii. 117.
Comnena, Anna, history of, ii. 40, 41. 157, 158.
Compass, Mariner's, invention of the, ii. 57. 66.
Condor, Josiah, ii. 198. 234. 242. 258. 261. 293. 338. 409; iii. 2. 112. 217. 275.
Conestaggio, his " History," i. 390.
" Confessions," the, of Rousseau, i. 54.
Confirmations, neglect of, iii. 499. Waggon confirmations, 499. *n.*
Congreve, i. 230. 260. 276.
" Consolations and Comforts," the, of Coleridge, i. 246.
Constancio, Dr., his " Ghost," i. 290.
Constable, Mr., the publisher, ii. 29. 297.
Constantine Palæologus, subject of, proposed to Southey for an epic poem, i. 295. Miss Baillie's tragedy of, 295.
" Constantinople, History of," ii. 311.
Constitutional Association, the, iii. 227.
Consumption, its prevalence in Iceland, ii. 242. The Spanish belief that it is contagious, 243. *Its frequency in North America*, 244.
" Convocation, History of the," iii. 261.
Conway castle, i. 170.
Conundrums, i. 29. 287. 290; ii. 420; iii. 295. 507.
Coombe (" His Majesty," or "Αναξ ἀνδρῶν), i. 6, 7. 16. 19; ii. 93. 150; iii. 249. 268. 274, 275.
Copenhagen, bombardment of, i. 149; ii. 25. 27. 204. 312. 315.
Coppendale, Mr., i. 116. 158.
Copyright, observations on, ii. 323; iii. 90; iv. 511.
Corbyn, Mr., i. 75.
Cordesius's " Joannes Aletophili Opera M. Gulielmi de S. Amore," iii. 522.
Cordova, i. 78.
Cork Convent, i. 115.
Cork, Cove of, i. 228.
Cornwall, sands of, iv. 487, 488. Mines of, 489.
Cornwall, Barry, iii. 222.
Corpo de Dios, procession of the, i. 104. 114.
" Correio Braziliense," the, ii. 246; iii. 237. 253.
Corry, Mr., i. 175. 179. 182. 199. 201. 212; iv. 143.
Corunna, i. 20.
Corwen, village of, i. 169. 248.
Cossacks, the, ii. 305. 311.
Costin, Hippolyte da, ii. 295.
Costume, old English, i. 289.
Cottle, Joseph, i. 38. 41. 48. 122. 156; iii. 141.
Cottle, Amos, his translation of the " Edda," i. 46. His " Alfred," 101. 397. His " Ode of Thrym " quoted, 211. *n.* His " Recollections," iv. 538.
Cottle, Patty, death of, i. 118.
Cotton, Charles, the angler, his translation of Montluc's " Commentaries," iii. 441. 485. 486.
Cotton, Mr., ii. 89. 91.
" Courier," the, i. 184. 380. 416; ii. 12. 16. 48. 81. 149. 184. 305. 341. 351. 386; iii. 67. 220.
Courtin's poem on Charlemagne, i. 206; ii. 385.
Conto, Diojo do, i. 264.
Covent Garden Theatre, i. 51.
Cowper, William, ii. 112. 324; iv. 399, 400. His works edited by Southey, 384. *et seq.*
Coxe, Archdeacon, review of his " Life of Marlborough," iii. 164.
Crabbe, George, his poems, ii. 90. His poetry compared with that of Goldsmith, 91.
Cradock, Charles, Esq., iv. 387. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Craig, Mr., the Scottish Presbyterian clergyman, iv. 191.
Craufurd's " Sketches of the Hindoos," i. 301.
Craufurd, General, iii. 92. 129.
Credulity and Medicine, i. 84, 85.
Criminal law, the, iii. 119.
" Critical Review, the," i. 27. 102. 249. 310. 381; ii. 23.
Critics, dramatic, of London, ii. 218.
Croft Castle, ii. 229.
Croft, Sir Herbert, his tomb at Douay, iii. 516.
Croft, Sir Herbert, his " Letter," i. 118; ii. 112. Proposal to dedicate Chatterton's works to him, i. 145.
Croker, J. W., ii. 228. 236. 275. 282. 335.

391; iii. 4, 5. 462; iv. 304. 372. His "Boswell's Life of Johnson," iv. 237.
Cromwell, Oliver, iii. 291. "Memoirs of," by his descendant, Oliver Cromwell, 177. 252. Southey's "Life of," 251. 256. 284.
Crosse, Mr., iv. 494.
Crossfell, ii. 284. Remarkable accident on, 385.
Crossthwaite Church, i. 250.
Crummock Lake, ii. 338.
Crusades, advice to Dr. Southey for collecting materials for a history of the, ii. 156. 161. 162. 178. 244.
Cruz, Santa, monastery of, at Coimbra, i. 136.
Cubitt, Rev. B. i. 252; iv. 278.
"Culdees, History of the," iv. 270.
"Cumberland Packet," the, iii. 150.
Cumberland, Duke of, i. 221; iv. 193.
Cunha, D. Luizda, ii. 49.
Cunha, Munho da, i. 390.
Cunliffe, Lady, i. 248. 282.
Cunningham, Allan, i. 420; iii. 302. 484; iv. 103. 113. 116. 362. 373. 386.
Curtis, Sir Roger, ii. 68.
Curtis, Sir William, his conundrum, ii. 420.
Curwen, Mr., ii. 108. 117. His bill, 147. 265.
Cyr, St., i. 158.
Cyr, St., Marshal Gouvion, iii. 289. 370.
"Cymmrodorion Transactions," the, iii. 349. 351. 368.
"Cyclopædia," Rees's, i. 423; ii. 186.

D——, her perversion to Roman Catholicism, ii. 313. 317.
Daita, Bauba, iv. 303.
Dalecarlians, the, ii. 204.
Dalhas, Mr., i. 302.
Dallas, Sir George, iii. 202, 203.
Dalrymple's "Oriental Repertory," i. 300. His library, ii. 53.
Dalrymple, Sir Hew, his convention, ii. 100. 108. 116. 120, 164; iii. 13.
Dalrymple, Colonel, iv. 33.
Damien, the maniac, i. 7.
Danby, Mr., of Swinton Park, iv. 152. 155. His "Ideas and Realities," 155.
Danes, the, conversion of, to Christianity, i. 226. Healthiness of the, ii. 242, 243.
D'Anois, Countess, her account of Spain, ii. 105.
Danvers, Charles, Esq., i. 103. 118. 153. 219. 235, 236. 309. 316. 332. 337. 353. 355. Letters to, ii., 36, 37. 84. 147. 152, 153. 271. 279. 282. His death, 383. 421. (see *Letters*).
Danvers, John, i. 186.
Danvers, Mrs., i. 193. 201.
Dapper, the dog, i. 284.
D'Arblay, Madame, iv. 315. Her "Diary," 315. 323.
D'Arblay, Mr. (son of Madame D'Arblay), iv. 315.
Dartmouth, scenery of, i. 84.
Darwin, Dr. Erasmus, ii. 192.
"Darwin, Life of," Seward's, i. 336.
Dashwood, Mr., ii. 113.
Dauncey, the Counsel, iii. 101. 177.
David, the painter, i. 67.
Davidson, Lucretia, the American poetess, iv. 228.
Davies' "Celtic Researches," review of, i. 336. His other work, iii. 50. His "Mythology of the Druids," 200.
Davies, Adam, his poem, i. 274.
"Davis, Richard, Life of," iii. 214.
Davis, Mr., of Croft Castle, ii. 229.
Davison, Rev. J., his articles in the "Quarterly," ii. 419.
Davison, Admiral, ii. 417; iii. 27.
Davis's "Travels in America," i. 246; ii. 349.
Davy, Mr. (afterwards Sir Humphrey), i. 85. 95. 100. 108. 122. 153. 161. 185. 192. 197; ii. 35. 192. 245.
Davy, Captain, ii. 199. 201.
Dawe, Mr., the painter, ii. 293.
"Days of Queen Mary," the, i. 62. 65, 66. 145. Proposed plot of, 62, 63.
"Decameron," the, iii. 533.
"Decline and Fall," profits realised by the author of the, i. 96.
Dee, the river, i. 168, 169. 248. The aqueduct over the, ii. 232.*
Deering, Sir Edward, his speeches, iii. 291.
Deleau, Madame, anecdote of, iv. 286.
Delphi, Knowledge of the Priests of, i. 93.
"Deluge, The," considered as a subject for an Epic poem, ii. 184.
Dempster, George, iv. 340.
Denon, Baron, his "Voyage dans la Basse et Haute Egypt, pendant les campagnes du Général Bonaparte," i. 208.
Derby, Countess of, her letter to Henry Kirke White, ii. 7.
Dermody, the poet, ii. 49. Review of the "Life of," 51.
Derricke's "Image of Ireland," quoted, iii. 159.
Derwentwater, the bottom winds and lakes of the, 16. By moonlight, 96.
Derwentwater Estates, stewardship of the, ii. 160. Sale of the, iv. 269. 314.
"desenter, a," letter from, to Southey, iv. 186.
Despagne's "Shibboleth," &c., iv. 453.
Despard, and his conspiracy, i. 213.
"Devil's Walk," the, iv. 51.
Devizes, incident in the market-place of, i. 367.
Devon, South, scenery of, i. 84.
"Dialogues," Landor's, iii. 388.
Dibdin, Dr., his "Bibliographical Tour," iii. 261.
Dickenson, Mr., member for Somersetshire, ii. 148. 150.
Dickins, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
Dickson, Mrs., i. 393.
Dictionary, the, of the Portuguese Academy, i. 126.
Digby's "Broad Stone of Honour," iv. 70. 74.
Digby, Sir Kenelm, iii. 428.
Dimond, John, his "Moral and Political Philosophy," iv. 156. 210.
Dinevawr, i. 243.
Dinez, King of Portugal, his collection of poems at Thomar, i. 129. History of his reign, 159.
Dio, great siege of, i. 322.
Dirom, General, iv. 339, 340.
Diseases, contagious, theory of, i. 317.

* In Vol. III. p. 205., *Dee* is left by mistake for D., that *is*, Duddon.

D'Israeli, the elder, ii. 53; iv. 264, 369, 393. His "New Curiosities of Literature," iii. 352. His "Literary Characters," iv. 112. His children, 177. His "Commentaries on the Life of Charles I.," 264.
Diu, exploits of João de Castro at, i. 128.
Dobrizhoffer, Martin, ii. 133; iii. 75. 171. Miss Sara Coleridge's translation of, 286. 289. 301.
"Doctor," the West Indian wind, so called, i. 113.
"Doctor," Southey's, iii. 58; iv. 368. 373. 441. 527.
Dolland, the mathematical instrument maker, iii. 131.
Domestic happiness, i. 45, 86.
"Domingo, History of," Charlevoix's, ii. 310.
Domingos, D., ii. 295.
Doncaster, iv. 199. 201.
"Donica," i. 54.
"Don Juan," Lord Byron's, iii. 142. 225. 238. 275. 336.
Dorey, Mr., Mrs. Bray's account of, iv. 343.
Douce, Mr. iii. 50.
Dousa, Janus, the Dutchman, iv. 4.
"Dove, Dr. Daniel," Southey's chapters in, ii. 352. His proposed work, iii. 3. 56; iv. 442, 443.
Downton, ii, 230. Southey elected member for, iv. 6.
Doyle, Dr., the Roman Catholic, iii. 488. 538.
D'Oyley, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
Drake, Sir Francis, traditions of, iv. 259. 260. 342.
Dramatic writing, i. 87.
Draper, Sir W., iii. 333.
Dreadnought ship, the, ii. 17. 74. 79.
Drogo de Couto, ii. 412.
Druidism, existence of, in Scotland and Wales as late as the 12th century, iii. 200. Davis's "Mythology of the Druids," 200.
Duarte, the historian, i. 160.
Duckworth, Admiral Sir John, his victory off St. Domingo, i. 380.
Duelling, ii. 212.
Duncan, Mr., originator of Savings banks, iii. 323.
Dundonald, Earl of. See *Cochrane, Admiral.*
Dunmail Raise, snow on, ii. 29. *n.*
Duponceau, M., of New York, iii. 271.
Duppa, Richard, i. 89. 219. 270. 296. 378; ii. 20, 21. 333. His "Ideas," i. 336; ii. 20. 66, 67. His Memoirs of his own life, 333. His death, iv. 231.
Duppa, Bishop, ii. 20.
Dupuis, i. 369.
Durham, Bishop of, ii. 136. University of, iv. 287.
Dusautoy, Mr., his death, ii. 407. His poems, 423; iii. 16.
Dutch Grammar, i. 71.
Dutch, how treated by the Spaniards, ii. 165.
Dutens, M., historiographer to George III. ii. 167. His death, 275.
Dwight, Dr., his "Travels in New England and New York," iii. 341. 405. 427.
Dyce's "Shakspeare," iv. 547.
Dyer, George, i. 33. 72. 335. 386. 428; ii. 67. 175. His "Life of Robert Robinson," 33. His "Poems," i. 201. His "Privileges of Cambridge," iii. 441.
Dyson, Mrs., i. 114.

E——, his suicide, iii. 171. 177. His papers, 171. 177.
Earthquakes, Dr. Holland's theory of, ii. 405.
East Indian affairs, Portuguese, i. 115, 116.
East Indies, missions to the, i. 207.
"Ecclesiastical Researches," Robinson's, i. 33.
"Ecclesiastical Sketches," the, of Wordsworth, iii. 311.
"Eclectic Review," the, ii. 409. 414; iii. 217. 275.
"Eclogues," the, i. 70.
"Eclogues, Portuguese," i. 364.
"Edda," the, translated by Amos Cottle, i. 46. 50. Sæmund's "Edda," iii. 334. 349. 401.
Eden Hall, the seat of the Musgraves, ii. 284.
Edgeworth, Mr., i. 191.
Edinburgh, description of, i. 341, 342. Society of, 342.
"Edinburgh Annual Register," ii. 158. 162. 165. 169. 186, 187. 203. 206. 211. 214. 222. 249, 250. 280, 281. 287. 300, 301. 319. 321; iii. 104. 121. Its death, 324.
"Edinburgh Review," i. 214. 251. 297. 346. 381. 404. 418; ii. 14. 29. 32. 33. 35. 38. 107. 124. 124. 132. 144. 165. 207. 221. 226. 228. 233. 236. 241. 258. 268. 293; iii. 116. 275.
Edinburgh reviewers, i. 298.
Edmund Ironsides, subject of, proposed for a poem, i. 295.
"Education, New System of," the article in the "Quarterly," ii. 248. 254, 255. Importance of national education, 304.
'Egypt, History of the Expedition to," Miot's, ii 394 396. 402.
Egyptology, i. 208.
"Eikon Basilike," authorship of the, ii. 20.
"Εἰκὼν Βασιλική? Who wrote," Dr. Wordsworth's, iii. 450, 451.
"Elegmon," written, iv. 103. 105. 111.
Elgin, Lord, iii. 21.
"Elia," Charles Lamb's, iii. 374.
Elliot, Ebenezer, iii. 412; iv. 364.
Ellis, Agar, his book, iv. 71. 91.
Ellis, George, his "Specimens of Early English Poets," remarks on, i. 166. 262. 269. Review of, 281. His contributions to the "Quarterly Review," 145. 149. Review of, 164.
Ellis's "Tour in Owhyhee," iv. 142, 160.
Elmsley, the Rev. Peter, i. 248. 340. 343. 371; iii. 222. 320. 351. 371. 430. 433. 499.
Elphinstone, Mountstuart; his "Caubul, iii. 19.
Elton, Mr., iv. 58.
Elvas, i. 158; ii. 129.
"Elwood, Thomas, Life of," iii. 214.
"Emanuel, Chronicle of King," i. 233.
Emigration, plans for, iii. 373, 374. 376. Southey's paper on, iv. 105.
Emmet, Robert, i. 236, 237.
Emulation, the principle of, in modern education, iii. 387.
"England, Moral and Literary History of," Southey's proposed work, iii. 200.
England, preparations in, for repelling the French, i. 221.

English, the, in Spain, i. 22. In Portugal, 107. 119. The various races in England, 278. Expulsion of, from Lisbon, ii. 35. 37.
"English, in Italy," the, iii, 512.
Ennerdale, i. 329.
Enoch, Book of, ii. 96.
Enstone, i. 16.
Entre Douro e Minho, province of, i. 155.
Epictetus, Mrs. Carter's translation, i. 259. 400; ii. 1.
Epitaphs, i. 49; ii. 218.
Equestrian, story of a little, i. 29.
Erasmus's "Epistles," iii. 569. 514. Butler's "Life of Erasmus," 514.
"Espriella, Letters of Don Manuel Alvarez," i 282. 314. 316. 318. 322. 325, 326. 328. 331. 340. 343. 347—349. 352. 376, 377, 378. 382. 386. 388, 389. 402, 404. 409, 410. 415; ii. 9. 13. 28. 30. 32. 34. 38, 39. 42. 44. 66. 81. 332; iv. 231.
"Espriella, Second Letters of," iii. 84.
"Essays," Gardiner's review of, i. 336.
"Essays," Southey's, iv. 62. 253. 255. 268. 275. 288.
Estlin, John, and his sister, i. 376; ii. 270.
Estrella, snowy summit of the, i. 136.
Ethiopia, the Jesuits in, ii. 412.
Etna, Mount, i. 166.
Eucherius, St., Bishop of Orleans, his vision, i. 307.
Eugenius Philalethes, alias Thomas Vaughan, i. 94.
"Europe, Memoirs of, from the Peace of Utrecht," Lord John Russell's, iii. 462.
"European Magazine," the, ii. 353.
"Evangelical Magazine," the, ii. 112. 186. 234; iv. 182. 428.
"Evangelium *Sempiternum*," the, i. 265
Evans, Greeton, the Welsh herdsman, ii. 373, 387.
Evelyn, John, review of his "Memoirs," iii. 93. His "Journal," 99.
Everett, A. H., his Review, iii. 209.
Evesham, abbey of, i. 18.
Evesham, vale of, i. 17.
Evesham, town of, i. 18.
Ewlia Effendi, his account of the Ottoman Empire, ii. 382; 383.
"Examiner," the, ii. 342; iii. 34.
Exeter, iv. 281.
Exmoor, villages round, i. 80.
"Extracts, the Book of," iii. 214.

F., funeral of, at Bath, i. 14.
Factory system, the, iv. 328. 504.
"Faerie Queen," the, of Spenser, i. 216; iii. 169.
Falkland, Lord, iii. 283.
"Family Library," Murray's, iv. 164. 170.
Fanshaw, Lady, her "Memoirs," iii. 285. 290.
Faria, Manoel, the historian, i. 133. 160. 238.
Faro, city of, its poverty in 1801, i. 148.
Fat Man, the, i. 387.
Fauntleroy, execution of, iii. 472.
Fayette, La, i. 47.
Fell, Mr., author of the "Tour through the Batavian Republic, i. 184.
Felton, the assassin, the Duke of Buckingham's poem on, i. 425.
Fenwick, Miss, iv. 98.
Ferdinand VII., of Spain, ii. 360. 374; iii. 14. 339.
"Ferdusi," Champion's Fragment of, ii. 41. 96.
Fern, Miss, ii. 138.
Fernando, King of Portugal, history of his reign, i. 159.
Ferreras, the Spanish historian, ii. 72.
Ferrol, the expedition to, i. 123.
Ferrol harbour, i. 86.
Feyjoo's "Theatro-Critico," i. 326; ii. 31.
Fielding, Copley, iii. 144. *n.*
Fielding, Mr., iii. 107.
Fiennes, Celia, her MS. "Account of her several journeys into several parts of England during the Reign of Queen Anne," ii. 84.
Figueira, P. Luig, his "Arte da Grammatica da Lingua da Brazil," ii. 205.
Fischer's supplemental account of Spain, ii. 105.
Fisher, Aggy, ii. 24.
Fisher, John, ii. 24.
"Fizeramo's Account," i. 83.
"Flagellant," the, i. 281; ii. 342; iii. 177. 233.
Flavel, i. 106.
Flaxman, the sculptor, ii. 229.
Fletcher's "Demetrius and Enanthe," iv. 547.
Fleury, Cardinal, i. 212.
Floating Island, the, of Derwentwater, iii. 431.
"Florisel," Shakspeare's, origin of, ii. 4.
Floyd, Colonel, iv. 340.
Fogs in Portugal, i. 119.
"Folksagn," the, iv. 189.
Fontaine, James, iii. 107.
Foreign Office, its method of shifting off responsibility, iii. 300.
"Foreign Quarterly Review," iv. 57, 72. 84. 105. 119. 120.
"Foreign Review," the, iv. 84.
"Forger's Fortress," the, of Miss Barker, ii, 265.
Forster, the Revd. Charles, his "Mahometanism Unveiled" referred to, i. 274. *n.*
Foster, the Essayist, iii. 275.
Fountain of Tears, the, at Coimbra, i. 137.
Fox, The Right Hon. Charles James, i. 122. 156, 185. 356. His house at St. Ann's Hill, 381. His death, 393. His "History," ii. 104; iii. 481. 483. His law of libel, 101. 147.
Fox, George, the founder of Quakerism, ii. 31. Southey's proposed "Life" of, iii. 199. 263. His "Journal," 199. 213.
Fox, Mr. William, junior, his poem "La Bagatelle," ii. 47.
Fox, Margaret, her "Journal," iii. 214.
Foy, General, iii. 276.
France, its slavery in 1801, i. 180. End of the reign of fabulous Christianity in, 370. War with, in 1815, ii. 403. Revolution of 1830, iv. 278.
"France Antarctique," of Thevet, ii. 13. 71; iii. 524.
Francis II., Emperor of Austria, gives up Hofer, ii. 347.
Franciscans, in Portugal, i. 25. Their attempts to substitute St. Francisco for Christ, 265.
Francisco, St., i. 208. 265.
Franklands, descent of the, ii. 406.
Fraser, Mr., of London, iv. 58. 73.
Fraser, Sir Alexander, iii. 354.
Free-thinking Christians, iii. 403.
Freeling, Sir F., iv. 103.
Freemasonry in America, iv. 357.
Fremantle, Sir W., iii. 240.
French, Benjamin Franklin, iv. 348.

French character, i. 7. Prisons, 35, 36. Romances, 66. Letters, 95. Projected invasion of England, 221. The, at Lisbon, ii. 78. Behaviour of the army in Spain, 352. Conduct of the, at St. Domingo, iii. 313.
Frere, J. Hookham, i. 141. 373; ii. 15. 70. 81. 86. 137. 149. 150, 151. 164. 210. 395; iii. 6. 286. 294; iv. 467.
Frere, Bartholomew, iii. 294. 298. 326. 333. 337.
Frescobald Society, the, of Florence, i. 325.
Freshford, scenery at, i. 354.
"Friend, the," of Coleridge, ii. 119, 120. 182, 183. 187, 188, 189. 195.
Froissart, i. 64.
Froude, Revd. Mr. i. 340.
Fry, Mrs., visits Southey, iii. 213.
"Fuero Juzgo," masterly edition of the, iii. 126.
Fuller's "Sermons," quoted, ii. 39, 40. His "Church History, iii. 429. His "Abel Redivivus," iv. 190.
Fumbler's Feast, the, iii. 90.
Funes, Dean, his "History of Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, and Paraguay," iii. 112. 114, 115. 254.
"Furtar, Arte de," authorship of the, ii. 209. 211.

Galignani's edition of Southey's poems, iv. 170.
"Gali, History of the Monastery of St.," iii. 503.
Galvam, Antonio, the historian, ii. 72.
"Garci Fernandez," i. 382.
Gardiner's "Essays," review of, i. 336.
Garman, "De Miraculis Mortuorum," iv. 313.
Garnett, Rev. Mr., iii. 541.
Garrick, portrait of, in the barber's at Doncaster, iv. 199.
Gauden, Dr., iii. 487.
Gauntlett's "Life of Cowper," iv. 401.
"Gebir," Walter Savage Landor's, ii. 217. 225, 226.
Geddes, Dr., his translation of the Bible, i. 291.
Genappes, ii. 430.
"Genealogical History," the Portuguese, i. 134.
Genet, the Abbé, iii. 503.
"Gentleman's Magazine," i. 208; ii. 112; iv. 427.
"Geoffrey of Monmouth," ii. 27.
George III. of England, i. 26. 237; ii. 117. His death, iii. 178—180.
George IV. of England, when Prince Regent, ii. 275. 335. His accession, iii. 178. 183. Reads the "Vision of Judgment" twice, 240. 245. Dedication of the "History of the Peninsular War" to, 318. 328. 370. 372.
Germany, end of the reign of fabulous Christianity in, i. 370.
Gerona, ii. 165.
Gerundio, Fr., ii. 73.
Gervase of Tilbury, his "Otia Imperialia," i. 291. 308.
"Gesta Dei per Francos," the, ii. 157.
Ghent, visit to, ii. 428, 429.
"Ghost," the, of Dr. Constancio, i. 290.
Gibbon, Edward, his "Decline and Fall," i. 96; ii. 158. 162. His account of Jerusalem, 157.
Gifford, William Esq., proposes that Southey should write the present history of Spanish events, ii. 86. Appointed editor of the "Quarterly," 107. 144, 145. 194. 275. 393. 395; iii. 4, 5. 25. 31. 33. 51. 56. 62. 87. 116. 119. 137. 162. 167. 216. 283. 335, 336. 342. 345. 348. 350. 353. 383, 384. 406; iv. 259.
Gildon's poems, i. 420. 425.
Gill, Frey, story of, i. 308.
Gillies of Edinburgh, iv. 58.
Gilpin's stone, near Keswick, i. 324, 325.
Giraldus Cambrensis, i. 167. 243.
Girls compared with boys, ii. 65.
Gladstone, the Right Hon. W., iv. 323.
Glastonbury, i. 75.
Gloucester, Duke of, iii. 202.
Glover, the carpenter, iv. 292.
Glover's poems in the "Specimens," i. 422.
Goderich, Lord, iv. 65. 85.
Godwin, William, i. 108. 184. His "Life of Chaucer," 245. 254. His "Antonio," ii. 226.
Goes, Damian de, i. 233. 264.
Goethe's poetry, iii. 135.
Gold as a standard of value, remarks on, iii. 136.
Goldastus's "Alemannicarum Rerum Scriptores, aliquot votusti," iii. 503.
Goldsmid, Mr., his collection of books, ii. 27.
Goldsmith, Oliver, his poetry compared with that of Crabbe, ii. 90, 91.
Gomer, Madame, her volume on Conestaggio's history, i. 390.
Gonda, visit to, iv. 4.
Gonne, Mrs., i. 375. 383. 387; iii. 2. 156.
Gooch, Dr. Robert, ii. 236. 239. 244; iv. 142. 167. His articles in the "Medical," ii. 115. 215. His "Plague Papers," 167.
Good, John Mason, iii. 217.
Goodenough, Dr., iii. 327.
Goodwin Sands, the, ii. 398.
Gordail Scar, ii. 288.
Gordon, Patrick, his "Famous History of the valiant Bruce," i. 290.
Gordon, Lord William, iii. 150. 222.
Gorham, Rev. G. C., iv. 420. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Goths, the, in Spain and Portugal, i. 224—226.
Gough's "History of the Quakers," iii. 214.
Graham, Sir James, iv. 218.
Graham, James, his death, ii. 235. His poems, 236.
"Grandmother's Tale," the, i. 69.
Grandpré, his book on India, i. 301.
Grant, Robert, iv. 153.
Grantham, Lady, iv. 153.
Grantham, Lord, iv. 218.
Granville, Lord, iii. 280.
Grasmere, scenery of, i. 171. 276. 329.
Graves, Dr., Dean of Ardagh, iv. 79.
Gray, the Old, ode to the, i. 10, 11.
Gray, Thomas, the poet, Mason's "Letters" of, ii. 244.
"Greaal, S.," iii. 49.
"Greenland, Records of," iv. 271.
Greenly, Lady, iv. 407.
Gregoire's "History of the Sects of the Eighteenth Century," ii. 412; iii. 340.
"Grenville Homer," the, i. 90.
Grenville, Lord, i. 91. 100. 401. 408. 409; ii. 179. 401. 403.; iii. 298.
Grenvilles, their dislike of Parliamentary Reform, i. 366. 393.
Greta Hall, i. 231, 232.

Greta River, i. 232. 240. 273. Etymology of the word, 248.
Grey, Earl, ii. 170. 351; iii. 220; iv. 193. 277. 338.
Grice, Le, i. 381.
Griffith, King of Wales, i. 243.
Griffiths, Vaughan, i. 183.
Grimshawe's "Life of Cowper," iv. 414. *et seq.*
Grotius, Hugo, his "Epistles," iii. 509. 524.
Grynæus, his "Novus Orbis," ii. 119.
"Gualberto," iii. 13.
Guarani grammar, ii. 205, 206.
Guaranis's, the, iii. 116.
"Guesses at Truth," the, of Augustus and Julius Hare, iv. 72.
Guiana, language of, ii. 206.
Guignes, M. de, his memoir "Sur le Commerce des Francois dans le Levant," &c., ii. 157.
Gulfilans, the, i. 224.
Gurney, Hudson, iii. 426. His book, 527.
Gurwood, Colonel, his "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," iv. 503.
Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, iii. 294.
Guthrie's "Grammar," ii. 229. 231.
Guyon, M., iv. 454.
Guyon, Madame, her "Bible," iv. 376.
"Gwother, Sir," i. 340, 341.

Habeas Corpus Act, suspension of the, iii. 156. 163.
Hacket, Bishop, his "Life of the Lord Keeper Archbishop Williams," iii. 261. 430.
Hakluyt's "Voyages," ii, 311.
Halbertsma, Mr. the Dutch author, iv. 194.
Hall, Capt. Basil, his "Travels," iv. 156. 271.
Hall, Rev. Peter, his letter to Southey, iv. 469.
Hallet, i. 369.
Hallam, Henry, his "Essence of Whig Vinegar," iv. 60. His "History of England," 71. 82. 101.
Hamilton, Mr. (author of "Cyril Thornton"), iv. 271. 356.
Hammond, Mr., ii. 86.
"Hampden, John, Life of," Lord Nugent's, iv. 277.
Handel, iv. 372.
Hanfield, his death, ii. 69.
Harcourt, Simon, Esq., i. 196; ii. 49.
Hare, Augustus, iii. 312. 356; iv. 72.
Hare, Julius (afterwards Archdeacon), iii. 388. 437. 539; iv. 72.
Harris's "Lives," iii. 260.
Harrison, A., ii. 284.
Harrogate, iv. 61.
Harvey, John, his "Life of Robert Bruce," i. 290.
Harvey, Mrs., iv. 378.
Hastings, Mrs. (wife of Warren Hastings), iii. 202, 203.
Hastings, Warren, iii. 203. Southey's proposed "Life" of, 203, 204. 341.
Hawe's Water, ii. 153.
Hawker, Colonel, iv. 57.
Hawkins, Sir John, iv. 372. His "History of Music," 372.
Haydon, B. R., the artist, iii. 107.
Hayley, William, his translations of the sonnets of Camoens, i. 26. His "Life," iii. 417. 46. 427. 483; iv. 450.
Hayti, state of, ii. 309.
Hazlitt, William, iv. 40.
Hearne, Thomas, his "Journey to the Northern Ocean," i. 92. His publications, ii. 187.
Heath, Charles, the engraver, his "Keepsake," iv. 99. 103.
Heathcote, Sir William, iv. 107.
Heaven, Bishop Taylor's description of, i. 206.
Heber, Reginald (afterwards Bishop), i. 249. 279; ii. 27. 325, 326; iii. 266. 325. His part in Ellis's "Specimens," i. 269. His romances, 378. His eulogium on "Madoc," 382. His review of Southey's "Brazil," 307. His edition of Jeremy Taylor's works, iii. 260. 269. Accepts the bishopric of Calcutta, 393. His illness, iv. 71. Southey's recollections of him, 154.
Heber, Richard, iv. 310.
Heinker, Mr., ii. 64.
"Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," the, of Ross, i. 290.
Helen's, Lord St., ii. 332.
'Heloise," the, of Rousseau, i. 54.
Helston, the lake near, iv. 490.
Helvetius, M., ii. 161.
Henderson, Mr. James, his "History of Brazil," iii. 201. 288.
Henley, Mr., his translation of "Vathek," i. 303.
Henrietta's waterworks, i. 16.
Henrique, Count, i. 133. 199. 223.
Henriquez, Affonso, ii. 163.
"Henry the Hermit," i. 353.
Herbert, William, of Harrogate, iii. 305.
Heresiarchs, decline in the breed of, i. 369.
"Heresies, History of," Bernino's, i. 359.
Heriot's "Canada," review of, i. 336.
"Hermingius, Life of," iv. 190.
"Hermit of the Pacific," the, ii. 293.
Heron, Robert, his "Letters of Literature," iii. 360.
Herrera, ii. 343.
Herries, Right Hon. John Charles, ii. 228. 234. 273. 405; iii. 355; iv. 101.
Hertford, Lord, ii. 275. 331.
Hertford, Lady, and the Prince Regent, ii. 275.
Hervas, his catalogue of all existing languages, ii. 21.
Hewlett's "Bible," ii. 186.
Hexameters, Southey's, ii. 214; iii. 189. 222, 229. 231.
Heythorp, Lord Shrewsbury's seat of, i. 17.
"Hibernicarum Rerum Scriptores," O'Connor's, iii. 61. 64. 246. 350; iv. 45.
High Tor, the, ii. 286.
Highlands of Scotland, the, iii. 142.
Hildyard, Robert, the barrister, iv. 319.
Hill, Edward, iii. 248. 257. 288. 387. 399. 509; iv. 109.
Hill, General (afterwards Lord), ii. 251; iii. 196. 279, 280, 281. 409.
Hill, Herbert, iv. 280. 542. 545.
Hill, Rev. Herbert, i. 24. 41. 121. 123. 155. 262. 373; ii. 11. 23. 28. 35. 37. 70. 81. 97. 103. 106. 109. 128. 181. 185. 191. 203. 226. 328; iii. 168. His death, iv. 115. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Hinchcliffe's poems, i. 420. 425.
"Hindoo Pantheon," the, of Major Moore, iii. 355.
Hindoos, the, civilisation of, i. 284, 285.

299. 302. Their system of caste, 285. 299.
Hindostan, i. 284. 299.
" Hirlas Horn," poem of the, i. 292.
Hispaniola, negroes of, ii. 295.
Historical book keeping, advice on the best method of, ii. 157. 161, 162. 178. 310.
History, Royal Academy of, at Madrid, ii. 411.
Hodson, Mrs., iv. 137. 145. 513.
Hodges, his book on *India*, i. 301.
Hodnet, ii. 325, 326; iv. 71.
Hofer, given up by Austria, ii. 347.
Hoffner's article in the " Quarterly Review," ii. 145.
Hogg (the Ettrick shepherd), ii. 23. 235. 308.
Hohenlohe, Prince, his prayers, iii. 499.
Holbroke, Mrs., ii. 230.
Holford, Margaret, iv. 137. 154. 513.
Holinshed's " Chronicles," iii. 251.
Holland, Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry, Bart.), his theory of earthquakes and hot winds, ii. 405.
Holland House, i. 354. 381; ii. 13. 326; iii. 321.
Holland, Lady, i. 381; ii. 34. 38. 65.
Holland, Lord, i. 322. 327. 354. 381; ii. 326; iii. 348; iv. 33. 187.
Holland, rivers of, iv. 108.
Hollingsworth, the printer, i. 397. 425.
Holmes's " American Annals," review of, ii. 148. 151. 184.
" Holy Living and Dying," the, of Jeremy Taylor, i. 206.
Homer, the Grenville, i. 90.
Hone, William, his " House that Jack built," iii. 176. His " Every Day " and " Table Books," iv. 142. 183.
Hood, Admiral Sir Samuel, i. 320. 327.
Hood, Captain, iv. 104. 106.
Hood, Lady, iv. 106.
Hood, Sir Alexander, iv. 98. 104. 106.
Hook, Theodore, iv. 371.
Hooping-cough, garlic a remedy in, iv. 171.
" Horace in London," ii. 325.
Hornby, Mr., rector of Winwick, iv. 164.
Horner, Francis, ii. 110.
Horse Wynd, the, of Edinburgh, i. 290.
Horton, Wilmot, iii. 25. 32. 129.
Houbracken's illustrations to the " Lives of the Painters," ii. 2.
Houses of Parliament, burnt, iv. 387.
Howard, Colonel, iv. 303.
Howick, Lord, i. 394; iv. 264.
Howley, William, bishop of London, iii. 142. 476. 478.
Hudson's Bay, condition of the women of, i. 92.
Hughes, Dr., iv. 22. His death, 325. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Hughes, John, of Oriel, his " Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone," iii. 197. Notice of, 197. *n*. His squibs, 220. 223; iv. 229.
Hughes, Mrs., iii. 197. 223. 431; iv. 267.
Human body, fossil, discovered, iv. 348.
Humboldt, M., his " Mexico," ii. 263. Review of, 269. His accomplishments, ii. 271. His praise of Southey's " History of Brazil," 278. His " Travels," 311. 389. 461.
Hume, Joseph, iii. 299.
Hunt, Leigh, and the " Examiner," ii. 342; iii. 68, 69; iv. 253. His " Tasso," 283. His " Liberal," iii. 340. 344.
Hunting near Merida, i. 22.
" Huntingdon, Lady," iii. 165.
Huntingdon, William, S. S., his " Bank of Faith," i. 355. Description of him, 355. Southey's article on, iii. 216. 225.
" Huron's Address to the Dead," the, i. 317.
Huskisson, Mr., iv. 65. 89. 193.
" Hutchinson, Memoirs of Colonel," i. 403; ii. 113.
Hutchinson, Mr. T., iv. 81.
Hutchinson, Miss, iii. 179; iv. 56. Her death, 408.
Hutchinson, Mrs., and her thirty monsters, iii. 500.
Hyde, the tailor, iii. 221.

Idrization, Carlisle's, i. 90.
Iceland, diseases of, ii. 242, 243. Review of " Travels in," 269.
" Idiot Boy," Wordsworth's, iii. 133.
Idleness, i. 395.
" Idle Man," the, iii. 341.
Ilfracombe, beauty of, i. 78, 79.
" Illustrations " to Henry Kirke White's " Remains," ii. 260.
" Inchcape Rock," the, ii. 293.
Income Tax, the, i. 356. Its death, ii. 398, 399.
" Indian Recreations," Tennant's, review of, i. 301. 336.
Inez de Castro, i. 24. Scene of her tragedy, 137. Her tomb, 141.
" Infidelity, Rise and Progress of," Southey's paper on the, iii. 386. 402.
Ingemann, the Danish poet, iii. 316.
Ingenhousz, his saying, i. 162.
" Ingleses, Privilegios," the, ii. 246.
Inglis, Sir Robert, iii. 53. 333. 488; iv. 39. 131. 154. 453. 511.
Inquisition, the, in Portugal, i. 107. Causes of the abolition of the? 107. Annals of the, 134. Article on the, in the " Quarterly," ii. 236. 251. 269.
" Inscriptions," Southey's, ii. 401. 403. 406; iii. 85. 92. 395, 396. 416.
" Inscriptions, Mémoires de l'Academie des," ii. 157. Restored, 379.
" Investigador Portuguez," the, ii. 295.
Institute, the French, i. 321.
Ipecacuanha, the word, iii. 274. Medical properties of, 274.
" Ireland, Antiquities of," Ledwiche's, i. 336.
Ireland, intercourse of, with the East in the 14th century, i. 325. State of, in 1822, iii. 299; and in 1825, 462; and in 1826, 538; iv. 30. Reports on education in, 121. Church of, 166. Condition of, in 1832, 257.
" Iris," the, i. 285. 318.
Irish antiquities, i. 167; iv. 19.
Irish Catholics, their bigotry, i. 146.
Irish friars of Lisbon, anecdote of the, i. 106.
Irishmen, wild, in Portugal, i. 109.
Irish nature and human nature, i. 367, 368.
Irton, ii. 154.
Irving's " Lives of the Scotch Poets," i. 336.
Irving, David, his book, i. 290.
Irving, Washington, iii. 218. His " Sketch Book," 218.
" Isaac Comnenus," the play of, iv. 65. 68.
" Ivan Vejeeghan," the Russian novel, iv. 188.

Jackson, Mr., the Waggoner, ii. 4. 150. 152. 174.
Jackson, Cyril, iii. 21.
Jackson, Dr. Thomas, President of Corpus Christi, iii. 486; iv. 24. 28.
Jacobins, the, i. 3; ii. 125. Amongst the lower orders, 269.
Jaffa, massacre at, ii. 394. 402.
James, Mrs., i. 158.
Jardine, Mr., consul at Corunna, i. 20. His "Travels," 20.
Jarric, the Jesuit, Pierre du, his "Histoire des Choses plus mémorable," &c., iii. 182.
Jarrold, Dr., his "Dissertations on Man," i. 408; ii. 142.
Jarrow, ii. 271.
"Jasper," i. 54.
Jayme, K., history of his own times, ii. 71.
J——, of the "Edinburgh Review," i. 251.
Jebb, John, Bishop of Limerick, iii. 351. 409. 489; iv. 51. 166. 453.
Jedderal, the "flatulent person," iv. 430. 433.
Jeffrey, Mr. (afterwards Lord), i. 297. 342. 345. 381. 404. 418; ii. 32. 35. 114. 125. 151. 221. 226. 250. 297. 352.
Jeffreys, Lord, his house, iv. 410.
"Jehephary, Book of the Prophet," iii. 35.
Jenner, Dr., i. 208.
Jerusalem, Gibbon's account of, ii. 157.
Jesuits, the, i. 115. Chronicle of the, in Portugal, i. 233. The, in Abyssinia, 233. Their works on South America, ii. 21. 49. The, in Paraguay, 198. Restored in Spain, ii. 376. The, in Ethiopia, 412.
Jesuit liberties, the, i. 133.
Jews, treatment of the, by the Spaniards, ii. 165.
Joam I., his deliverance of Portugal, ii. 381.
Joam IV., King of Portugal, ii. 76. 411.
Joam, the Principe D., ii. 27, 45. 48. 76. 176. 199—202.
"Joan of Arc," i. 25. 27. 30. 34. 48. 57. 72. 89. 178. 320. 325; ii. 291. 321; iv. 506.
"Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans," drama of, at Covent Garden, i. 51.
Joan, Pope, game of, i. 194.
João I., King D., Fernaõ Lopez, "Chronicle of, i. 198. 204.
Joaquim, Abbot, prophecies of the, i. 265.
John I. of Portugal, i. 135.
John V. of Portugal, his saying, i. 124.
John VI. of Portugal, iii. 251. 339. His death, 536.
John of Gaunt, death of, i. 291.
John, St., the almsgiver, Roman Catholic legend of, i. 307.
"John Bull," the, iii. 170. 267; iv. 302.
Johnes', "Froissart," review of, i. 336.
Johnson, Dr., i. 36.
Jones, John, the poet of Catterick, iv. 66. 70. 80. 99. 104. 164. 212.
Jones, Inigo, his bridge over the Conway, i. 170.
Jones, Sir William, his "Institutes of Menu," i. 301. His "Works," ii 75. 96.
Jonson, Ben, ii. 337.
Jortin, compared with Robinson, i. 33.
Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, ii. 118. 129.
Judaism, works relating to, iv. 176. 178.
"Julian, Count," Walter Savage Landor's, ii. 204. 216. 217. 220. 225. 252. 270. 335.
"Junius, Letters of," ii. 333.
Junot, ii. 100, 101. 158. Captain Southey's story of, referred to, 118.

Kant, review of, in the "Edinburgh Review," i. 279.
Kava, the liquor so called, iii. 89.
Kay, Dr., iv. 273.
Keenan, Mrs., iii. 262.
Keene, Mr. iii. 131.
"Keepsake, Heath's," large sale of, iv. 99. 103.
"Kehama, Curse of," i. 201. 287. 364. 382. 383; ii. 17. 60. 64. 68. 69. 127. 133. 141. 146. 154. 166. 169. 174. 180. 185. 191. 196. 202. 207. 210. 212, 213. 221, 222. 228. 237. 294. 306; iii. 98. 104.
Kelham, Alexander, founder of the New Methodists, i. 410.
Kemble, John, the actor, ii. 217. 220.
Kendal, i. 276.
Kent, Duke of, ii. 133.
Kenyon, John, Esq., i. 286; iii. 183. 208; iv. 41. Letters to (See *Letters*).
"Kerndon, Curse of," i. 140. 147. 155. 163.
Keswick, lakes and mountains of, i. 229. 232. 235. 239. 249. 277. Snow at, ii. 29.
Kew palace, i. 380.
"Killcrop," Cottle's, iv. 153.
Kinder, Mr., ii. 239. 240; iii. 117.
King, John, Esq., i. 153. 154. 185. 186. 197. 228. 234—236. 245; ii. 54. 192. 270. Letters to (see *Letters*). 383; iii. 9. 10.
King, Mrs. i. 228. 234. 237. 245.
Kingsbridge, i. 36.
Klopstock, "Letters" of his wife, i. 286. 289. 312. His "Messiah," ii. 183.
Knighton, Mr. William, iii. 222. 240. 347. 369. 372.
Knight, Mr., his place, Downton, ii. 230.
Knight's "Quarterly Magazine," *iii. 473.*
Knowles, Sir Charles, ii. 230.
Knox, Mr., his "History of the Reformation in Scotland," ii. 346.
Knox, the usher, iii. 248. 257. 288.
Koster, Henry, i. 114. 230. 429; iii. 170. His "Travels in Brazil," iii. 16. 48. 483.
Kosters, the, i. 276.
Kotzebue's plays, i. 68. 87. His "Voyage," iii. 287.
Kraken, Southey's dream of the, iv. 126.
Kutusoff, General, ii. 311. 314.

Labat, his account of Spain, ii. 105. His "Travels," 310. 349.
Labrador stone, the, i. 302.
Lackington, the bookseller, iii. 252.
"Lady of the Lake," Scott's poem of the, ii. 213.
Laet, Johannes de, his "History of the West India Company, iii. 182. 256.
Lafayette, ii. 417.
Lagos, Southey's arrest at, i. 156.
Lakes, Land of the, ii. 59.
"Lalla Rookh," Thomas Moore's, iii. 86.
Lamb, Charles, i. 72. 181. 184. 428; ii. 393; iv. 142. 184. Jeffrey's critique on his play, i. 297. His "Elia," iii. 374. His death, iv. 394. His letters, 410.
Lamb, Mary, i. 181. 184.
Lamb, Thomas Philip, Esq., letters to (see *Letters*).
Lambton, Mr. (afterwards Lord Durham), iii. 155.
Lanark, New, iii. 174. 403.
Lancaster, Joseph, ii. 250. His system of education, 254, 255. 291; iii. 68.
Landor, Walter Savage, Esq., ii. 55. 60. 64.

69. 85, 86. 119. 125. 193. 202. 204. 216, 217. 219. 225. 229. 252. 335; iii. 108. 133. 205. 226. 240. 287. 311. 388. 399. 437; iv. 145. 473. His opinion of Wordsworth as a poet, i. 216. *n.* Letters to (see *Letters*).
Lane of Leadenhall Street, i. 125.
Langsdorff's "Travels," ii. 395.
Languages, Horvas' catalogue of all existing, ii. 21. Curious process going on in various, 206. Researches in the philosophy of, iii. 271.
Laplanders, health of the, ii. 243.
Lara, Infantes of, tale of, i. 199. 208.
Lardner, Dionysius, iv. 121. 154. 165. 170. 173. 183. 219.
Larramendi's "Basque Dictionary," ii. 196.
"Last Day, The," considered as the subject for an epic poem, ii. 184.
Latimer, Bishop, i. 277.
Latouche, Thomas Diggs, Esq., iv. 78.
Laud, Archbishop, his conduct, iii. 283.
Laureateship, the, conferred on Southey, ii. 327. 335. Emoluments of the office, 336, 337. Slowness in the payment of the salary, 356.
Laverdy's "Joan of Arc," i. 37.
Lawless, Jack, anecdote of, iv. 157.
Lawrence, Sir Thomas, the painter, iv. 46.
Lawson, Sir Wilfred, i. 249. 252. 298; iv. 384.
"Lay of the Last Minstrel," profits of the, i. 422.
"Lay of the Laureate," Southey's, iii. 24. Parody on the "Proem to the Lay," 34.
Leamington water, ii. 73; iv. 377.
Lean, old, i. 80.
Lean, young, i. 80.
Ledwiche's "Antiquities of Ireland," review of, i. 336.
Lee, the dramatist, his "Brutus," i. 66.
Lefroy, Mr., i. 132.
Legge, Mr., ii. 332.
Leicester, the Earl of, and Queen Elizabeth, iii. 394.
Leigh Down, camp at, i. 221.
"Lenora," ballad of, i. 64.
Leonardo, Bartolomè, i. 49.
Leopold, Prince (afterwards king of the Belgians), iii. 148; iv. 278.
Lentot and Osborn's "Collection," i. 301.
Lescarbet, his "Histoire du Nouvelle France," iii. 182. His account of Villegagnon's expedition, 182.
Lessing, i. 390.
L'Estrange, Sir Roger, iii. 486.
Letters, Metrical, i. 49. Those of Bartolomè Leonardo, 49.
LETTERS TO:—
———, ii. 370.
Barker, Miss, i. 172. 176. 180. 193. 200. 209. 229. 253. 256. 259. 265. 269. 272. 275, 276. 283 302. 313. 323. 328. 331. 334. 347. 352. 385. 394. 408; ii. 1. 23. 36. 58. 73. 137. 171. 188. 265. 278. 296. 330. 426; iii. 1. 178. 541.
Baldwin, Robert, Esq., iv. 461.
Barton, Bernard, Esq., iii. 210. 262. 297. 309.
Bedford, Grosvenor C., Esq., i. 58. 90. 149. 160. 174. 218. 391. 396. 403. 412. 419. 421. 425. 428; ii. 18. 82. 341. 353. 354. 362. 393. 405. 413. 416. 420. 430; iii. 4. 10. 19. 33. 42. 51. 56. 59 & 80. 83. 85. 92. 102. 106. 121. 123. 130. 137. 146. 148. 157. 189. 211. 214. 221. 232. 240. 267. 270. 276. 295. 313. 332. 335. 352. 354. 359. 382. 391. 424. 483. 502; iv. 50. 82. 116. 127. 129. 132. 168. 232. 447. 451. 515. 519. 532. 533.
Bray, Mrs., iv. 202. 207. 211. 215. 228. 234. 248. 258. 265. 280. 288. 293. 299. 321. 325. 334. 342. 360. 367. 436. 448. 472. 491. 495.
Browne, Wade, Esq., ii. 299; iii. 28. 72.
Challenge, answer to an expected, iv. 497.
Cradock, Charles, Esq., iv. 374. 387. 399. 402. 405. 412. 414. 416, 417. 426. 453. 455. 466. 469. 471.
Cunningham, Allan, iii. 302; iv. 123. 140. 362. 395.
Danvers, Charles, Esq., i. 78. 104. 117. 135. 153. 183. 239. 309. 344. 355. 374. 414; ii. 62. 84. 141. 267.
Elmsley, Rev. Peter, iii. 321.
Gorham, Rev. G. C., iv. 420. 424, 425. 429. 433. 536.
Hill, Rev. Herbert, ii. 56. 70. 86. 199. 208. 211. 275. 290. 294. 379. 394. 411; iii. 5. 23. 97. 124. 141. 152. 167. 180. 224. 235. 247. 252. 260. 277. 287. 293. 303. 307. 315. 318. 321. 325. 333. 345. 355. 369. 375. 387. 398. 404. 451. 461. 468. 477. 481. 485. 508. 520. 523. 531. 537; iv. 12. 14. 29. 31. 38. 47. 102. 105. 108.
Hughes, Mrs., iii. 197. 223. 430. 433. 444. 472. 515; iv. 17. 20. 22. 44. 61. 66. 74. 80. 186. 267. 295. 316. 345. 380. 407. 421. 440. 507. 537. 566.
Kenyon, John, Esq., iii. 75. 170. 183. 208; iv. 6. 498.
King, John, Esq., i. 186. 189. 234. 244; ii. 192. 343. 383; iii. 139; iv. 8. 59.
Lamb, Charles, iv. 183.
Lamb, Thomas, Esq., i. 1. 3. 5. 8. 10. 13. 15. 56.
Landor, Walter Savage, ii. 125. 164. 202. 216. 219. 225. 231. 252. 262. 334; iii. 108. 133. 205. 311. 388. 437; iv. 127. 144. 283.
La Touche, Thomas Diggs, Esq., iv. 78.
Longman & Co., Messrs., iii. 15. 49. 131. 133. 172. 198. 201. 213. 234. 440. 528; iv. 213. 456. 459.
May, John, Esq., i. 32. 40. 44. 52. 61. 76. 81. 94. 101. 112. 127. 132. 157. 164. 198. 204. 214. 220. 229. 231. 262. 335. 388. 401. 404; ii. 8. 42. 45. 76. 99. 128. 143. 175. 205. 245. 356; iii. 21. 46. 254. 429. 495; iv. 11. 13. 175. 185. 500. 526. 539. 569. 572.
Moxon, Edward, Esq., iv. 184. 188. 214. 253. 338. 350. 357. 366. 393, 394. 410. 547, 548. 570.
Rickerby, Joseph, Esq., iv. 395.
Rickman, John, Esq., i. 91. 122. 181. 195. 212. 222. 225. 273. 279. 319. 325. 351. 368. 378; ii. 4. 20. 28. 33. 39. 40. 52. 54. 65. 119. 133. 159. 237. 337. 359. 382. 399. 400. 404. 410; iii. 11. 18. 44. 53. 62. 88. 89. 94. 95. 96. 99. 100. 105. 114. 115. 129. 135. 151. 158. 160. 161. 174. 188. 200. 230. 231. 250. 284. 291. 293. 298. 328. 343. 377. 384. 395. 396. 400. 439. 455. 480. 487. 500. 513. 518. 522. 530. 536. 540; iv. 37. 46. 90. 92. 94. 100. 113. 115. 118. 121. 128. 131. 132. 141. 142. 144. 147. 149. 152. 156. 157. 159; iv. 161. 162. 171. 179. 181. 192. 205. 206. 238. 250. 252. 254. 263. 278. 314. 326. 329. 337. 348. 387. 411. 432. 438. 439. 468. 464. 468. 470. 504. 511. 518. 523. 534. 535. 542. 546. 567.

Sidmouth, Lord, iii. 319.
Southey, Bertha, iii. 489; iv. 480. 487. 554.
Southey, Captain Thomas, i. 35. 37. 46, 47. 50. 70. 99. 108. 219. 315. 360. 380. 398; ii. 15. 106. 116. 139. 147. 152. 168. 185. 194. 214. 229. 235. 271. 284. 303. 306. 309. 311. 315. 348. 350. 390. 396. 401. 418; iii. 8; iv. 120.
Southey, Katherine, iii. 192. 195; iv. 476. 481.
Southey, Dr. H. H., i. 250. 284. 290. 297. 299. 369; ii. 96. 109. 114. 155. 161. 242. 247. 289. 334; iii. 154. 185. 228. 347. 414. 463. 492; iv. 10. 42. 55. 57. 101. 167. 173. 510.
Southey, Edith May, ii. 227. 327; iii. 305. 412. 417. 435. 449. 456. 470; iv. 88. 98. 104. 200. 203. 239. 246.
Southey, Herbert, iii. 24.
Southey, Mrs. Senr., i. 140.
Southey, Mrs., i. 74. 168. 283; iv. 197. 205.
Warter, Rev. John Wood, iv. 189. 219. 230. 236. 240. 256. 261. 270. 291. 332. 339. 352. 369. 413. 452. 463. 556. 574.
Warter, Mrs., iv. 543. 570.
White, Rev. James, ii. 422; iv. 134. 273. 275. 306. 390.
White, Rev. J. N., i. 398. 417; ii. 6. 47. 50. 61. 89. 111. 121. 131. 135. 182. 197. 233. 239. 254. 257. 260. 287. 292. 301. 318. 338. 375. 377. 407; iii. 6. 111. 127. 191. 258. 330. 379. 385. 401. 409. 425. 427. 442. 446, 447. 452. 467. 475. 525; iv. 27. 34. 163. 285. 492. 512. 523. 532. 549. 563.
Wordsworth, Miss Dora, iii. 504. 506. 508.
Wynn, C. W. Williams, Esq., i. 20. 25. 29, 30. 54. 59. 62. 65, 66. 68. 73. 84. 86. 88. 97. 145. 166. 202. 206. 238. 242. 247, 248. 278. 281. 288. 292. 295. 305. 339. 341. 366. 371. 395; ii. 12. 26. 30. 35. 48. 67. 80. 92. 102. 124. 150. 179. 222. 249. 320. 323. 325. 347. 372. 386. 417. 425; iii. 13. 26. 30. 54. 60. 63. 65. 67. 69. 78. 90. 118. 142. 162. 165. 175. 202. 217. 220. 227. 238. 244. 246. 249. 264. 268. 274. 280. 290. 299. 323. 338. 342. 349. 351. 368. 371. 373. 392. 394. 407. 416. 498. 511. 534; iv. 16. 19. 24, 25. 40. 52, 53. 64. 69. 72. 85. 110. 112; iv. 153. 165. 176. 194. 209. 217. 221. 223. 226; iv. 244. 291. 301. 304. 309. 311. 319. 327. 330. 354. 363. 371. 376. 383. 394. 396. 398. 444. 474. 505. 509. 511. 529. 553. 558. 574.
Letter-writing, ii. 51.
"Letters written during a short Residence in Spain and Portugal, by R. S.," i. 30. 47. 65; ii. 83. 99.
Leucadio Doblado's "Letters from Spain," iii. 317. 329.
Leverett, Governor of New England, iii. 274.
"Lewis and Clarke's Travels," review of, ii. 399.
Lewis, Sir Frankland, iii. 280.
Lewis's "Lives of Wicliffe and Bishop Pecock," iii. 429.
Leyden, John, his death, ii. 251.
Libel, Fox's law of, iii. 101. 147.
"Liberal," the, of Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron, iii. 340. 344.
Lightfoot, Rev. Mr., i. 36; iii. 257. 331. 354. 392; iv. 208. 307. 367. 475.
Lindley, Mr., his "Narrative of his Imprisonment at Bahia," i. 322.
Lingard, Dr., his "History of England," iii. 482.
Lingo grande, the, iii. 359—368.
Linwood, Miss, her exhibition of pictures, ii. 332.
Lisbon, earthquakes at, i. 20. 23. Society of, 24. Filth of, 110. Health of, 111. Expulsion of the English from, ii. 35. 37. Aqueduct at, 232; iii. 500.
Lister, Mr. ii. 297.
Lisuarte, character of, i. 223.
Literary Fund, the, i. 166, 167; iii. 246. Remarks on the, 246; iv. 281.
"Literary Souvenir," the, iv. 77.
"Literary Times," the, iv. 417.
Literature in Portugal, i. 125, 126.
"Litteratur Lexicon," the, of Nyerup and Kraft, iii. 334.
Littleton, Lord, his "History," iii. 429.
Littleton, Sir Edward, i. 303. 313. 348. 353. 386. 388; ii. 36. 80. 175. 219. 226. 265. 278.
Liverpool, Lord, ii. 274. 336. 402; iv. 50. 53.
Liverpool Museum, armour in the, ii. 41.
Llanberris, i. 243. 247.
Llandaff, Bishop of, i. 273. 390; ii. 48.
Llangedwin, i. 171.
Llangollen, i. 168. 248.
Llanrwst, i. 169, 170. 248.
Llantony, ii. 229.
Llewellyn, i. 167. 247. Tomb of, 170.
Lloyd, Charles, i. 44, 45, 46. 50, 51. 72. 286. 385. 389; iii. 309.
Lloyd, Edward, ii. 196.
Lloyd, James, ii. 196.
Lloyd's "Alfieri," ii. 394.
Llywarc Hen, ii. 59.
Lobeira, Vasco, i. 223. 226. Southey's love for, 268; ii. 4.
Lobo, Jeronymo, his MS. in the British Museum, ii. 11.
Localities, attachment to, i. 44.
Locke, John, iii. 153. 156.
Locker, Mr. ii. 427. His "Views in Spain," iii. 463.
Lockhart, John Gibson, editor of the "Quarterly Review," iii. 514; iv. 2. 67. 72. 101. 193. 195. 298. 347. 364. 408. 507.
Lockhart, Mrs., her death, iv. 507.
Lodore, i. 232. "The Cataract of Lodore," ii. 168; iii. 353.
London, Southey's dislike of, i. 153. 375; ii. 80. Atmosphere of, ii. 80. His description of, to his daughter, Catherine, iii. 192.
London Institution, i. 343.
"London Magazine," iii. 437.
Londonderry, Lord, his death, iii. 324.
Long Main, the, ii. 181.
Longman, Mr., i. 135. 165. 185. 187. 219. 229. 263. 282. 289. 298. 343. 345. 376. 382. 385. 423; ii. 9. 26. 42. 213. 217. 237. 257. 321; iii. 8. 86. 409; iv. 164.
Longman and Co., Messrs., ii. 414; iii. 15; iv. 251.
Lonsdale, Lady, iii. 353.
Lonsdale, Lord, ii. 108. 116. 160, 161. 265. 276. 282; iii. 147—149. 153. 276. 278. 280; iv. 143. 381.
Lopez, Fernaõ, his "Chronicle" of King D. Joaõ I., i. 198. 204; ii. 98. And that of "K. Fernando," 98.
Lord, his account of the Brahminical system, i. 301.
"Lord William," i. 54.
Lord Mayor's Show, the, ii. 2.
Losh, James, i. 356. 363; ii. 89. 267.

Loueiro's account of Cochin China, ii. 395.
Louis XVI., of France, i. 3.
Louis XVIII., of France, ii. 418. "Memoirs" of, iv. 305.
Louis Philippe, King of the French, iv. 278.
"Love Elegy on the Wig," i. 71.
Lovell, Robert, his death, i. 29. 234.
Lovell, Robert, i. 217. 397; ii. 113; iv. 119.
Lovell, Mrs. i. 200. 345.
Lowe, Mr., of Ludlow, ii. 235.
Lowes water, i. 329.
Lowther family, anecdote of the, iv. 77.
Lowther Castle, ii. 161; iii. 276. 278. 282; iv. 33. 299.
Lowther, Lord, iii. 99. 480.
"Loyola, Ignatius," Southey's, iv. 163.
"Lucan, Supplement to," Corry's, i. 212.
Lucian's "Hermotimus," iv. 179.*
Lucretia, story of, i. 67.
Luddites, the, ii. 282. 304.
Ludlow Castle, ii. 229. 231.
Lully, Raymond, ii. 57. 66.
"Lusiad," the, D. José Maria's edition of, iii. 321.
"Lutrin," the, i. 55.
Lymington, i. 31. 33.
Lymouth, village of, its beauty, i. 80.
Lyndhurst, i. 31.
Lynedoch, Lord, ii. 422.
Lysons, his "Magna Britannia," anecdote of, iv. 75, 76.
Lyttleton's "Henry II.," i. 328.
Lyulph's Tower, ii. 283.

M——, i. 190.
Mabers, the, i. 283.
Mabillon's "Benedictine Annals and Acts," iii. 486. 521.
"Mabinogion," the, translated by Owen, i. 278. Character of the tales, 278.
Macaulay, Right Hon. T. B., his "History of England," iv. 237.
M'Culloch, J. R., iv. 93. 101.
Mackenzie, Sir G., review of his "Travels," ii. 251; iii. 276.
Mackintosh, Sir James, iii. 202, 203; iv. 71. 284. His "Remains," 410.
M'Kinnon, General, iii. 262.
M'Neile, Mr. John, iii. 113.
M'Vicker, Rev. Dr., iv. 518. 520.
Madan, Martin, iv. 431. 434.
Maddocks, Mr., i. 419.
"Madoc," i. 47. 71. 87. 94. 103. 140. 147. 165. 167. 183. 211. 239. 243. 246; 247. 249. 251. 255. 257. 259. 263. 266, 267. 273, 274. 282. 288. 291. 304. 310. 314. 316. 323. 332. 335. 339. 343. 347. 349. 358. 363. 376. 381. 386. 391. 404. 422; ii. 9. 12. 23. 42. 50. 60. 81. 181. 186. 221. 223. 291; iii. 13. 219.
"Madras System," Southey's Work on the, ii. 259.
Madras, disturbances at, ii. 290.
Madrid, i. 22.
Maes Gwyn, i. 204.
Mafra, convent of, i. 25.
Magnus, St., story of his dance, i. 308.
Magnusen, Finn, iv. 352. 353.
"Mahommedan History, Retrospect of," Major Price's, iii. 269.
Mahon, Lord (now Earl Stanhope), iv. 299, 300. 303. 353.
Maimbourg, Lewis, his "History of the Crusades," ii. 162.
Maintenon, Madame, her "Letters," iv. 454.
Majesty, His. See *Coombe*.
Major, Dr., his "Pilgrim's Progress," iv. 183.
Majorca, curious code of laws of, iii. 98.
Malabar coast, custom of the Rajahs of the, i. 300. Anecdote of the *polcas* of the, 300.
Malcolm, Sir John, his pamphlet on India, ii. 290. His visit to Southey, iii. 323. His "Central India," 352. 395. 441.
Malet, Arthur, iii. 491. 495.
Malet, Sir Alexander, iii. 401.
Malet, Sir Charles, ii. 46; iii. 401.
Malet, Lady, iii. 402.
Malone, Mr., iii. 303, 304.
Malthus, Rev. T. R., Southey's hatred of his book, i. 224. 287. 298. 408; ii. 304; iv. 114. 180.
Malvern Hills, the, i. 18.
Mamalucos, the, of Brazil, ii. 49. 177.
Manchester, condition of, in 1829, iv. 149. And in 1832, 273.
Manchester, Memoirs by, iii. 285. 290.
Manchester massacre, the, 148.
Manes, i. 360. 369. His Twelve Masters, i. 360.
Mango Capac, i. 82. 88.
"Manicheism, History of," Beausobre's, i. 339. 359. 368.
Manoel, D. Francisco, his book, iii. 315.
Manoel Felix, his dress, iii. 138.
Manuel, the servant, i. 109.
Manufactories, specific diseases engendered by, iii. 185.
Manufacturing districts, secret societies in the, ii. 273.
Maria Antoinette, Queen, ii. 421.
"Maria d'Agreda," the imposture of, iii. 503.
Maria Rosa, i. 109.
Marialva, Marquis of, his country-house Quinta, i. 120.
Maria del Occidente, her poem, iv. 214, 215. 361.
Mariana, i. 160.
Mariner, Mr., his adventures, iii. 12. 53. 62.
"Maritime Discovery, History of," Clarke's i. 238.
"Marmion," appearance of, ii. 82. 110. 132.
Marriage Act, the, iii. 347.
Martel, Charles, his defeat of the Saracens, i. 206.
"Marlborough, Life of," Archdeacon Coxe's, review of, iii. 164. 169.
Marlborough, Duchess of, iv. 45.
Marsh, Dr. Herbert, ii. 255, 256. 288; iii. 142.
Marshal, Mr., the cotton king, iv. 314.
Martin, Mr., i. 53. 60. 230.
"Martin Hall," i. 58, 59.
Martyn, Rev. J. K., iv. 424.
Martyr, Peter, his "Decades," ii. 309.
"Mary, the Maid of the Inn," i. 69. 72. 353; origin of the, ii. 181.
Mary Redcliff, St., church of, i. 187.
Mason, Rev. William, his "Letters of Gray," ii. 214.
Massachusetts Historical Society, the, iii. 266.
Massena, General, his retreat, ii. 224; iii. 358. His campaign in Portugal, iii. 14. 33.
Massinger, Philip, his "Picture," i. 65.
Matchim, tale of, i. 99.
Mather, Cotton, his "History of New England," ii. 264; iii. 500.

* By an oversight, in correction of the Proof, it is left "Hermotimus."

Matthias (Mr. Bray's friend), iv. 437.
Matthew of Westminster, his stories, i. 308.
Matthew Paris, his legends, i. 308.
Matthewes, Mrs., of Bath, i. 356.
May, John, Esq., i. 60. 297. 383; ii. 35. 37. 40. 41. 45. 212; iii. 392. 495; iv. 13. 59. 185. His death, 501. Letters to (see *Letters*).
May, Mrs., i. 205. 391.
May, John, jun., i. 205; iii. 257. 307. 326.
May, William, ii. 382.
May Day in London, iii. 193.
Mecca, visited by a Spaniard, ii. 384.
"Medical Review," ii. 115. 186.
Medicine and credulity, i. 85. Medical Knowledge of the Arabs and of the Middle Ages, 299. And of the present time, iii. 188.
Medwin, captain, Lord Byron's "blunderbuss," iii. 450.
"Megistotherion," the squib so named, iii. 464.
"Melancholy Hours," the, of Henry Kirke White, ii. 7.
Melbourne, Lord, iv. 193.
"Melody, Song on," the, of Henry Kirke White, ii. 7.
Melrose Abbey, i. 345.
Melville, Lord, ii. 171. 181; iii. 299.
Mendicancy in Portugal, i. 127.
Mendicant Friars, i. 265.
"Menu, Institutes of," by Sir W. Jones, i. 301.
"Mercurio Peruano," the, ii. 263.
Merida, hunting at, i. 22.
Merino sheep, ii. 87.
"Messiah," the, of Klopstock, ii. 183.
Mestizos, or mixed breed of South America, ii. 49.
Methodism, growth of, i. 146. 249. 255; iii. 443. Article on, in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 207. 221.
Methodists, history of the, i. 248. 255. 287. 410. Methodist stories, 366, 367.
Methodists, the New, i. 410.
"Metrical Tales and other poems," i. 282. 316. 376. 386; ii. 9.
"Metrical Romances," the, of Weber, ii. 308.
Mexico, condition of women in, i. 96. Von Humboldt's work on, ii. 263.
Michael, Mount St., iv. 551, 552.
"Michael Angelo," Duppa's "Life of," ii. 20.
Michaelis's "Commentaries on the Law of Moses," iii. 239.
Mickle, W. J., iii. 395.
Middleton, Erasmus, his "Evangelical Biography," iv. 454.
Middleton, Teesdale, ii. 285, 286.
Mierre, Monsieur A. J. Le, his letter to Southey, ii. 397.
Miguel, Don, of Portugal, iii. 415; iv. 32. 55. 355.
"Milesian History, Fragment of," Southey's, ii. 362.
"Military Chronicle," the, ii. 292.
Miller, John, of Worcester College, iv. 114.
Mills, Charles, his works, iv. 93.
Milner, Dr., and St. Winifred, ii. 373. His reply to the "Book of the Church," iii. 467.
Milnes, R. M., Esq., iv. 366.
Milton, John, i. 87. 260. Southey's opinion of, 268. 338.
Mina, the Spaniard, iii. 3. 6.
Minehead, i. 76.
Ministry, evils of frequent changes of, iv. 91.
Minnesingers, the, iii. 401.
Miot's "History of the Expedition to Egypt," ii. 394. 396. 402.
"Missionary Transactions," review of, i. 336; ii. 186. "Periodical Account," 186.
"Mississippi, Travels to the Sources of the," iii. 341.
Mitchell, Charles, his books, iv. 106.
Mitford, Rev. John, his proposed edition of Gray's works, ii. 244.
Mitford, John, his fiction, iii. 468.
M'Kinnin's "West Indies," i. 336.
Mohammed the Prophet, his character, i. 77.
Mohammedanism, i. 77. Mohammedan literature, 78.
Molesworth, Lord, ii. 243.
Monacism, Southey's dislike of, i. 146. The monastic history of Portugal, 198. 209. Southey's article on the "Monastic Orders," iii. 138. 146.
"Monarquia Lusitana," the, of Brito and Brandao, i. 134.
Monchique, town of, i. 150.
Monchique, the Sierra de, i. 150.
Mondego river, the, i. 136.
Mono-dramas, i. 67.
Montague, Basil, i. 424; iii. 46. His edition of Lord Bacon's works, iv. 34.
Montaigne's "Essays," account of the Brazilian savages in, iii. 315.
Montalvo, i. 223.
Montgomery, James, ii. 251. 258. 376. 409. 414; iii. 275. 413; iv. 243.
"Monthly Magazine," the, i. 35. 64. 157. 183. 376. 381. 411; ii. 52. 184. 186. 404.
"Monthly Mirror, the, i. 423; ii. 112. 186. 325.
"Monthly Review," the, ii. 66; iv. 216.
Montluc's "Commentaries," iii. 441. 485, 486.
Montoya's "Conquesta Espiritual," iii. 288.
Montserrat, beauty of, iii. 126.
Montstrellet's "Chronicle," ii. 215.
Moore, Sir John, ii. 113. 127. 130. 149. His last letter, 137. 151. His death, iii. 416.
Moore Thomas, i. 419; iii. 232; iv. 324. His "Lalla Rookh," iii. 86. His "Life of Sheridan," 519. His "History of Ireland," iv. 121, 154.
Moore, George, Esq., his "Life of the Marquis Pombal," iii. 115.
Moore, Major, iii. 182. 191. 354. His Hindoo Pantheon, 355.
Moorish conquest of Spain, i. 199.
Moors, remains of the, in Portugal, i. 223.
Moraes, Francisco de, his book, ii. 5. 34.
Morales, Ambrose, i. 225.
Morals, amongst the great, i. 226—228.
Mordred, Mr., i. 171.
More, Henry, ii. 312. His "Poems," 312.
More, Sir Thomas, iii. 80. 168. Holbein's portrait of, 168.
Moreau, Pierre, his "History of the Recovery of Pernambuco," iii. 288.
Morehead, Mr., edits Miss Seward's "Letters," ii. 297.
Morcton-in-the-Marsh, i. 17.
Morgan, Mr., death of, i. 118.
Morgan, Lady, review of her book, iii. 78 79.
Morgan, Sir Henry, the buccaneer, ii. 372 373.

"Mornay, Life of Philippe de," iii. 334.
"Morning Chronicle," the, ii. 165; iii. 60. 453. 463. 467.
"Morning Herald," the, iv. 168.
"Morning Post" the, i. 147. 183. 213. 255; ii. 332.
Morrison, Mr., of Fore Street, iii. 403; iv. 196. His origin and career, iii. 404, 405.
Morris, James, his book, ii. 210.
"Mort d'Arthur," edited, ii. 27. 32. 43; iii. 47. 49. 52. 56. 426.
Mosheim, compared with Robinson, i. 33.
Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," iii. 521.
Moscow, destruction of, ii. 314.
Moslems, difficulty of converting them to Christianity, i. 299.
Mounier, review of, in the "Edinburgh Review," i. 297.
Moxon, Edward, Esq., iv. 184. 214. 365. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Mozambique, ii. 413.
Muir's case, iii. 60.
Mulatto, the old, of Pernambuco, iii. 105.
Mulgrave, Lord, ii. 161. 170.
Muller, his translation of Southey's article on Portuguese literature, iii. 125.
Müller's "Dorians," iv. 219.
Mumps, the disorder so called, ii. 135.
Murat, King of Naples, ii. 400. 405.
Murder, tendency to imitate, iii. 177.
Murray, Captain, ii. 93.
Murray, John, Esq., ii. 308. 382. 411. 413. 416, 417; iii. 2. 33, 34. 47. 61. 81, 82. 85. —88. 93. 103. 119. 159, 160. 167. 203. 254. 332. 336, 337. 343. 346. 348. 370. 372. 411. 455. 469. 485, 486. 521. 525. 532; iv. 52. 62. 67. 72. 164. 170. 173. 174. 196. 251, 252, 253. 288. 364. 408. 433. 438. 472.
Museum, British, idea of getting Southey into the ii. 237. Catalogue of the MSS. in the, iv. 32.
Musgraves, the, their seat of Eden Hall, ii. 284.

Naires, the, defeated by the Poleas, i. 300.
Nalson's collection, iii. 285. 290. 327. 469.
Nanswhyden House, iv. 485.
Napier, Lieut.-General, his "Peninsular War," iv. 503.
Nares, Rev. Archdeacon, iii. 264. 267.
Nash, Mr., the artist, ii. 429; iii. 32. 53. 57, 58. 72. 194. 215. 257. 355. His death, 224. 228.
Nathan's abuse of Southey, ii. 419.
"Nativité, Vie et Revelations de la Sœur," iii. 499. 503. 523.
"Naval Chronicles," the, ii. 187. 311. 317.
"Naval History," Southey's iv. 165. *et seq.*
Navarette's "Collection," iv. 105.
Neal, Cornelius, his tragedy of "Mustapha, iii. 217.
Neal's "History of the Puritans," iii. 214.
Neale, the Rev. Erskine, iv. 442.
Negroes, the, of Hispaniola, ii. 295. Diseases of negroes, 345.
Negroland, state of the courts and cities of, i. 238.
Nelson, Lord, death of, i. 361. Ode on, contemplated, 361. National honours paid to him, 362. Review of Stanier Clarke's "Life of," ii. 180. 184, 185. Southey's "Life of," 237. 282. 294. 312. 315. 319. 395. His bombardment of Copenhagen, 312.
Netherhall, iii. 264, 265; iv. 74.
Netherlands, the Spanish, iii. 291.
Neufville, i. 233.
Newark, i. 345.
Newbury Renegado, story of the, ii. 40.
Newcastle, Duke of, iv. 193.
New Forest, the, i. 31. 33
Newlands, scenery of, i. 171; iii. 96.
Newspapers, remarks on, iv. 226. Stamp duty, 226.
Newton, Mrs., i. 205; ii. 112.
New England, Dwight's "Travels" in, iii. 341. "A New England Tale," 341.
New Holland, iii. 373.
New Year's Ode, Southey's first, ii. 339.
Ney, Marshal, ii. 352. 403; iii. 27.
"Nibelungen Lied," the, quoted, i. 293. *n.*
Nicholas, Major, ii. 406.
Nichols, John, his "Anecdotes," iii. 132. His "Illustrations," 132.
Nicholson, Bishop, i. 338.
Nicholson, Peg, i. 8.
Nichols's "Arminianism and Calvinism compared," iii. 349; iv. 190.
Nicol, George, his "Bears," iv. 521.
Nicol, William, ii. 94. 356.
Nicostrata, i. 224, 225.
Niebuhr's "Roman History," iv. 219, 220.
Niger river, iii. 538. 541.
Nile, battle of the, ii. 417.
Nimmo, the engineer, iv. 79.
Nino Alvares, ii. 381.
Non-resistance, the Quaker doctrine of, iii. 310.
"Nootka Roc," the, ii. 216.
Norfolk, Duke of, i. 192. His election influence, ii. 276.
Normandy, iii. 513.
"North Papers," the, iii. 487, 488.
Norwich, society at, i. 154. Newspaper at, 213; iii. 442. The Musical Festival of, 442.
Norwood, the gipsy prophecy at, i. 56.
Norwood, Captain B., i. 25.
Nourjahad, i. 162.
"Nuevo Mundo," the poem of the, iii. 14.
Nugent, Lord, iv. 265. 306. 311. His "Life of Hampden," 277. 311, 312.
"Nuremberg Chronicle," legends in the, i. 308.

"Oberlin, Life of," Southey's, iv. 210.
"Oberon," the, of Wieland, i. 68. 191.
Obidos, castle of, i. 170.
O'Callaghan, Mr., iv. 271.
O'Connell, Daniel, iii. 488; iv. 162. 242.
O'Connor, Dr., his "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," iii. 61. 64. 246. 350; iv. 73. His letter to Southey, 90; iv. 45. His "Columbanus's Letters," 48.
O'Connor, Roger, his "Chronicles of Eri," iv. 17. 19.
Odes, ii. 339. 341. 403; iii. 9. 106. 121. 162. 225. 239. 249. 289. 353. 397.
O'Donnell, General, iii. 392.
Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, iii. 316. His "Life," iv. 219.
O'Keefe, Southey's schoolfellow, ii. 95; iv. 41.
Olaus Magnus, i. 280.
"Old Bear," the, i. 18.
"Old Lady," the, i. 64.
"Old Manor House, The," Charlotte Smith's novel of, i. 179.
"Old Man's Comforts," the, i. 289.
"Old papers, overhauling," i. 202.
"Old Woman," the, i. 69.
Olivares's "History of the War in Portugal,' iii. 415.
"Oliver Newman," ii. 381. 383. 387. 392.

396; iii. 8. 84. 103. 120. 127. 132. 145. 219. 230. 266. 301. 342. 519.
"Omniana," the, ii. 212. 216. 237. 294. 299. 301. 312. 344, 345.
Ὁμοιτέλευτα, the, i. 226.
Opie, Amelia, her lines on Southey and his daughter Edith, iii. 435.
"Oraisons Funebres," the, iii. 168.
Ordericus Vitalis, i. 291.
"Ordinacoẽs de Affonso V.," the, i. 115.
Oriana, character of, i. 223.
Orientalists, remarks on the, i. 91.
"Oriental Repertory," the, of Dalrymple, i. 300.
"Orlando Furioso," i. 68.
"Orraca, Queen," i. 382; ii. 154.
Osorius, i. 233. 264.
"Ossian," Laing's, i. 397.
O'Sullivan, Mortimer, iii. 538; iv. 20.
Ottery, i. 79.
Otway, the poet, ii. 51.
Ourang-outangs, i. 113.
Oviedoy Baños, his "History of Venezuela," iii. 198; iv. 29.
Owen, Mr. Arthur, of Edmund Hall, ii. 47.
Owen, William, his translation of "Llywarc Hen," i. 166. And of the "Mabinogion," 278. His Welsh "Paradise Lost," iii. 373.
"Owen Cambridge," i. 238.
Owen Cyveilioc, i. 167.
Owen Gleudower, i. 169.
Owen Glendower's castle, iv. 165.
Owen Gwynedd, King of Wales, i. 243.
Owen, Robert, and his socialism, iii. 45. 174; iv. 146.
Oxford, society at, i. 19.
Oxyde, the nitrous, i. 95.

Pacheco, Duarte, his conquests of Calicut, i. 300.
Paddy Furioso, iii. 464.
Paddyism, i. 167.
Page, of Westminster, subscription for his family, iii. 150, 151.
Page, Mary, iv. 443.
Paine, Tom, i. 8.
"Painters, Lives of the," in Dutch, ii. 2.
Palace Yard meetings, iii. 89. 97.
Palermo, the infamous court of, ii. 224.
Palgrave, Sir Francis, iii. 250; iv. 25. 101.
Pallas's "Travels," review of, i. 331.
"Palmerin," i. 376. 378. 382. 388. 402. 410. 416; ii. 4. 9. 13. 33. 42. 81.
Palmerston, Viscount, iv. 193.
Palmer's case, iii. 63.
"Pamphleteer," the, iii. 132.
Pantanaes, the, or Flooded Savannahs, ii. 98.
Pantisocratic scheme, the, i. 92; ii. 194.
"Papal Government, Subversion, of the," Duppa's, ii. 29.
"Papel Forte," author of? ii. 208.
Paper, manufacture of cheap, i. 95.
Park, Mr., ii. 234.
Parke's "Contre-Projet to the Humphreyisian Code," iv. 210.
Parliamentary Papers, usual fate of, ii. 175.
"Parliamentary History," the, iii. 284.
Parma, Prince of, his military genius, iii. 291.
Parry, Captain, his "Voyage," iii. 261.
Para, revenue and expenditure of, iii. 170.
Paraguay, i. 95. First mission to, ii. 88. The Aymures of, 88. The "Annual Letters from," 131. The language of, 176. Account of the Jesuits in, 193. Establishment of the Republic of, 361.
"Paraguay, Tale of," iii. 48. 84. 98. 103. 132. 140. 169. 172. 207. 245. 324. 411. 417. 439. 441. 474. 511.
"Paraguay Annual Letters," iii. 288.
Park, Mr., ii. 113.
Parker, John, iv. 511.
Parnell, Sir Henry, iii. 326.
"Parody, the," i. 69.
Parr, Dr., iii. 226.
Parry, Charles, iv. 104.
"Partidas," the, of Don Manuel Abella, ii. 206. 260.
Pasley, Colonel, ii. 223. 228. 308; iv. 162.
Pasqual's book on the compass, ii. 57. 66.
Patin, character of, i. 224.
"Patriota, O," the Rio Janeiro Magazine, ii. 382.
Patronymics in Greek and Portuguese, i. 280.
Paul's, St., festival of the children of the clergy at, iii. 196.
Peachey, General, i. 286. 347; ii. 98; iii. 99. 347. 483.
Peachey, Mrs., i. 286; iii. 93. Her death. ii. 155; iii. 401.
"Peacock, Bishop of, Life of," Lewis's, iii. 430.
Pedro II., King of Portugal, ii. 76.
Pedro, the Catalan author, his history of his own times, ii. 71.
Pedro, Don, iv. 355.
Peel, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert), ii. 427; iii. 398. 533; iv. 93. 122. 130. 196. 210. 225. 256. 326. 396.
"Pelayo," ii. 79. 196. 213. 232. 235. 253. 264. 270. 294. See "Roderick, the last of the Goths."
"Pembroke, Countess of, Memoirs of the," iii. 290.
"Penates, Hymn to the," i. 70. 73.
Peninsula, war in the, ii. 216. 221. Prospects of the, in 1812, 262. Southey's "History of the War" in the, 324; iii. 110. 140. 164. 174. 200. 207. 225. 229. 237. 251. 254. 256. 259. 262, 263. 266. 279. 281. 285. 294. 300. 311, 316. 328. 332. 369. 372. 375, 376. 389. 411. 446. 451. 513. 517; iv. 30. 48. 138. 261. 264. 503. Sydenham's "Peninsular Papers," 52. The Spanish "History" of the, 121.
Penmaenmawr, i. 170.
Penn, William, Southey's opinion of, ii. 390; iii. 145.
Penrith, snow at, ii. 30.
"Penrose, Journal of," ii. 410.
Penwomanship, i. 211.
Perceval, the Right Honourable Spencer, ii. 148. 179. 228. 291. 353; iii. 318. His death, ii. 272. 274.
Percival's "Cape," review of, i. 336.
Percy, Lord, his motion, i. 416. Sonnet to, on the Slave Trade, 179.
Pereyra, the Great Constable Nuño Alvares, his "Chronicle," i. 198.
Pernambuco, war of, ii. 208. Condition of, iii. 170.
"Persian and Turkish Tales," the, ii. 329. Persians, character of the, iii. 19.
Persons, the Christian Directory of Father, iii. 261.
Peru, i. 95. Inhabitants of, ii 263, 264; iii. 114.
"Peru, Present State of," by Sir R. Phillips, i. 321.
Peruvians, revolution of the, in 1782; iii. 114. 116. 254. Customs of the, 114.

Peter, the pig, i. 256. 268.
"Peter Bell," Wordsworth's poem of, iii. 205.
Peter's pence, curious custom respecting the payment of, iv. 94.
Petion, i. 3.
Petries, the Misses, i. 138. 140, 141.
Petronilla, Roman Catholic story of, i. 306.
Petty, Lord Henry, i. 394.
Phelan, Dr., iv. 108.
Philip of Pokanoket, iii. 218.
Phillips, Sir Richard, and the "Monthly Magazine," i. 35. 375. 385; ii. 404; iii. 96; iv. 450. His "Present State of Peru," i. 321. His "Travels in Spain and Portugal," ii. 83.
Phillip's "Voyages," ii. 186.
Phillips, the painter, iii. 2.
Phillimore, Joe, i. 203; iii. 299. 347.
Phillpotts, Rev. Dr. (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), iii. 155. 477; iv. 266.
Phœnix Park, i. 236.
"Physical Education, Essays on," King's, ii. 192.
Picart's "Religious Ceremonies," i. 266. 301.
Picton, General, iii. 15.
"Picturesque, Essays on the," by Uvedale Price, i. 302.
Pierre, St., i. 207.
Pietro della Valle's "Travels," i. 301.
"Pig, The," i. 72.
Pigott, Solomon, iii. 330.
Pike, Major, his "Travels," ii. 216.
"Pilgrimage to Waterloo, the Poet's," iii. 10. 13. 15. 17. 46.
"Pilgrim's Progress, The," i. 172; ii. 317.
Pinkerton's "Voyages," ii. 132. 186. His "Letters of Literature," iii. 360.
Pinto, Luiz, i 177.
Piozzi, Mrs., ii. 328; iii. 474.
Pitt, Right Hon. William, i. 26. 30. 37. 279. 347. 393; ii. 96. His death, i. 356. National honours paid to him, 362.
"Pizarro," Sheridan's, i. 87.
Plague, the, at Cadiz, i. 123. The black death, 123. *n.* The earlier English plagues, 123.
Plato, translated by Thomas Taylor, i. 192.
Platoff, the Hetman, ii. 307. 314.
Plays, of Kotzebue, Sheridan, and Whaley, i. 87.
"Plessis, Du, Life of," iii. 334; iv. 96.
Plott's "Staffordshire," ii. 60. 181.
Pneumatic Institution, the, at Bristol, i. 197.
Pocklington, i. 168, 169.
"Poetical Register," the, i. 201,
Poetry, of Spain and Portugal, i. 26, 27. French, 186. Oriental, ii. 96. The fashionable compound called poetry in. 1819, iii. 134, 135. Difference between Welsh and Scandinavian poetry, 349.
Pole, Wellesley, iv. 196.
Poleas, the, of the Malabar coast, anecdote of, i. 300.
Polignac, Prince, iv. 302.
Political economy, taught at Edinburgh, ii. 224. Southey's dislike for the science of, iii. 405; iv. 93. 122.
Polkinghorne, champion of Cornwall, iv. 484.
Polyandry in Tibet, iii. 18. In Scotland, 200. 244.
Polynesian languages, ii. 206.
Pombal, Marquis, i. 25. 107; iii. 408; "Lives" of, iii. 115.
Ponferrada, ii. 86.
Ponsonby, Miss, of Llangollen, ii. 232. 234.
Pont-y-Glyn, the bridge, i. 169.
Pont-y-Cyssylltan Aqueduct, the, iii. 500.
Poole, Thomas, i. 90. 197; iv. 114. 478. 494.
"Poor, Complaints of the," i. 70.
Poor rates, iii. 79. Old statutes respecting the poor, iv. 100.
Pope, Alexander, style of, i. 404. His "Homer," ii. 393. 395.
Popery, Southey's dislike of, i. 145, 146.
Pople, the printer, iii. 17. 101. 278; iv. 214.
Porson, i. 282.
Portal, Mr., iii. 404.
Portugal, war with, i. 244. State of Christianity in, 370. Southey's "Travels" in, ii. 28. 43. Condition of, in 1809, 176. The first "Academy" of, iii. 145. Proceedings of the Cortes of, 253. State of, in 1822, 328 344. And in 1824, 408. 415. And in 1826, iv. 32.
"Portugal, History of," the unfinished, i. 96. 99. 112. 115. 133. 140. 145. 159. 179. 208. 220. 233. 239. 247. 316. 322. 337. 364. 390. 401. 436; ii. 381; iii. 252. 325; iv. 220.
Portuguese language, i. 24. Society, 24. 125. Poetry, 26. Infidelity, 107. Scenery, 110. Paper money, 111. Summers, 112. 119. Burying-ground, 114. The, in the East Indies, 115, 116. 300; iii. 393. Bull fights, i. 116. Robbers, 121. Literature, 125, 126. Indolence, 128. Poverty in, 1801, 148. Monastic history, 198. Customs derived from the Moors, 223. Discovery of a MS. poem, ii. 5. Colonial policy, 209. Academy, 343.
"Portuguez, Investigador," the, ii. 413.
"Portuguez, Observador," the, ii. 207.
Postage in Portugal, i. 101.
"Powell, Vavasor, Life of," iii. 214.
Praia, Fonte da, i. 177.
Pratt, Mr., ii. 171. 174.
Press, liberty and licentiousness of the, ii. 273. 304; iii. 43, 44. 61. 101. 111. 163. 184. 204. 215. 224.
Price, Major, his "Retrospect of Mahommedan History," iii. 269.
Price, Uvedale, his book on the picturesque, i. 303. 313.
Primerose, J., extract from his "De Vulgi Erroribus in Medicinâ," ii. 238.
Printers, Southey's lines on his, iv. 544.
"Printing, History of," ii. 187.
Prison discipline, iii. 120.
Prize-money, Spanish, misappropriation of the, i. 380.
Proby, Lord, death of, i. 295. His papers, 364.
"Protestant, An Irish," letters of, in the "Courier," ii. 386.
Proverbs, i. 4. 47; ii. 303.
Prowett, Septimus, his bookselling scheme, iii. 526.
Prowitt, Lieutenant, ii. 68.
Prussians, the, i. 7. 12.
Prynne's "Pleasant Purge for a Roman Catholic," iii. 486.
Psalms, Sir P. Sidney's version of the, iv. 183.
Ptolemy, the geographer, the Lyons or Leyden edition of, ii. 119.

Publications, cheap, Southey's advocacy of, iii. 172.
Pugilism, i. 351.
Purchas's "Voyages," ii. 216. 311.
"Puritans, History of the," Neal's, iii. 214.
Pye, Mr., poet laureate, his compositions, iii. 122.
Pyrenees, Treaty of the, iii. 252.

Quakers, Southey's opinion of, i. 426. And of Quakerism, ii. 31; iii. 199. 210. Sewell's "History of the Quakers," 199. George Fox's "Journal," 199. Gough's "History," 214. Various works relating to the history of the, 214. "Tracts against the Quakers, 214. Mrs. ——, converted to Quakerism, 444, 445.
Quarles, Ellis's ignorance about, i. 166.
"Quarterly Review," the, ii. 107. 110. 116. 123. 124. 132. 140. 144. 145. 148. 149. 151. 153. 164. 174. 184. 185. 191. 194. 207. 209. 221. 222. 236. 248. 251. 269. 282. 296. 297. *n.* 304. 353. 362. 395. 412. 414. 416. 418. 425; iii. 4. 5. 14. 21. 31. 33. 44. 47. 56. 61. 64. 83. 84. 93. 100. 103. 116. 129. 137. 141. 146. 159. 160. 167. 168. 169. 177. 216. 225. 254. 255. 282. 289. 335. 336. 342. 346. 348. 353. 383. 405. 417. 427. 450. 455. 509. 514. 523; iv. 2. 28. 40. 67. 72. 105. 118. 161. 165. 170. 196. 210. 216. 237. 271. 277. 307. 347. 364. 385. 408. 472.
Quatre Bras, field of, ii. 430.
Quebec, conquest of, iv. 54.
Queenhithe collection of books, i. 429.
Quillinan, Mr., iv. 186.
Quincey, Mr. De, ii. 108.
Quinta, i. 120. Wonders of, 120, 121.
"Quixote, Don," i. 26.

Races, the various, of Englishmen, i. 278.
Radicals, their proposed insurrections at Carlisle, iii. 166.
Radji, story of, i. 28.
Radnor, Lord, iv. 6, 7. 88.
Railways, iv. 526.
Rainhas, the, of Barbosa, i. 160.
"Raleigh, Life of Sir Walter," review of, i. 321. His "Poems," iv. 448.
Randolph, John, Bishop of London, ii. 292.
Randolph of Roanoake, iii. 322. 326.
Raphael de Jesus, F., his work, ii. 72.
Rathbone, Mr., ii. 80.
Rathbone, Mrs., ii. 230.
"Reconciliation," the, of Kotzebue, i. 68.
Records, the public printed, iii. 249. 281. 347; iv. 16. Robbery of some, iii. 350.
Red Cross Street Library, the, ii. 66. 131.
Reece, Dr., ii. 376.
Rees's, "Cyclopædia," i. 423; ii. 186.
Rees's "Grammar," iv. 143.
Rees, Thomas, Esq., ii. 111. 155. 409.
Rees, Mr., the Unitarian minister, iii. 144.
Reform, Parliamentary, iii. 312; iv. 218.
Reform Bill, the, iv. 218. 256. 274. 282. 338.
"Reformation," French prize Essay on the, i. 321. Villiers on the, 321.
Reid, Isaac, ii. 217. 283. 342.
Reid, Sir John, iv. 13.
"Rejected Addresses," the, remarks on, ii. 325.
"Relaceens Annuæ," the, iii. 182.
"Religio Medici," the, of Sir Thomas Browne, ii. 32.
"Religio Poetæ," the, Southey's ideas of writing, ii. 32.
"Religious Ceremonies," the, of Picart, i. 266. 301.
Remnant, the German bookseller, i. 183.
Rennie, Sir John, iii. 378.
"Retrospect, the," i. 48. 343.
"Revenge," Young's tragedy of the, ii. 217.
Reviewing, i. 212. 213. 238. 254. 321. 336. 337. 364. 383; ii. 14. 23; iii. 84.
Revolution, the French, i. 3. 7.
Reynolds's Comedies, i. 67.
"Rhadamanthus," the publication so called, ii. 140. 153.
Rhuiadr Cynwid, waterfall of, i. 169.
Ribeiro's "Journal," ii. 88; iii. 461.
Ricardo, Mr., his treatises, iii. 314.
Richard's Castle, ii. 231.
Richards, James, ii. 153.
Richardson, the novelist, his life and correspondence, i. 286. 289. 304. 312. His character, ii. 297.
Rickerby, Joseph, Esq., iv. 395.
Rickman, John, Esq., i. 100. 108. 184. 187. 219. 220. 250. 270. 277. 299. 375. 386. 388. 410; ii. 23. 125. 126. 154. 159. 212. 337; iii. 284. 536. 540; iv. 95. 147. 409. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Rickman, Mrs., i. 375. 386; ii. 155. 121. 333.
Ridgeway, iii. 62. 65.
Rio Janeiro, language of, ii. 177. The court at, 199. Climate of, 200. Population of, 202. Questions respecting, 205.
"Rio Janeiro, Annaes do," ii. 209.
"Rio Janeiro Magazine," the, ii. 380. 382.
Risco, Fr. Manuel, his continuation of the "Esp. Sagrada," ii. 71. His Latin history of the "Cid," 71.
River-scenery in Wales, i. 248.
Rio Verde, i. 27.
Ritchie, the African traveller, iii. 541.
Roberts, Barry, his article on "Medals" in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 145.
Roberts, Peter, his papers, iii. 368.
Robins, Mr. George, the auctioneer, iv. 269.
"Robinson, Robert, Life of," George Dyer's, i. 33.
Robinson, Right Hon. Fred. John (afterwards Earl of Ripon), ii. 212; iii. 378.
Robinson, Mark, local preacher at Beverley, iii. 443. 453. 475, 476.
Robinson's "Ecclesiastical Researches," i. 33.
Rocha Pitta, ii. 381.
Rochfort, ii. 349.
Rocking-stone at Land's End, iv. 289.
"Roderick, the last of the Goths" (called at first "Pelayo,") ii. 294. 298. 314. 327. 340. 345. 347, 348. 353. 383. 387. 390. 396. 420; iii. 8. 46. 98. 104. 265; iv. 9.
Roe, Sir Thomas, his "Account," i. 301.
Roger, Abraham, his account of the Brahminical system, i. 301.
Rogers, Cooke, "Cadwallader," ii. 180. 195.
Rogers, Samuel, iii. 33; iv. 33. 184. 189. 383.
"Rokeby," Sir Walter Scott's poem of, ii. 392.
Rokeby, Mr. Morritt's grounds at, ii. 288.
Roman alphabet, the, in Spain and Portugal, i. 225.
Romana, ii. 212. 216.
Romance, Turner's researches in the history of, ii. 41. Southey's opinion respecting, 41.
Romances, French, i. 66.

Rome, Jacopo Buonaparte's account of the sack of, in 1527, iii. 287.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, iii. 108.
Rondolph, Dr., i. 4.
" Roprecht," iv. 170.
" Rosamond," i. 343.
Rosas, siege of, iii. 370.
Roscius, the young, i. 359.
Roscoe, William, ii. 80 230. Review of his Leo X., i. 281. 328.
" Rose, The," i. 70.
Rose leaves exported from Holland to Turkey, iv. 92.
Roslyn, Lord, ii. 11.
Ross, Mr. George, his translation of " Ivan Vejeeghan," iv. 188.
Ross's " Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," i. 290.
" Round Table Romances," ii. 99.
Rousseau, his " Confessions," " Heloise," and " Levite of Ephraim," i. 54. His proposed drama of " Lucretia," 67. His genius, 187. Review of the " Correspondence " of, 336.
Rowe, Mr., i. 122. 185.
Rowland, Mr., iv. 239.
Royal Institution, the, ii. 35.
Royal Society, vote Southey a medal, iv. 203.
" Rudiger," i. 54. 70.
Russell, his Sonnets, i. 420. 426.
Russell, Lord John, iii. 462.
Russell, Lord William, execution of, ii. 104.
Russia, ii. 204. Invasion of, by Bonaparte, 289. 305. His retreat from, 311. English loan to, in 1832, iv. 255, 256.
Russians, i. 90. Character of the upper and lower classes of, ii. 302. Their soldier's manual, 314. Their heroism in the destruction of Moscow, 314.
Rutty's " History of Friends in Ireland," iii. 214.
Ruy de Pina, the historian, i. 160.
Rydal, scenery of, i. 171.
Rydal Mount, iii. 108. 322.
Rymer, Thomas, his " Whole Prophecies of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and Denmark," &c., i. 290.

S——, Lord, ii. 200. 201.
" Sabbath," Graham's poem, ii. 236.
" Sacred History of the World," Turner's, iv. 262, 263.
Sadi, the Persian poet, ii. 96.
Sadler, Mr., his book on Ireland, iv. 112. 114. 131. 150. 180.
Sailor, saying of the, at New Orleans, iv. 521.
" Sailor, the," i. 70.
Saints, their cure of particular diseases, iv. 43.
" Saints, Lives of the," i. 393.
Salazar, the Spanish historian, ii. 72.
Salford, village of, i. 17.
Salkeld, Mr., of Naubeck, ii. 284.
Salt, Mr., sent into Abyssinia, ii. 148, 149. His " Travels," 412.
Sampson, the Wild Irishman, i. 109.
Sancho II., King of Portugal, history of his reign, i. 160.
Sandford, Bishop, his " Remains," iv. 197.
Sans Culottes, i. 3.
Santiago, the Marquis, i. 21.
Savage, the poet, ii. 51.
Savings Banks, originator of, iii. 323.
" Saxon Chronicle," the, iii. 356. 399, 400.
Saxon romance, the, produced by Turner, ii. 4b.
Saxton, Sir Charles, ii. 427.
Sayers, Dr., of Norwich, iv., 28. 30. 520.
Sayers, James, iv. 520.
Scafell, ii. 154.
Scale Hill, i. 329; ii. 154.
Scarlett, Mr. (son of Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger), iii. 281.
Schiller, Essay on, Coleridge's, i. 122.
Scheffer's " Swecia Literata," iii. 355.
Schlegel, ii. 340.
Schools, public, vice in, i. 60; iv. 158.
Scoresby, Rev. Mr., iv. 513.
" Scotland, History of the Reformation in," John Knox's, ii. 346.
Scotland, improvements in, iii. 143. " Ode to the Praise and Glory of," 397.
Scott, Sir Walter, i. 336. 340, 341, 342. 345. 422; ii. 29. 32, 33. 35. 82. 107. 110. 132. 139, 140. 145. 160. 165. 194. 210. 213. 282. 307. 336. 391; iii. 116, 117. 126. 196. 498. 501; iv. 2. 42. 62. 189. 234. 284. 296, 297, 298. His death, 304. Lockhart's, " Life " of, 510.
Scott of Amwell, iii. 297.
Scudamore pedigree, the, ii. 175.
Sealy, George, i. 131.
Sealy, Miss, i. 114. 139.
Sea-sickness, i. 161.
Sebastian, King of Portugal, his expedition, i. 135.
Sebastian, St., ii. 201.
Sedgwick, Professor of geology, iii. 403. 431.
Selden, i. 212.
Semple's " Travels," review of, ii. 77.
Seneca, Southey's favourite, iv. 168.
Senhouse, old Mr., iv. 75.
Senhouse, Humphry, ii. 16. 75. 117. 160. 230; iii. 72. 230. 265. 268. His ancestors, 265. 279. 521.
Serpents, cures for the bites of, ii. 344.
Seton, Miss, i. 132. 136. 140, 141. 159. 185; ii. 43.
Sevigné, Mad., her " Letters," i. 289.
Seward, Edward, i. 16; ii. 20.
Seward, Miss, i. 201; ii. 23. 80. 285. Her " Life of Darwin," i. 336. Her review of Hogg's poems, ii. 23. Her death, 137. Her " Letters," 225, 226. 297.
Sewell, Mr., iii. 410, 411.
Sewell's History of the Quakers," iii. 199.
Sewell's " Recreations of a Clergyman," iv. 304.
Shadwell, Mr. (afterwards Sir Launcelot), iii. 67. 205; iv. 153. 155, 218.
Shaftesbury, town of, i. 75.
Shaw, Dr., iv. 368.
Shakspeare, his plays, i. 87. His " Florisel," ii. 4. 15. His poetry, 174. Isaac Reid's edition of his works, 247. Bowdler's edition, iii. 13.
Sharpe, Richard, i. 279; ii. 148. 160; iii. 332. 441.
Shepherd, of Liverpool, ii. 80. 85.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, his " Pizarro," i. 87. Obtains an apointment for Coleridge at Malta, 279. Moore's " Life " of, iii. 519.
Sherwin, case of, iii, 163.
Shield, William, the musician, iii. 106, 107. 121. 249; iv. 368.
Shipley, Conway, ii. 68.
Shiraz wine, iv. 51.
Shoemaker, the, at Quinta, i. 121.
Shuldam, Lady, ii. 45.
Sicily, i. 164. 165; ii. 228.

Sidmouth, Viscount, ii. 274; iii. 53. 319.
Sidney, Sir Philip, his "Arcadia," i. 224. 287. 315; ii. 97. His poetical qualities, i. 224. His opinion of "Amadis of Gaul," 268. His "Zelmane," ii. 4. 15. Dr. Zouch's "Life" of, 97. 123. His death, 101.
Sierra Leone, language of, ii. 206. The Sierra Leone Report, iv. 179.
Simancas, the famous archives of, iii. 125.
Simeon, Mr., ii. 61.
Simpson, Mr. Samuel, of Liverpool, iii. 277.
Skiddaw, i. 232. 239. 257. 279; ii. 159. 421; iii. 337.
Skottowe, Mr., his book, iv. 93.
Slave Trade, William Taylor's defence of the, ii. 130. Sonnet to Lord Percy on the, 179. Observations on the, 356—358. Curious laws of Buenos Ayres relating to slaves, 361. Attempts of the French to restore the slave trade at St. Domingo, iii. 313.
"Slave Trade, Abolition of the," Graham's poem, ii. 236.
Slavery, when abolished in England? iii. 251. The Anti-Slavery Society, iv. 227.
Smedley, Rev. E., iv. 169. His "Religio Clerici," 169.
Smirke, Robert, the artist, ii. 27.
Smith, Adam, his "Wealth of Nations," translated into Spanish, i. 124.
Smith, Captain John, his "History," ii. 310.
Smith, Charlotte, i. 107. 179, 180. 184. Her novels, 179.
Smith, Dr. Southwood, iii. 349.
Smith, Mr., of *Brummejam*, i. 333.
Smith, Mrs., the Quaker, i. 375.
Smith, Miss, i. 416; her "Fragments," 89.
Smith, Sir Sidney, ii. 27. 199, 200.
Smith, Rev. Sidney, ii. 114. 144. 308; iv. 223. 242. 314. 357.
Smith, William, the sculptor, ii. 379.
Smith, Woodruffe, of Stockwell, iii. 27.
Smith, William, iii. 66—71.
Snow in Cumberland, ii. 29.
Snowdon, i. 170, 171. 279.
Soame's "Poetry," iv. 365.
"Society, Dialogues upon the Prospects of," iii. 177.
Somatenes, the term, iii. 307.
"Somers Tracts," the, ii. 186. 308.
Somerset, Duke of, i. 84.
Somersetshire, beauty of the north of, i. 84.
Somerville, Lord, i. 100. 372; ii. 87. 270. 295. His death, iii. 147. 152, 153. 155. 157. 165. 179. 205.
Sonnerat, his book, i. 301.
"Sophia de Lissau," iv. 178.
Soult, Marshal, his campaigns in Portugal, iii 289.
Sousa, Miguel Pinto de, his "Musa Panegyrica Theodosium," iii. 346.
South, Dr., his works, iii. 260.
South Downs, the, iii. 415.
Soutet, or Bouter, the French captain, i. 35. 37.
South Sea Missions, article on the, in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 136. 151. 153. 164.
Southampton, i. 31.
Southcott, Joanna, i. 314. 325. 370; ii. 376. 392; iii. 373.
Sotheby, the poet, i. 68. His "Oberon," 68. His poem on Wales, 266.
Sotheby, Admiral, ii. 74. 79. 180.
Southey, Charles Cuthbert, iii. 123. 128. 139. 180. 209. 212. 226. 292. 331. 412. 438. 444. 503; iv. 60. 68. 188. 423. 474. 494. 508. 519. 526. 533. 555.
Southey, Mrs. Mary (Southey's aunt), iii. 153. 154. 226; iv. 474.
Southey, Herbert, i. 395. 407; ii. 4. 11. 18. 44. 63. 64. 68. 70. 102. 139. 142. 144. 207. 279. 301. 317. 399. 422. His death, iii. 21. Poetical epistle to, from his father, 24.
Southey, Canon John, i. 372; iii. 157. 179.
Southey, Margaret Edith, i. 210. 228, 229.
Southey, Mrs., senr., i. 36. 38. 50. 52, 53. 103. 140. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Southey, Mrs., i. 29. 76. 78. 83. 85. 89. 100. 103. 108. 119. 136. 140. 143, 144. 174. 229, 230. 232, 233. 253. 261, 262. 273. 305. 315, 345, 346. 362. 377; ii. 89, 98. 127. 128. 143. 144. 159. 267. 299; iii. 22. 24. 140. 504. 531. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Southey, Mr. T. (Southey's uncle), i. 368. 372; ii. 82. 94. His death, 222.
Southey, Mrs. Sarah, ii. 401.
Southey, Captain Thomas, i. 1. *n.* 6. 10. 12. 35, 36. 86. 149. 228. 252. 287. 292. 304, 305. 309. 320. 327. 347, 348. 363. 381. 395, 402. 410. 427; ii. 44. 54. 63. 74. 79. 80. 94. 102. 117. 139. 180. 228. 271. 303. 309. 348, 349. 404; iii. 9. 96. 104. 131. 133. 140. 180. 386. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Southey, Bertha, ii. 141. 143. 150. 169. 207; iii. 292. 413. 415. 489; iv. 539.
Southey, Dr. H. H., i. 52. 102. 130. 140. 158. 166. 246. 250. 255. 284, 285, 286. 337. 362. 364. 377. 388, 389. 395. 402. 415. 426; ii. 11. 23. 35. 37. 44, 45. 58. 64. 81. 102. 114. 139. 142. 156. 178. 244. 348. 378. 415. 419. 421. 425; iii. 326. 347. 398. 454; iv. 169. 173. 366. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Southey, Edith May, i. 275. 277. 279. 304. 310. 323. 338. 350. 355. 377. 392. 400. 407. 423; ii. 11. 44. 70. 98. 102. 197. 207. 227. 327. 407. 429; iii. 5. 57. 140. 292. 305. 310. 317. 326. 399. 424. 435. 503; iv. 68. 81. 98. 241. 292. (See *Warter, Mrs.*) Letters to (see *Letters*).
Southey, Edward, i. 252.
Southey, Emma, ii. 59. 63. Her death, 142. 144.
Southey, Isabel, ii. 296. 299. Her death, iv. 10. 18, 77.
Southey, Kate, iv. 539. 541.
Southey, old John, i. 329.
Southey, Robert, attempts Euclid and the Fathers, 5. Rejected at Christ Church, 6. His translations, 12 *n.* Goes to Portugal, 20. And Spain, 21. Returns to England, 29. Resides at Christchurch, 30. His views of the legal profession, 32, 33. 88. His account of his early life, 40—43. Resides in London, 47. His marriage, 56. His journey to Burton, 74. Studies the character of Mohammed and Mohammedanism, 77. Visits Devonshire, 78—80. Resides in Hampshire, 86. His plans for the future, 88. His health, 95. 97. His unfinished "History of Portugal," 96. 99. Rejects a proposal to write a general history of poetry, 98. Resides in Portugal, 101. Visits Cintra, 117. Settles his brother Henry, 130. Takes a journey into the interior of Portugal, 135. His work, 145. Extent of his travels in Portugal, 146. Returns to England, 160. His prospects, 164. His tour in Wales, 168. His residence in Dublin, 174. And in London, 180.

His acquaintance with Mr. Corry, 182. Resides at Bristol, 195. His "Thalaba" reviewed by the "Edinburgh Review," 214. His version of "Amadis of Gaul," 217. Arranges to manage a "Bibliotheca Britannica," 219. Loses his daughter Margaret Edith, 229. Resides at Keswick, 229. Progress made with "Madoc," 247. His eyes, 248. 282. His supplement to Ellis's "Specimens," 262. 267. 269. Proposes to remove to London, 326. Visits Edinburgh, 341. 345. Gives up reviewing, 364. 383. His independent spirit, 373. Prints his "Letters of D. Manuel Espriella," 376. 378. His weak lungs, 392. His son Herbert born, 395. Edits Henry Kirke White's "Remains," 396, 397. 417; ii. 52. Studies the Dutch grammar, 410. Settles down at Keswick, i. 415. Gets a pension from the King, 417. 430; ii. 2. His "History of Brazil," 10. *et seq.* His plans for the year 1808, 28. Overtures made to him to bear a part in the "Edinburgh Review," 29. Refuses, 33. 35. Prepares a second edition of his "Letters, 92. Applied to to write for the "Quarterly Review," 107. His confession of faith, 108. The first articles for the "Quarterly," 114. 123. 124. The proposed publication, "Rhadamanthus," 139, 140. 146. Engages to write for the "Edinburgh Annual Register," 158. 162. Fails in obtaining the Stewardship of the Derwentwater Estates, 160, 161. Insures his life, 178. Writes the review of Stanier Clarke's "Life of Nelson," 185—187. His progress in Dutch, 235. 239. His "Life of Nelson," 257. 312. 315. His reflections on the state of England in 1812, 272—274. 276, 277. Fails to obtain the place of historiographer to the King, 281. Takes a trip to Durham, &c., 283. His apprehensions of the downfal of the Church Establishment, 91. His advice to a young man, 318, 319. Proposes to write the "History of the Peninsular War," 324. Made Poet Laureate, 327. 331. 335. His first New Year's "Ode," 339. Sends "Roderick" to press, 340. Writes "Oliver Newman," 381. And the "Life of Wellington," 402. Made a member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, 411. Visits Belgium, 427. His "Pilgrimage to Waterloo," iii. 10. 13. Death of his son Herbert, 21. 28. Writes "The Tale of Paraguay," 48. Takes a tour in Switzerland and the Alps, 72. 75. Writes the "Life of Wesley," 81. 110. And the "History of the Peninsular War," 110. Prepares the "Cumberland Address," 148—150. His annoyance with the "Quarterly," 167, 168. His advocacy of cheap publications, 173. His "Colloquies upon the Prospects of Society," 177. 207. 230. His "Vision of Judgment," 189. His proposed "Life of George Fox," 199. 210. 213. 263. His plan for writing a "Moral and Literary History of England," 210. And for writing a "Life of Warren Hastings," 202—204. The degree of D.C.L. conferred on him, 205, 206. Writes a "Life of Oliver Cromwell," 254. 284. And "The Book of the Church," 294. 317. His dedications to the "History of the Peninsular War," 318. Learns Danish, 338. 352. 452. Proposals to him to write a continuation of Warton's "History of Poetry," 352. 357. His paper on the "Theophilanthropists in France," and the Rise and Progress of Infidelity, 383. And on the "Reign of Charles II.," 398. His idea of editing Sir T. Browne's works, 426. Proposes a republication of Montluc's "Commentaries," 441. Libel of the "Morning Chronicle," 453. His Chronicle of domestic events, 456—460. His squib, "The Megistotherion," 464. His "Vindication" of the "Book of the Church," 469. 574. 478. His visits to the Netherlands in 1825, 489; iv. 4. Elected for the Borough of Downton, 6. His "Essays, Moral and Political, 62. 253. 255. A "Life of Bonaparte" proposed to him, 63. Edits General Wolfe's "Letters," 63. Writes "Eleemon," 103. 105. 107. His dream of the Kraken, 126. Applied to to write a "History of England," 154. Engages to write a volume of "Naval History" for the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," 105. And to write six volumes for the "Family Library," 173, 174. Voted a medal by the Royal Society, 203. Edits the "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Bell," 365. Publishes "The Doctor," 368. Edits "Cowper's Works," 384. His "Memoir of Dr. Watts," 395. Refuses a Baronetcy, 397, 398. Periodical issue of his works, 459, 537. His second marriage, 556. *et seq.*

Spain, travelling in, i. 21. Uncultivated land in, 23. Moorish Conquests of, 199. Condition of Christianity in, 370. State of, in 1808, ii. 77. 78. 113. 122. And in 1813, 326. And in 1822, iii. 338. 344. 350. 379. 393.

Spanish character and society, i. 20, 21. 27. Civility to Englishmen, 22. Converts, 23. Poetry, 26. Ballads, 27. Bull-fights, 116. Superstition, 208. Ancient and modern language, ii. 89. Patriotism of the people, 164. 254. Language in South America, 176. Laziness, 241. Colonies, condition of the, 263. Ease with which the language may be learned, 292.

"Spanish remedy" (El remedio de Espana), ii. 303.

"Specimens of English Poets," Southey's, i. 166. 262. 269. 273. 274. 283. 376. 388. 412. 414. 419. 428. 429; ii. 9. 12. 42.

"Specimens of Early English Poets," George Ellis's, i. 166. 262. 269.

Spencean philanthropists, the, i i. 51.

Spencer, General, iii. 357.

Spenser, a favourite with Southey, i. 5. 260. 268. His "Fairy Queen," 216. His "Mask of Cupid," ii. 4. 15.

Spithead, i. 86.

Spottiswoode, Robert, iv. 301.

Staël, Madame de, ii. 332, 333. 340. Her saying of Coleridge, 332. *n.* Her book on Germany, 340. Her proposed heroic poem, 385; iii. 244.

Staffordshire, earthquake in, i. 322.

Stael, M. de, iv. 58.

Stanhope, Lord, his insults to the bench of bishops, ii. 291. His scheme respecting county votes, iii. 118.

Stapleton, boiling well near, i. 100.

"State, Book of the," Southey's idea of writing a, iii. 434; iv. 16. 26.

"State Trials," Cobbett's, ii. 186.

Stavorinus, his book on India, i. 301.

"Steel's List," ii. 171.

Stereotype, introduction of, iii. 235.
Stevens, Miss, i. 144.
Stewart, Mr., ii. 209. 271.
Stewart, Dugald, iii. 314.
Stiles, Dr. Ezra, his "History of the Three Judges," iii. 274.
Stillingfleet, Bishop, his Sermons, iii. 283.
Stock, Dr., iv. 68.
Stoddart, i. 370.
Stoddart, Dr., editor of the "Times," iii. 55. His "New Times," 455. 464.
Stonehenge, iv. 289.
Stones, Valley of, description of the, i. 79.
Stonor, Colonel, iii. 379.
Stork, the, i. 257.
"Stork," the, of Miss Barker, i. 256.
Stowey, i. 78.
Strachey, George, i. 55; ii. 207. 251. 290; iii. 299. 351.
Strachey, Sir Henry, iv. 310.
Strada's "Decades," iii. 291. 394.
Streatham, Mr. Hill's living of, ii. 181. 185. 191. 203.
Strype's "Annals," iii. 259. 441.
Stuart, Athenian, i. 72. 255. 394; ii. 341; iii. 35.
Stuart, Sir Charles, iii. 252, 253. 278.
Styles, Dr. John, ii. 144.
"Succession, History of the War of the," Lord Mahon's, iv. 353.
Sugar in potatoes? i. 286.
Suicide, tendency to imitate, iii. 177.
Summer in Portugal, i. 113.
Sumner, Dr. (now Archbishop of Canterbury), iii. 539.
Sunderlin, Lord, his house at Keswick, ii. 278. 295; iii. 304.
"Suppression Bill, the, iv. 132.
Surinam, language of, ii. 207.
Suwarrow, General, his instructions to his soldiers, ii. 312.
Swain, Charles, the Manchester poet, iv. 240. 275. 288. 306.
Swedenborgianism, i. 333.
"Swing, Life of," Henry Coleridge's, iv. 222.
Swiss, character of the, iii. 111.
Switzerland, visit to, iii. 72.
Sydenham's "Peninsular Papers," iii. 52. 54, 55.
"Sylvester," ii. 60.
Syntax, Dr., iv. 368.

T., his pamphlet, i. 250.
T., Colonel, and his wife, and Miss Seward, ii. 226. 297.
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, origin of the meaning of, iii. 158, 159.
Tagus, scene on the, i. 110. Voyage down the, 139.
Talfourd, Mr. (afterwards Mr. Justice), iv. 512.
Taliessin, i. 86, 87. 167.
Talleyrand, Prince, iv. 239. 305.
Tantarararas, the, of the House of Commons, ii. 55.
Tarley Castle, scenery at, i. 354.
Tarragona, siege of, ii. 326.
Tasso's "Jerusalem delivered," i. 330. Hunt's translation of, iii. 283. The Venice edition of 1722, iv. 463.
Taylor, Bishop Jeremy, his description of Heaven, i. 206. His works, 206. His sermons, 215. Heber's edition of his works, iii. 260. 269.
Taylor, Charles, his death at Vimiero, iii. 85.
Taylor, Henry, iii. 160. 463. 491. 495; iv. 5. 93. 149. 211. 228. 310. 398. His "Isaac Comnenus," 65. His "Philip Van Artevelde," 374.
Taylor, John, the bookseller, iii. 388.
Taylor, Mr. George, ii. 17. 114. 306. 312. 390; iii. 509; iv. 269.
Taylor, Richard, the printer, i. 376.
Taylor, Thomas, his translation of Plato, i. 192.
Taylor, William, i. 71. 130. 190. 213. 234. 237. 245. 249. 250. 285. 287. 295. 298. 363. 402. 416; ii. 130; iv. 35. 98. His death, 410. Notice of him, 438.
Techo, P. Nicholas del, his Latin history of Paraguay, ii. 13.
Teddesley, ii. 230.
Tees, head of the, ii. 286. 288.
Tegner, Bishop, iv. 293.
Telford, Mr., iii. 252. 326. 329. 378. 395. 401. 456. 501; iv. 180. 546. His death, 391.
Tennant's "Indian Recreations," i. 301. Review of, 336.
Tenterden, Lord, iv. 272.
"Tesoro Español, El," i. 234.
Test Act, repeal of the, i. 356.
"Thalaba," i. 89. 97. 99. 100. 102. 108. 118. 127. 130. 135. 140. 147. 155. 163. 178. 214. 323. 332. 343. 386; ii. 79. 101. 107. 123. 151. 294. 305. 348.
Thanet, Lord, iii. 290.
"Theatro-Critico," the, of Feyjoo, i. 326.
Thelwall, Algernon, iv. 178.
Thelwall, John, i. 255. 345.
Thevet, his "France Antarctique," ii. 13. 71; iii. 524.
Thiebault, General, iii. 279.
Thirlmere, Lake of, ii. 233.
Thomar, poems collected by King Diniz at, i. 129.
"Thomas, My Uncle," the novel, i. 144.
Thornbury Castle, i. 98.
Thornton, Mr., iv. 445.
Thorpe's "Catalogue," iv. 29. 83.
"Tibet, Travels in," Turner's, iii. 18. Singular customs of, 18.
Ticknor, Professor, of Harvard College, iii. 341.
Tides, the, of Bristol and Bridgewater, i. 92.
Tilbrook, Mr., ii. 153. 422.
Timbuctoo, Portuguese at, i. 238.
"Times," newspaper, the, ii. 170. 306. 352; iii. 54, 55. 226; iv. 129. 263.
'Times, the New,' Dr. Stoddart's, iii. 455. 464; iv. 30.
Tintagel, iv. 483.
Tintern Abbey, i. 98. Wordsworth's poem on, 216.
Tobin, Blind James, i. 183. 193. 327.
Tobin, Captain, i. 327.
Tokay, history of a bottle of, iii. 268.
Tomich, Pere, ii. 70.
Tomkins, Mr., his Gothic halography, i. 296.
Tongataboo Islands, Mr. Mariner's account of the, iii. 12. 53. 62.
Tonkin, Nancy, i. 338.
Tooke, Horne, i. 149. 373.
"Torso," the, iii. 58.
Tortoise, the, caught in Algarve, i. 351.
Totness, i. 84.
Toussaint, L'Overture, ii. 403.
Tower of London, armour in the, ii. 40. 42. Beasts in the, 332.
Towey, beavers in the, i. 243.
Townsend's case, ii. 321. 323.

Townsend, Chauncey, his letters and poems, iii. 57. 98, 99, 100. 259.
Townsend, Hare, iii. 100. 349.
Trade, Free, iii. 530.
Trafalgar, battle of, i. 361. 384.
Transportation of criminals, iii. 119.
Tras-os-Montes, province of, i. 155.
Travelling in Spain, i. 21. A traveller's feelings, 23. Advantages of travel, 23. Travelling in Portugal, 140, 141.
"Travels in Portugal," Southey's, ii. 28. 43. 78.
"Tremaine," iii. 512.
Trieste, i. 89.
"Tristram Sir," Scott's, i. 336; ii. 27.
"Trystans," the Italian, iii. 49.
Tupi, or Brazilian language, ii. 177. 202; iii. 461. Anchieta's "Grammar," ii. 271.
Tupinumbas, odd custom of the, ii. 238. Montaigne's songs of the in his "Essays," iii. 315.
Turkey, Ewlia Effendi's historical and statistical account of, in the middle of the 17th century, ii. 382, 383.
Turks, the, in battle, iv. 119.
Turner, Dawson, iv. 428.
Turner, Mrs. Sharon, ii. 306.
Turner, Shaxon, i. 219. 224. 292; ii. 47. 278. 321; iii. 62. 116. 153. 484. 352. His "Anglo-Saxons," i. 326. 338; ii. 14. 41. His article on "Sanskreet Grammar" in the "Quarterly Review," 145. 179. His "History of England during the Middle Ages," ii. 394. 536; iv. 37. 262.
Turner's "Tibet," iii. 18.
Tweed, salmon spearing on the, i. 345.
Twining the second, iv. 295.
Tyler, Miss, i. 37.
Tyne, head of the, ii. 286.
Tyrolese, the, sacrificed by Austria, ii. 154.

Ulphilas, alphabet of, i. 226. The two bishops of that name, 226. The Codex Argenteus of, 226.
Unitarians, the, ii. 195.
United Irishmen, ii. 273.
United States, their premature separation from England, ii. 241.
University honours, observations on, ii. 261. "Cramming," iv. 271.
Unwin, Mr., Cowper's friend, iv. 426.
Upcott, Mr., iv. 418. 469.
Utrecht, Peace of, ii. 351. 357; iii. 307.

Vaccination, i. 208.
Valentia, Lord, his "Travels," review of, ii. 148. 151. 153. 162.
Valerius Flaccus, i. 243.
"Valeroso Lucideno," the, ii. 209. 271; iii. 181. 252. 278.
Valle Crucis Abbey, account of, i. 168.
Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham, iii. 539; iv. 45.
Van Diemen's Land, iii. 373.
Vansittart, Mr., ii. 274.
Vardon, Mr., ii. 428; iii. 50.
Vardon, Mrs., ii. 428.
Vasconcellos, P. Simon de, his "Vida de F. Joam d'Almeida," ii. 171. 205.
"Vathek" Beckford's, i. 303.
Vaughan, Thomas, alias Eugenius Philalethes, i. 94.
Vega, Lopez de, review of, iii. 78. 81.
Vendée, La, ii. 410.
"Venezuela, History of," the, of Oviedo y Baños, iii. 198.
Verheyst, the bookseller of Brussels, iii. 50. 279. 419. 478; iv. 71. 89.
Verdier, M., and his family, at Thomar, i. 139. His destitution in Paris, iii. 125.
Vernon and Hood, the publishers, i. 423; ii. 114. 257. 320, 321.
Vice, Society for the Suppression of, i. 282. 336; ii. 135.
Vicenza, i. 89.
Vieyra, the painter, his metrical Autobiography, i. 114, 115.
Vieyra, the Jesuit, book attributed to him, ii. 53. 72. His authorship of the "Papel Forte" discussed, 208. Barco's "Life" of, 209, 210. His genius and character, 210.
Vigo, i. 123.
Villafranca, ii. 86.
Villegagnon's expedition, iii. 182.
Villiers on the Reformation, i. 321.
Vincent, St., account of him, iv. 171.
Vincent, Dr., i. 6. 203. 208; ii. 322. 353.
Vincent, Lord St., i. 295.
"Vincent, History of," ii. 71.
"Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," Southey's, iii. 478. 480. 483. 509. 514. 517. 520. 522. 525. 530, 531.
Virgil, i. 29.
"Vision," the, i. 343.
"Vision of Don Roderick," Scott's, ii. 225.
"Vision of Judgment," the, iii. 189. 221. 229. 231. 233. 236. 238. 245. 251.
Vitus's dance, St., iv. 43. The Saint himself, 43.
Volney, i. 369.
Voltaire, influence of his writings in Portugal, i. 107. His genius, 187.
"Voyages, Bibliothèque Universelle des," ii. 349.
Vries, Jeronimo de, his "History of Dutch Poetry" iv. 49.

W., the player, ii. 342.
"Waggoner," Wordsworth's, iii. 205.
Wakefield, Gilbert, imprisonment of, i. 391. His book, iii. 60.
Wakefield, Mr. (son of Priscilla Wakefield), ii. 235.
Wakefield, Priscilla, ii. 235.
Wakefield, Rev. Thomas, his death, i. 404. Inscription for his tomb, 405.
Walcheren, Island of, expedition to the, ii. 154. 212. 228.
Wales, North, scenery of, i. 168–172. 243. 248. Beavers in, 243. Cannibalism in, iii. 12. Druidism in Wales as late as the 12th century, 200.
Walhouse, Mr., ii. 73, 74.
Walla Wood, iii. 327.
Wallace, Mr., his "Address," iii. 149. 151. 154. His character, 149. 154.
"Wallenstein's Camp," i. 122.
Waller's poetry, i. 418. Henry Kirke White's addition to one of his songs, 418.
Walpole, Horace, i. 173.
"Walpole, Memoirs of Lord," quoted, i. 212.
Walpole, Mr., i. 114.
Walpoles, the, in Lisbon, i. 114.
Walpole, Horace, ii. 97.
Walsh, Mr. his articles in the "Edinburgh Review," ii. 151. 251.
Walter, Mr., proprietor of the "Times," iii. 55.
Walton's "Present State of the Spanish Colonies," ii. 359.

Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World, or a General History of Man," iv. 535.
Warburton, Bishop, his "Correspondence," ii. 132; iii. 277.
Ward's "Account of the Hindoos," iv. 57.
Warden, Mrs., i. 114.
Waring, Scott, ii. 48.
Warner's "Literary Recollections," iv. 542.
"Warning Voice," the, published, iii. 225. 230; iv. 283.
Warter, Rev. J. W. iv. 189. 219. 293. 366. 269. 394. 462.
Warter, Mrs. (See *Southey, Edith May*), iv. 366. 368. 563.
Warton's "History of Poetry," iii. 352. 357. 372.
Warton, Joseph, his poems, i. 420. 426.
Wastdale, i. 329.
"Wat Tyler," iii. 59. 61. 66; iv. 527.
Waterhouse, Mr., i. 129. 141. 143. 154; iv. 31, 32.
Waterloo, battle of, ii. 415. 418. 421. 425. Visit to the field of, 429.
Waterloo Bridge, ii. 332.
Watts, Alaric, iv. 124.
Watts, Dr., iv. 380.
"Waverley Novels," the, iii. 117.
"Wealth of Nations," the, translated into Spanish, i. 124.
Weber's "Metrical Romances," ii. 308.
Wedgewoods, the, i. 185.
Weld, Isaac, iv. 79.
Wellesley, Richard, iii. 52.
Wellesley, Marquis, ii. 170. 401. 405; iii. 56. 289. 397.
Wellington, scenery near, ii. 231.
Wellington, Lord (afterwards Duke of), ii. 165. 176. 216. 262. 270. 303. 306. 399. 412. 415, 416. 425; iii. 5. 56. 196. 469; iv. 89, 122. 143. 187. 193. 196. 282. Contemplated "Life" of, 399. 411.
"Wellington, Life of," Southey's, ii. 402.
Welsh language and literature, i. 83. Dress, 242.
"Welsh Remains," the, iii. 368.
Wensley Dale, ii. 288; iv. 61.
Werth, the German, ii. 420.
Wesley, Charles, iv. 455.
Wesley, John, i. 360; ii. 33; iii. 537. His family, i. 411. His suit of sable and gold, ii. 59. Southey's "Life" of, iii. 81. 92. 96, 97, 98. 110. 123. 132. 140, 141. 156. 164. 169. 171. 178. 188. 234. 327.
Wesleyans, the, i. 146. 248. 255. 410, 411; iii. 141.
West, Sir Benjamin, iv. 54.
Westall, W., the younger, iii. 33. 53. 58. 85. 88. 230. 259. 294. 316. 323. 354. 437; iv. 10. 236. 288.
West India squadron, the, of 1804, i. 319, 320.
"West India Company, History of the," Luet's, iii. 182. 256.
Westminster School, i. 30; ii. 289; iii. 327; iv. 159. 310. 446. Library of, i. 90.
"Westmoreland Gazette," the, iii. 135.
Westoby, Mr., the artist, iv. 532.
Whaley, Mr., his tragedy, i. 87.
Wharton, Dr., ii. 244.
Whiston's "Memoirs of Himself," iii. 261.
Whitbread, Mr., ii. 170. 187. 351. 416; iii. 68.
White, Blanco, his "Letters from Spain," iii. 317. 329. His articles in the "Quarterly," i. 405.
White, Henry Kirke, his first volume of Poems, i. 252. 411. His "Rosemary Bush," 252. His health, 242. His "Remains," 398, 399. 411. 418. 423; ii. 6, 7. 47. 50. 61. 71. 88. 111. 122. 173. 198. 248. 257. 320, 321; iii. 258. 297. 379. 447. His Calvinism, 89. His proposed poem, the "Christiad," 184. The Illustrations, 294.
White, Mr. J. N., ii. 75. 122. 197. 242. 292. 295. 319, 320; iii. 112. 127, 128. 191. 258. 330. 379. 385, 386. 401. 425. 443. 448. 467. 491. 525; iv. 35. 285. 307. Letters to (see *Letters*).
White, James, ii. 133. 230. 233. 261. 287. 294. 319. 375. 377. 407. 409. 422. 424; iii. 330; iv. 27. 35. 134. 149. 237. 276. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Whitefield, the Rev. George, his followers, i. 254. His journal, 410.
Whitehaven, iii. 148. 153.
White's "Natural History of Selborne," iv. 208.
Wicliffe, Lewis's "Life" of, iii. 429; iv. 190. Baber's "Life" of, 430.
Wieland, his "Oberon," i. 68. 191.
Wild, Jonathan, and the Ordinary, ii. 38.
Wilberforce, William, i. 245. 413; ii. 61. 326; iii. 53. 67, 68. 99, 100. 304.
Wilkes, John, "Letters" of, i. 289.
Wilkie, Sir D., iv. 387.
Wilkin, Mr., iii. 426. 443.
Wilkinson, Rev. Joseph, ii. 35.
Wilkinson, Thomas, iii. 264.
William IV., iv. 346. His death, 518.
Williams's "Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands," iv. 506.
Williams, the Lord Keeper Archbishop, "Life of," iii 261. 284. 430.
Williams, Roger, ii. 390; iii. 145.
Williams, Sir Charles Hanbury, his poems, iii. 348.
Willis, Dr., i. 413.
Wilson, Prof., his account of Southey, iii. 124.
Wilson, Mrs., i. 36. 311; ii. 265; iii. 179. Her death, 185.
Wilson, Sir Robert, ii. 311. 314; iii. 27. 340.
Wilson, Sir John, iv. 38.
Winborne, town of, i. 75.
Windham, Mr., i. 358. 381; iii. 51. His Army Bill, i. 383.
Winds, hot, of Portugal, i. 113. 119. The West Indian "Doctor," 113. Dr. Holland's theory of hot winds, ii. 405.
Wine-duties, i. 30.
Wine, the, of the Rhine Countries, iii. 74.
Winifred, St., and the Roman Catholics, ii. 373.
Winterbottom, the dissenting minister of Plymouth, iii. 65—67.
Winthrop's "Journal," iii. 500.
Wintle, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
Wishing-cap, the, of the "Nibelungen Lied," i. 293. n.
"Witches," Bedford's, i. 85.
Wither, George, i. 256, 257; ii. 103. 394; iv. 441.
Wither, Lovelace Bigg, Esq., ii. 106. 109; iv. 48.
Wither, Lovelace Bigg, Esq., junr., iv. 297. 330.
"Wittman's Travels," review of, ii. 40.
Wivelcombe, i. 80.
Wolfe, General, his letters to his father, iv. 52. 63. 84.
Wolseley, Mr. Robert, ii. 17, 18. 84. 230; iii. 226.

Wolseley, Mrs., ii. 17, 18. 230.
Wolseley, Sir C., iii. 226.
Wolseley, Sir William, ii. 84. 230.
Women, their condition in civilisation and amongst savages, i. 92.
Wood, Miss, ii. 16. 98.
Woolstonecraft, Mary, sonnet to, i. 180.
Wordsworth, Captain, his death, i. 318.
Wordsworth, Mrs., i. 328.
Wordsworth, Dr., iii. 167. 322. 327. 430. 450.
Wordsworth, Dr., Chris iv. 447.
Wordsworth, William, i. 216. 216. *n.* 237. 245. 254. 271. 386. 408. 410; ii. 15, 16. 54. 108. 117. 376. 409. 425; iii. 7. 109. 133. 205. 222. 279. 311. 467, 488; iv. 225.
Wordsworth, Miss Dora, iii. 194. 504; iv. 81. 173.
Worgan, M., i. 287. 289.
"World, the," i. 35.
Wortley, Lady, her "Letters," i. 286. 289.
Worthington, Mr., i. 117.
Wrangham, Archdeacon, iii. 475.
Wyndham, Mr., i. 116. 213.
Wynn, C. W. Williams, Esq., i. 30. 32. 69. 122. 164. 242. 294. 304. 309. 316. 363, 364. 382. 393. 408. 417. 427; ii. 3. 18. 23. 179. 193. 212. 230. 249. 355. 386. 425; iii. 62, 63. 108. 119, 120. 162. 182. 280. 298, 299. 336. 351. 392; iv. 48. 85. 90. 95. 117. 132. 291. 369. 317. 330. 345. 529. Letters to (see *Letters*).
Wynn, Sir Henry W. W., ii. 295; iii. 252.
Wynn, Mrs., iii. 219. 432.
Wynne, Sir John, i. 253.
Wynnstay, seat of, i. 86. 243; ii. 23; iii. 182.
Wyon, Mr., iv. 455.

Xarayes, the Lago, ii. 98.
"Xavier, Life of S. Francisco," i. 233.

Yescombe, Captain, i. 117. 122. 159. 235.
York, Duke of, i. 347; ii. 129. 132. 140. 228; iii. 488.
York Cathedral, burning of, iv. 129.
Yorke, Mr., i. 243; ii. 228.
Young, Arthur, quoted, i. 19. His account of agriculture and agriculturists in France, iii. 519.
Young, Dr., Dean of Salisbury, iv. 462.
Young, Edward, his tragedy of "The Revenge," ii. 217.
"Young Dragon," the, iv. 170.
Yriarte's "Dancing Bear," Balfour's version of, ii. 26.
"Ysumbras, Sir," poem of, i. 340.
Yucatan, Indians of, their mode of numeration, ii. 134.

"Zaccoum's fruit accurst," iii. 391.
Zaragoza, siege of, ii. 113. 165. 272.
Zayas, the Spaniard, his death, ii. 254.
Zealand, New, language of, ii. 206.
"Zelmane," the, of Sir Philip Sidney, ii. 4. 15.
Zendavesta, the, of Anquetil du Perron, i. 78. 82.
Zonoras' Byzantine History, ii. 39.
"Zophiel," Mrs. Brooke's poem of, iv. 361.
Zoroaster, i. 82.
Zouch, Dr., his "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," ii. 97. 123.
Zurita, i. 233.
Zuyder Zee, the, iv. 108.

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